Collier's

APRIL 13, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

EXCLUSIVE

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY TODAY

How the Reds still punish the captive prelate

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BROADWAY BOOM

SUSAN STRASBERG

April 13 1956

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"PEOPLE are the Greatest Invention Yet"

Visitor to Telephone Company exhibit says: "The man of the house came out with a new reverence for engineering. I came out with a new reverence for people."

INTERESTED VISITORS — Pat Haan, a telephone accounting clerk, explains billing machine to Mrs. Beebe and her husband. "I was so impressed with everything I saw," says Mrs. Beebe, "that I went right home and wrote a piece for our local newspaper." It's so human and friendly that we are reprinting it here.

"We went to the Telephone Company's Open House," writes Evadne Scott Beebe in the Zion-Benton News, "and saw the electronic brain playing tick-tack-toe. My husband was enthralled with the performance but I was watching the deft, well-groomed hands of the woman displaying the machine. She wore a wedding ring and I wondered about her home and family.

"After we listened to her little speech we went to a man in a brown business suit who told us how telephone bills are made out. Then a clear-eyed young woman operated the machine for us. To be sure, it was an amazing gimmick, but not nearly so attractive as the girl who handled it so well.

"Outside we stopped by a truck with an 'earth auger' and other modern attachments. Explaining their uses was a big, jovial lineman.

"While we listened to an account of how fast the auger could dig a hole, I was looking at the man and thinking that here was the typical lineman, strong, alert, capable and kindly, a person who, in times of disaster, becomes a kind of unsung hero.

"My husband said, 'This is what I want to see,' as we went into the equipment building. Here we saw switches and relays, ringing machines, countless colored wires in patterns like quilt blocks, and listened to technical explanations.

"That is, my husband listened. I watched the men as they talked so intelligently and wondered where they live, who cooks their meals and irons their shirts, what their problems are, and if they were ever in love."

Evadne Scott Beebe, *Zion-Benton (Ill.) News*

There is, indeed, a lot of wonderful equipment in telephone service. But it takes more than 740,000 Bell System men and women to bring it into being and make it work. And because more people are making more use of their telephones, the number of employees is growing all the time.

"People," as Mrs. Beebe points out, "are the greatest invention yet" in the telephone business.

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MANY OTHER EXHIBITS. In addition to Open Houses at telephone companies, there are many other occasions and places where the story of the telephone is brought to you. These include fairs, lectures, moving pictures and traveling exhibits. Everyone is welcome. Bring the children, too.

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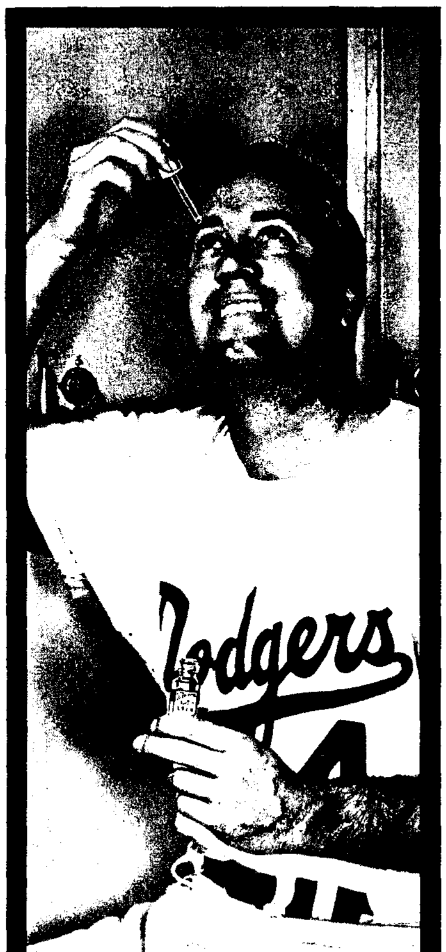

"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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for Your
EYES

Collier's

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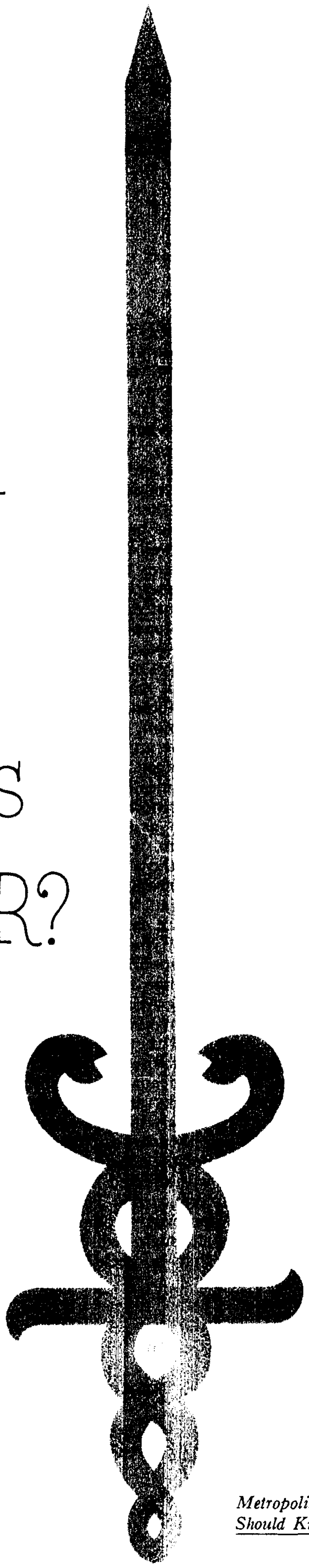

Can you answer these questions on CANCER?

Are we gaining in the fight on CANCER?

"There has been progress—fine progress—against cancer." This heartening statement has been made by the American Cancer Society. For one thing, cancer death rates for women between 25 and 75 years of age have declined 10 percent since 1944. This means that 10,000 more women are now saved annually than would have been saved in 1944.

Does CANCER give early warning signals?

Often it does . . . and much of the progress against cancer is due to the fact that more and more people are aware of signs or conditions that may indicate cancer . . . and report them to their doctors promptly. These symptoms, ***in the great majority of cases***, indicate some condition other than cancer. For your protection, know cancer's warning signals listed in the lower left-hand box.

Why is early diagnosis so important?

Because early diagnosis increases the chances of cure. At least 50 percent of all cancers develop in parts of the body which the doctor can easily examine. This is why periodic examinations should not be neglected, especially by women over age 35 and men over age 40. The American Cancer Society estimates that 80,000 lives now lost each year could be saved through earlier diagnosis.

Are there any new "sure cures" for CANCER?

Not by any means! The only treatments by which cancer can now be controlled or cured are surgery, x-ray and other forms of radiation. Other methods of treatment . . . especially those claimed to be "sure cures" . . . should be avoided. Fortunately, the three accepted ways of attacking cancer are undergoing steady improvement.

Where does CANCER research stand?

Cancer is the subject of an ever-widening research program. Drug and hormone therapy . . . the use of viruses and antibodies . . . new surgical and radiation treatments . . . tests for early cancer detection—these are among the many fields now being explored. Medical science looks to them for tomorrow's progress against cancer.

Metropolitan offers a hopeful message about this disease in its booklet called What You Should Know About Cancer. Just clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. Any sore that does not heal.
2. A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Any change in a wart or mole.
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough.
7. Any change in normal bowel habits.

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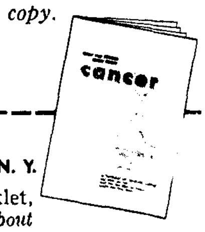

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Appointment with O'HARA

H. L. MENCKEN'S departure from this life by natural causes may be one of the most valuable pieces of evidence we have to support the theory that the United States has become a tolerant nation. More than most men, Mencken got a kick out of life and its small pleasures, but I wonder if he didn't secretly hope that when his time came, he would be hastened from this earth by a well-aimed shot, fired by one of the many citizens who had reason to be upset by something he had written. Instead Mencken died of chemical processes that get us all in the end—assuming we don't get smacked by a hot rod or pinked by an indignant reader.

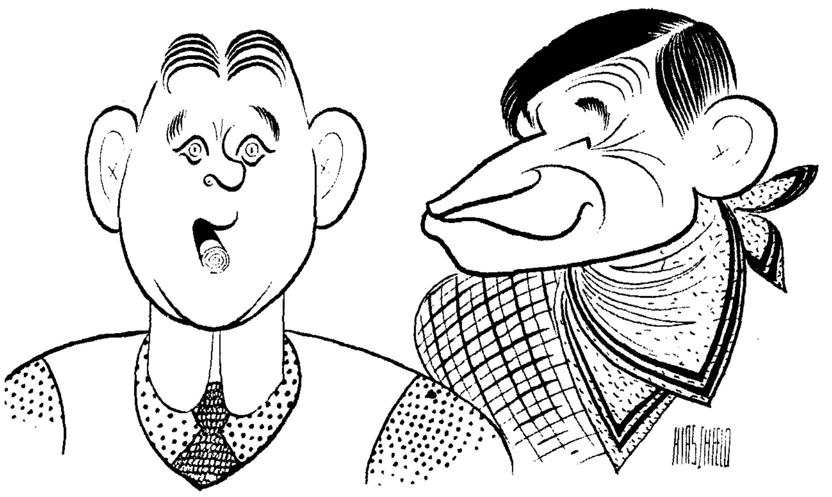
My point about our becoming a tolerant nation, which allowed Mencken to die an ordinary death, would be stronger if he had lived somewhere besides Baltimore. Baltimore is too far north for an impulsive would-be assassin from the Deep South, and it is too far from New York for the convenience of an impetuous metropolitan critic of the old American Mercury. But of course if you are dead set on killing an iconoclast, if you're really trying, you are not discouraged by geography. At one time I toyed with the idea of shooting Adolf Hitler, which would have involved a long one-way trip, and I also considered taking a shot at Joseph Stalin, which would have meant packing for a couple of weeks and bundling up warm. Obviously I was not the man for the job. Murder for high principle was not the job for me. And perhaps I was affected by the same kind of tolerance that kept a great many Americans from shooting Mencken, although I will be the first to admit that in deciding not to knock off Hitler or Stalin, caution may have entered into it.

So many people were sore at Mencken, and so many groups, that I persist on looking for an explanation of the safe-conduct that he enjoyed. I do not recall that he ever even got a pie in his face, and as I think back over his career I am inclined to reject my tolerance theory. It is quite likely that it was not tolerance at all, in the sense of free press, freedom of speech, letting the minority opinion be expressed. It may have been that Mencken, who flourished in the boom, or Coolidge-Mellon, years, was a luxury that we felt we could afford. He may have been regarded as an educated jester.

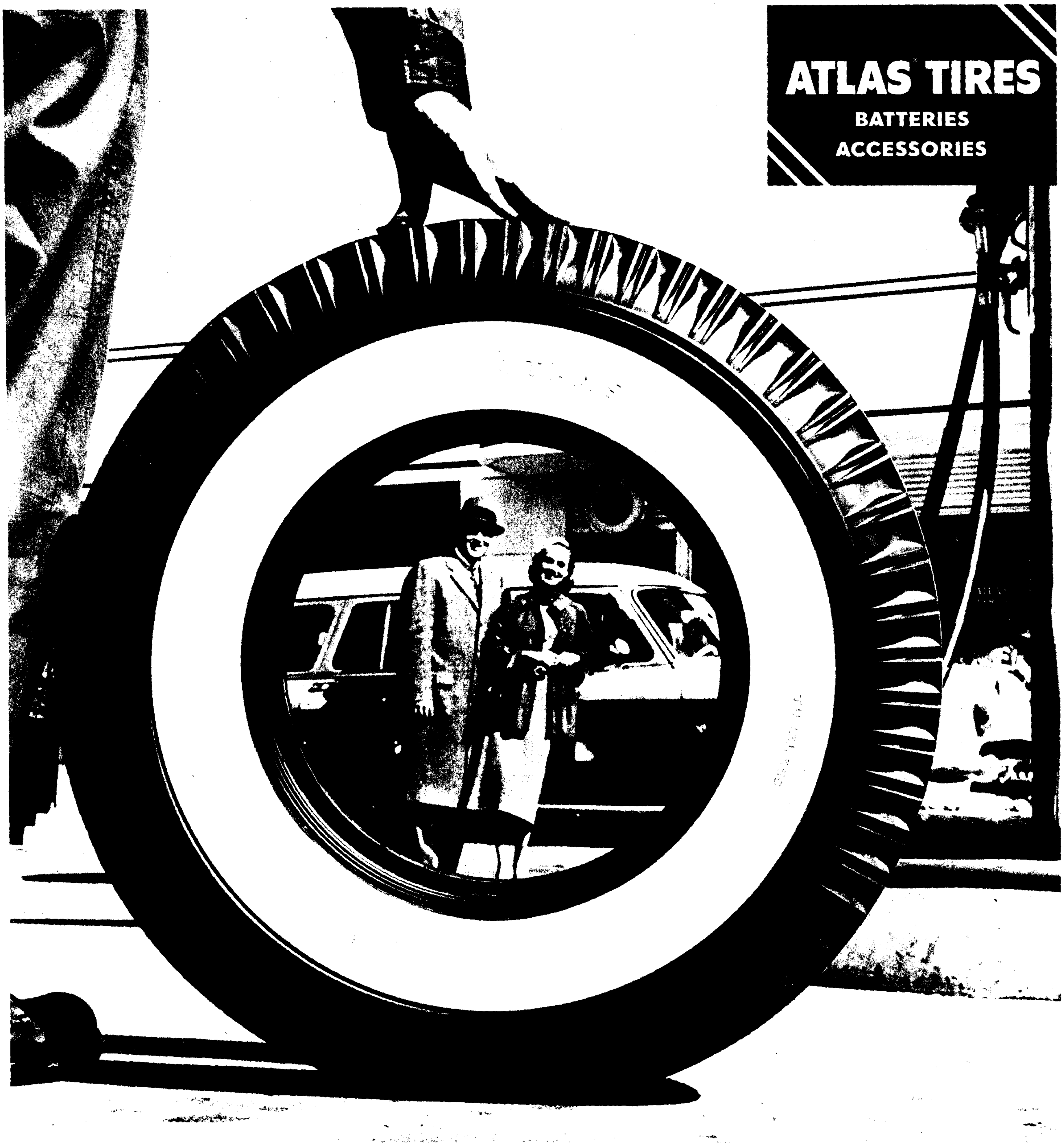
In those days, remember, we also had Will Rogers, who, by the way, was not a simple cow-poke; he attended a private military school, you know. A big shot, a major-industrialist type, was not a confirmed tycoon until he had been personally kidded by Will Rogers, and there was a great deal of snob value to a Rogers rib, like owning a private Pullman car and having your daughter presented at the Court of St. James's, and belonging to The Links club.

As a student of the manners and customs of the rich I was not favorably impressed by their childish delight in being singled out for sarcastic notice by a vaudeville actor, but I needn't have been so haughty. As a second-generation member of the professional-middle class I could have been a little more suspicious of Mencken, who operated on a higher intellectual level than Rogers, but whose act was essentially similar. Rogers' favorite targets were the stout gentlemen in the satin-lapel dinner jackets, and

AL HIRSCHFELD



H. L. Mencken's act was essentially similar to the one Will Rogers offered



He's out to keep a friend every time he sells a tire

Your neighborhood service station dealer depends upon your continued friendship and patronage to stay in business. So when he recommends Atlas tires above all others, you can be sure there are none finer. He's a tire expert who has had practical first-hand experience with all brands. He values your friendship so highly he can't afford to sell you any tire that will give you less than *complete* satisfaction.

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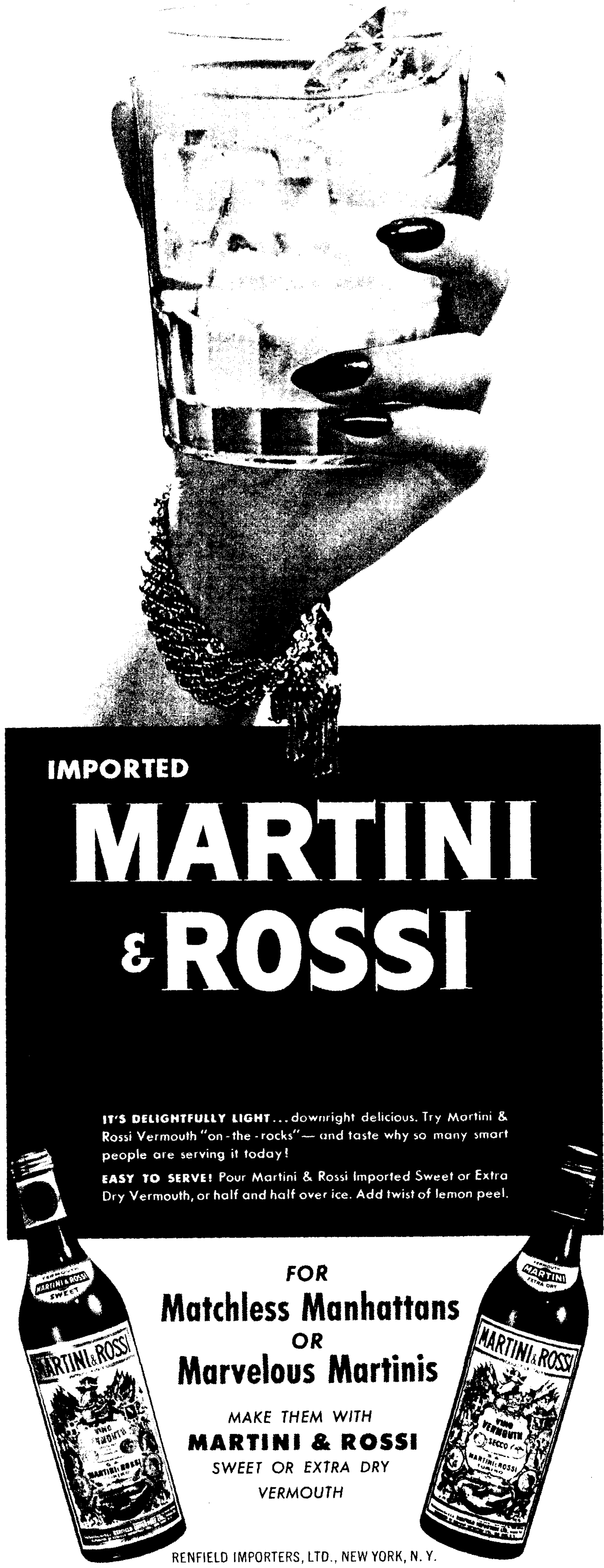

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MAKE THEM WITH
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Appointment with

O'HARA continued

Mencken addressed himself to us who thought we were smart; but I have believed for years, although I didn't know it at the time, that Mencken in his way was giving a performance just as much as Rogers was.

I remember thinking, when I saw a Pennsylvania Railroad ad in the Mercury, that Mencken, or anyway the Mercury, was through. I was a bit hasty, it turned out, but I was right in thinking that They were not afraid of him any more and I second-guess that when that happened, a lot of the fun went out of it for Mencken.

I had, and have, a deep affection for the man. I was a fresh kid when I first encountered him in a New York speak-easy. I wasted no time in the amenities. "Where did you get the idea that if you haven't learned the bass clef you can't appreciate music?" I said.

"Did I say that?" said Mencken.

"You said it, all right," and I told him where.

"I was right," he said.

I grew up a little before seeing him again and after that I often had a drink with him in "21." One night he sent a bottle of champagne to my table, and when my wife and I went over to thank him he said it was his birthday. After a little while I snuck out and bought a box of cigars, which I remember cost $35, to be handed to him after we left.

We said good night and I was at the hatcheck room when he came out, carrying the cigars. "I couldn't, I couldn't. You mustn't do this for me," he said.

"But I want to, we want to," I said.

But he made me take them back. I could see that he was touched, but the man who had dished it out for decades was unable to handle an extravagant impulse. If there were any extravagant gestures being made, he wanted to make them. But it also made me think of him as an extremely sensitive man. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and it is also much easier.

★ ★ ★

THE WEAVER MOB, or NBC, has a radio program called Monitor, which is a lot of programs united by a single name and an identifying noise that sounds like a scrambler, and the fact that the announcers are called communicators. Put them all together and you have Monitor.

With my customary eagerness to help, I offer the Paley, or CBS, mob a title for a similar program. Call it Minotaur. A Minotaur is only half bull.

★ ★ ★

ABOUT ONCE every two weeks someone writes to me, or to the editors of Collier's, to report the number of times I have used "I" in one of these columns. Sometimes the letter contains a column, with "I" ringed around, sometimes just a count of the number. Always, of course, the writer of the letter thinks he or she has thought up a devastating way to put me in my humble place.

How sad.

Years ago, when I worked for Heywood Broun, he told me that he got the same kind of box score every few days. It didn't stop him, it isn't going to stop me. But for people who like to count "I's" and pencil rings around them, here is a fresh set: I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I.

★ ★ ★

IF YOU KNOW any planners of real-estate developments I would be much obliged—and so would your grandchildren—if you would speak to them about trees. In recent years I have interested myself in what might be called urban reforestation, and I wish that the development planners and their financial backers would look ahead a few years.

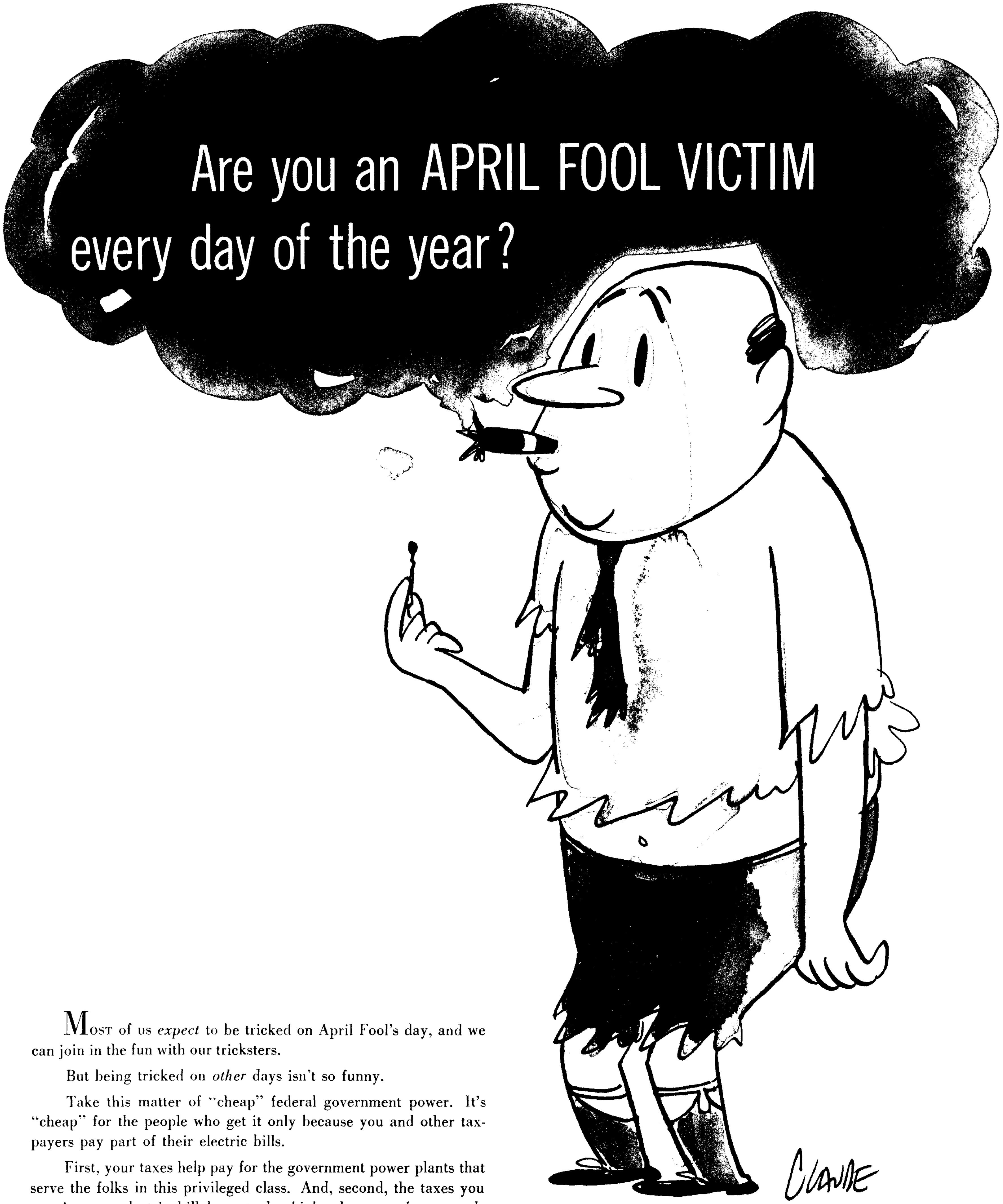
It is infuriating to contemplate what the public utilities and so forth have done to our small towns and the residential districts of our cities. Because a fair-sized tree gets in the way of the telephone and power-and-light gangs, they cut it down. Because the roots make it awkward for the sewer gangs, the tree must go. Oh, I'm not unmindful of Progress. Progress has given us a lot of things: the television, penicillin, the telephone that is so useful to the people who call up to ask you what TV program you're looking at; the telephone that is so useful when you have to call the doctor to tell him you're allergic to penicillin. But the memory of some of us is long enough to recall certain trees that were good for climbing, some that offered fruit, and others that gave shade and beauty to the thoroughfares and the back yards of youth. (I could wish that I once had carved Her name and She carved mine, but I am sticking to the facts.)

It shouldn't be too much of a challenge to American know-how for our planners to demonstrate that they know how to get around the difficulties that are caused by trees. I would remind the planners that the ranch-type house does not necessarily look its best in landscaping that is copied from Death Valley.

★ ★ ★

WE AMERICANS are really exceedingly polite. I will be listening to the radio in my house or in my car, listening away to talk that tries to influence my thinking and, sometimes, my voting. And when I say influence I also mean, some of the time, *change* my voting or my thinking. If, out of politeness, you keep listening, you may fall into the habit of attaching more importance to what is being said than the words or the speakers deserve. Every once in a while I say to myself, "It's only Jinx Falkenburg, it's only Faye Emerson, it's only Mary Margaret McBride." I should take instruction from them? —JOHN O'HARA

Are you an APRIL FOOL VICTIM every day of the year?



Most of us *expect* to be tricked on April Fool's day, and we can join in the fun with our tricksters.

But being tricked on *other* days isn't so funny.

Take this matter of "cheap" federal government power. It's "cheap" for the people who get it only because you and other taxpayers pay part of their electric bills.

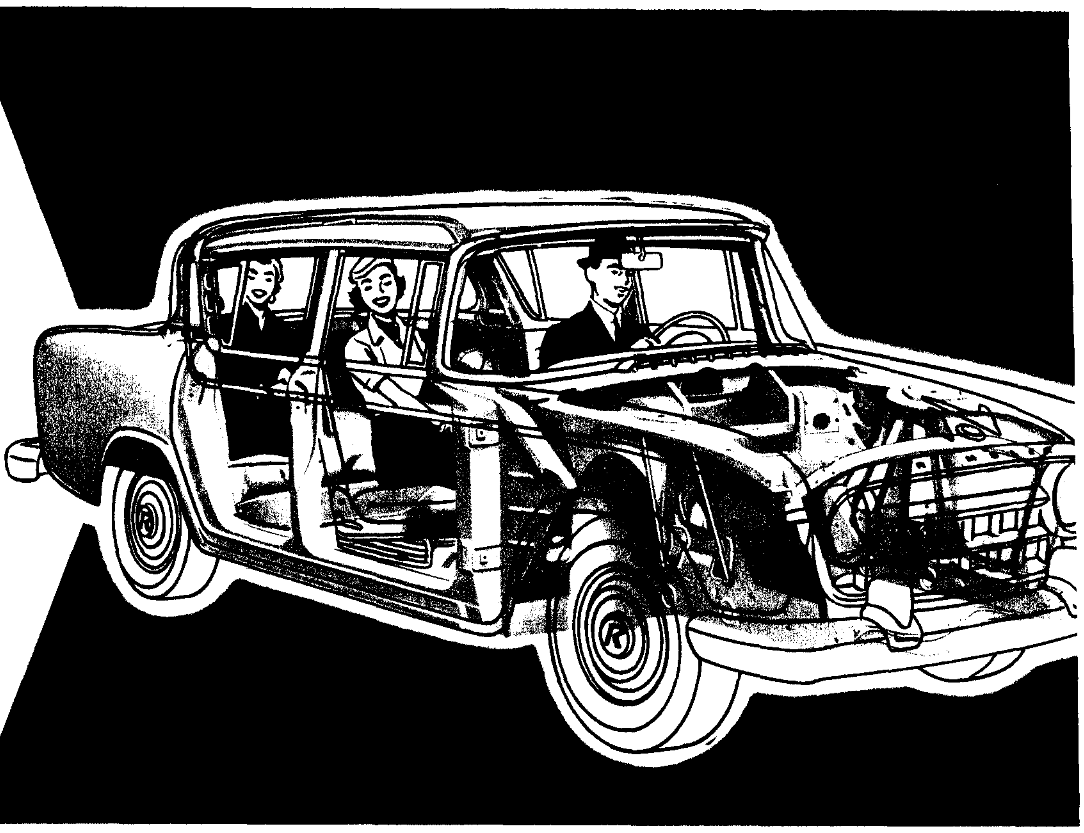
First, your taxes help pay for the government power plants that serve the folks in this privileged class. And, second, the taxes you pay in your electric bill have to be *higher* because *those people* don't pay a fair share of taxes in theirs.

So when you hear about "cheap" federal power, think of the trick that's behind it. Remember—one of the *victims* of that trick is *you!* *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies**.

**Names on request from this magazine*

Advertisement

Here's the BIGGEST DIFFERENCE in Cars Today!



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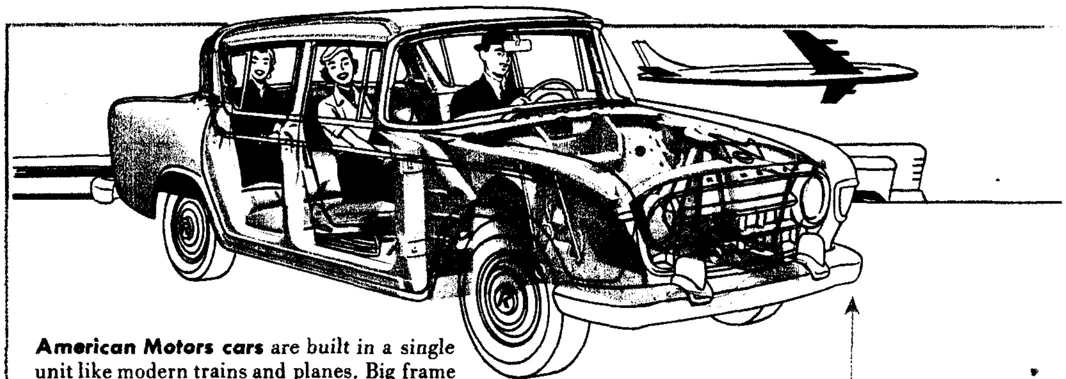
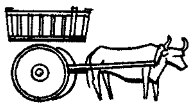
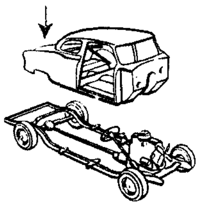


American Motors cars are built in a single unit like modern trains and planes. Big frame box-girders make a steel enclosure as big as the car itself, giving "wrap-around" protection front, back, above, below, at sides. One welded unit, it's twice as strong, twice as safe, twice as long-lasting.

Other cars, beneath the modern-*looking* chrome and paint, still bolt the body to a separate, flat frame underfoot—the same basic, antiquated principle used in building oxcarts.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE





HOW TO WIN—In the next two to four years, you will see advertisements by "Big Three" car makers telling about a great new development in automobile construction. But a second glance will show you it is what American Motors cars have right now—single unit construction, developed at a cost of $50,000,000 for re-tooling alone. It is the biggest difference in cars today. Here is what it means to you as a car owner:

> **(1) Higher performance at less cost; (2) Greater comfort; (3) More inside room; (4) Superior handling and cornering; (5) Easier parking; (6) Double protection from injury in accidents; (7) Elimination of body squeaks and rattles; (8) Superior durability and top resale value.**

That is why the rest of the industry is racing against the clock to copy American Motors single unit construction.

Here's why we offer one-quarter of a million dollars in prizes for a name for single unit construction. Seventeen years after we pioneered modern pressurized heating and ventilation with cowl-high fresh air intake in our cars, the first Big Three manufacturer to copy our system advertised so extensively boasting of this advance, many people think that our imitator invented it!

We don't want this to happen again! That is why we will pay you generously to give us a name for our modern, single unit construction, a simple, easily remembered name we can use in our advertising to nail down once and for all the fact that we were the pioneers of the best car construction known.

Give us a name and win the big prize. Yes, the first name that pops into your mind can be the $25,000 winning name! A simple name like "Duo-Safe" or "Dura-Bilt" may win you $25,000 cash!

FREE! "Facts to Help You Win!"

Facts To Help You Win!
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See your Nash dealer or your Hudson dealer and get your FREE Entry Blank and your FREE copy of the new folder "Facts to Help You Win" with easy rules for winning. Please read rules carefully, especially rule #4 which explains how the contest will be judged. In the event of ties for any prize, tied contestants will be asked to write a simple 25 word statement which will be judged to break the tie, if any. **Hurry! Enter today!**

SO STRONG, SO MODERN, SO SAFE, IT'S BACKED BY A TOTAL OF $25,000 PERSONAL AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT INSURANCE AT NO EXTRA COST!

This insurance provides for the payment of $12,500 to beneficiary or estate of either you or your spouse (if a member of your household at time of purchase)—thus providing the total of $25,000 divided equally between husband and wife—if either or both should be fatally injured while driving or riding (either separately or together) in your new private passenger American Motors car anywhere in the world. Both are insured for the entire first year of ownership.

Covers fatality resulting within 100 days after date of accident. Applies to privately-owned Rambler, Nash, Hudson, Metropolitan cars purchased from an authorized Hudson or Nash dealer in the continental United States and Alaska where state insurance regulations permit.

GET YOUR FREE ENTRY BLANK AND EASY RULES FOR WINNING NOW!

American Motors Means More for Americans

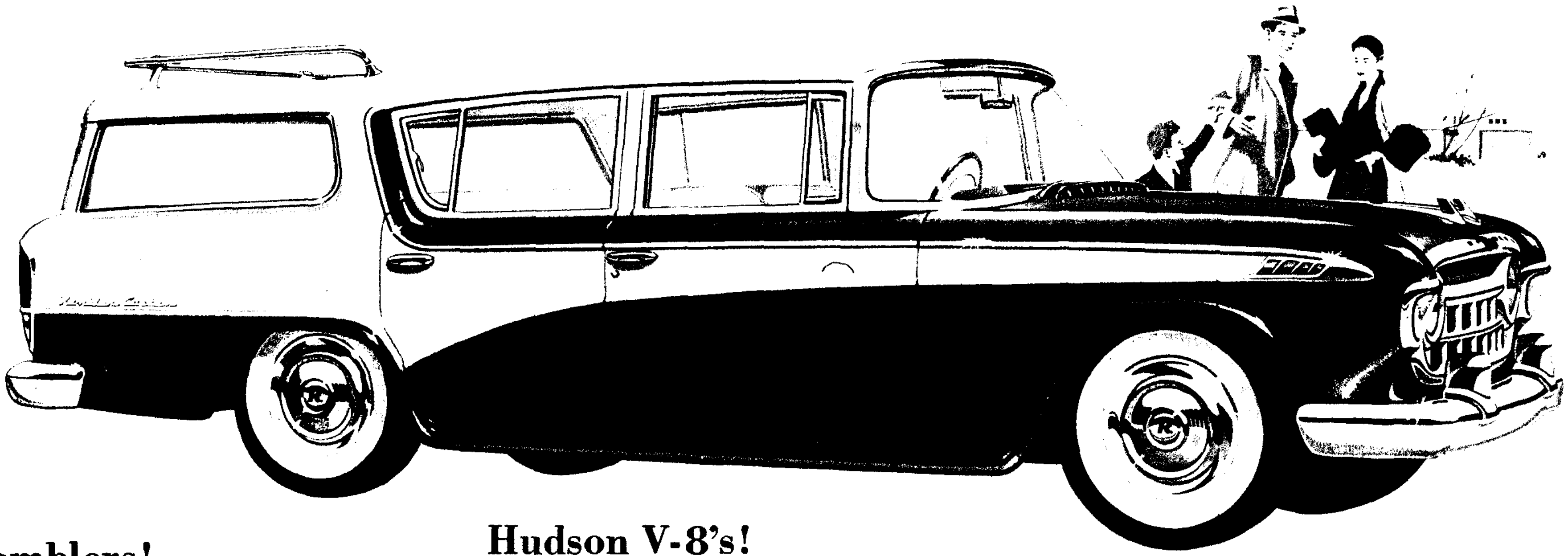
SEE YOUR **Nash** DEALER

American Motors Corporation AM

Here's $¼ MILLION $$$
in Prizes to Name It!
IN AMERICAN MOTORS GIANT CONTEST!

$25,000 FIRST PRIZE!

[illegible] AIR CONDITIONED CARS!



Ramblers!
Completely Air Conditioned 4-door Custom Hardtops and Cross Country 4-door Station Wagons—with power assists, Hydra-Matic Drive.

Hudson V-8's!
Air Conditioned Hornet Hardtops, Wasp Sedans—with every custom accessory including all "power assists" and automatic transmissions.

Nash V-8's!
Air Conditioned Nash Ambassador Hardtops, Statesman Sedans—custom from bumper to bumper, power assists and automatic transmissions.

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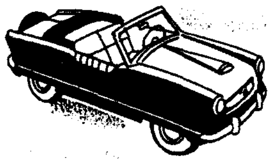

(or Hardtop, if winner desires!) Gets up to 40 miles a gallon—turns on a dime.

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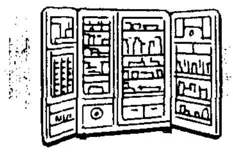


including Fabulous Foodaramas, Freezers, Ranges, Automatic Washers, Dryers.

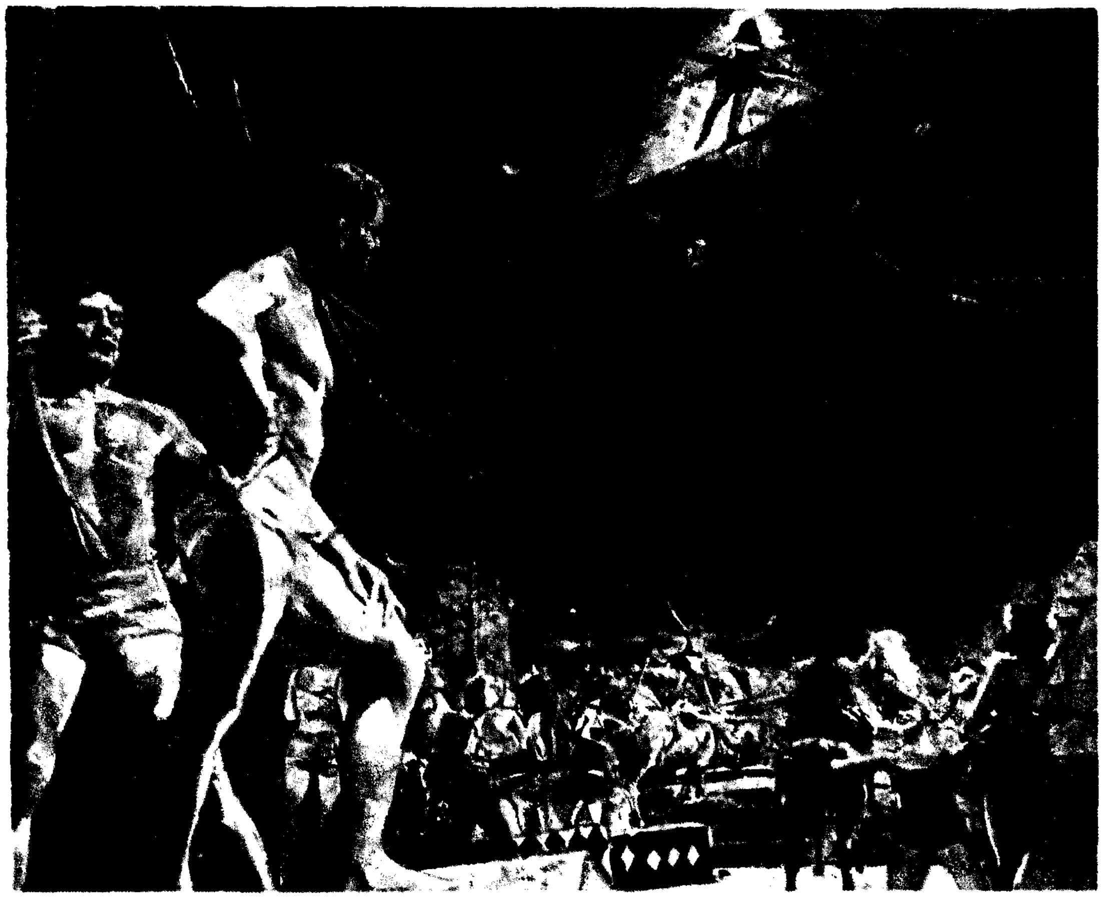
Tune in Disneyland on ABC-TV. See TV listings for Time and Channel.

1000 CASH PRIZES of $10 each!

1141 WONDERFUL PRIZES IN THE EASIEST CONTEST ON RECORD! *Plus* $40,000 CASH BONUSES!

Bring your present car to be appraised by your dealer. It's worth $1000 cash bonus to you, if you're a car winner. Also, if you are a car winner and have bought a new Rambler, Nash, Hudson or Metropolitan during the contest period, we'll give you double the retail price of the car you win, in place of a car.

SEE YOUR [illegible] DEALER



MORTON ROBERTS

UNSCHEDULED HERO

By DAVID NEVIN

KING BARDELON was worried, and not because he was strolling along a quivering wire fifty feet above a circus crowd. That was routine for the king of America's tightrope walkers. He was worried about Little King Bardelon.

Little King was a head taller than he and twenty-one years old—but he was King's son so he would always be Little King. The Bardelons were high-wire people born to walk in the air, a high-wire dynasty—which was exactly why Little King was paining his father sorely.

The Bardelons—father, mother, son—worked with the Flying Lightners, who King thought were no better than average. But that girl of theirs, Spring, nineteen and bright as a fresh-feathered eaglet—there was a greatness in her that brought an audience to its feet.

Together, the six of them made the world's best team. But the parents were growing older and no new blood was in sight. And why not? King Bardelon frowned as he flipped backward from the wire to the anchor platform. It was because Little King flatly refused to marry Spring Lightner. In fact, Little King threatened to leave the act if his father kept urging the marriage.

King Bardelon slid down the fifty-foot rope to the ground now, bounced lightly, acknowledged the crowd's applause, and glanced at his son. Above them, Spring Lightner danced her famous High-Wire Hula. "Ah, she'd make a good wife, that one." He paused and Little King said nothing. "And she's good on the wire, too. She might teach you something—"

Little King Bardelon snatched furiously at the rope and hoisted himself out of the conversation.

King thought: Maybe I shouldn't have said that. The boy is developing slowly and surely, but he lacks confidence, and that's something any man must find for himself.

As King stowed their gear that night, he saw Little King and Spring walking toward him, talking in a friendly enough fashion. As they approached, Spring touched Little King's arm. "I think if you'd flourish a little sooner in your chair act you'd get more impact." King heard a tenderness in her voice that belied the businesslike words.

But Little King stiffened and said sharply, "The act's all right—I don't need your advice."

Spring snatched her hand away. Her voice sounded hurt. "Well," she said. "Who's billed as the star of this show? Maybe you could learn a lot from me!" And while Little King glared in tongue-tied rage, she rushed away.

King put his hand on his son's shoulder. "She is good," he said, "and she wants to help you."

"Yeah? Well, I don't need her help. I'd quit the wire before I'd take lessons from her!"

Thus things stood when the annual tour ended.

EVERY CIRCUS ACT needs a little off-season publicity and, as usual, King Bardelon had designed the king of stunts: a walk across Colorado's Royal Gorge on a tightrope.

The famous chasm, hacked in rock by the roaring Arkansas River, was a natural. The wire would be tautened about a hundred feet from the big suspension bridge, which would make a fine gallery for the audience—and for the TV cameras, too.

Then King had had his stroke of genius. Why not have Spring do her famous hula over the Royal Gorge? What a smash!

"Dangerous—too dangerous," Little King had warned when King had proposed the idea.

But Spring had insisted, "It is not! I can take care of myself! Why, even when the wire went slack that time in Birmingham I didn't have trouble. Certainly I'm going to do it—it'll be fun."

And so the matter stood. King Bardelon knew his levelheaded son was right—it *was* dangerous. High winds rushed through the gorge, and the extra-long wire would allow more whip than usual. But think of the publicity!

They rigged the cable and pulled it taut while the bridge filled with people. Wind whistled against the wire—it was already swaying close to the danger point. Spring's pretty face looked drawn.

Then she was ready, and there was no turning back. Trumpets blared, and Spring was poised on the anchor platform, bowing to the crowd. She took the long balancing pole and stepped onto the wire. Hula music boomed over a loud-speaker, and she started the dance.

A fifth of a mile below, between steep, jagged rock walls, hurtled the gray Arkansas River. The wind seemed to rise, moaning against the wire. Little King watched with his hands clenched.

SPRING WENT OUT thirty feet, forty, and then she was in trouble. The wire was whipping now. Her face had a tight, scared expression and her shoulders were rigid. She modified the dance to a hip-swinging walk, and still she was in trouble.

King Bardelon felt a knot in the pit of his stomach. "Don't look down, baby," he whispered. "Slow now, easy, you can do it. Please don't look down."

But she did. A thousand feet below she could see the winding river, and her knees seemed to buckle and her foot missed and she fell across the wire. Her pole spun slowly down and down until it splintered on the rocks below. Her body rolled off the wire and she clung there, arms and legs locked around the quivering cable above her.

King Bardelon cupped his hands and shouted, "Come in, Spring! Forget it and come in—hand over hand!" But she didn't move, just clung there a thousand feet in the air with a wild look on her face, and he realized she had frozen—she couldn't move. And then he was shouting, "A pole—get me a pole!" But Little King, a pole neatly balanced in his hands, was moving calmly forward onto the whipping wire.

King shouted at him, and without looking back the boy snapped, "She's mine, Dad."

Little King Bardelon walked steadily, smoothly and very rapidly. The girl's arms strained against her weight and slipped a little.

The boy reached her and his feet slid from under him and he landed straddling the wire. Quickly he laid the pole in balance. His body swayed as he reached down and seized her shoulders. She clamped onto the wire more tightly, and there was a look of wild panic on her face.

He slapped her once then, hard, and her eyes cleared. "I've got you," he ordered. "Let go."

She relaxed and he swung her up and around behind him, her arms tightening around his neck as he threw his body forward to keep the balance. He didn't look down at the emptiness below as he reached for the pole that was slowly tilting away.

Then he got a foot under him, first one and then the other, and with her dead weight on his back he rose and started in.

And Little King Bardelon brought her in, pacing steadily backward over the wire, compensating for the whip and the hundred-and-twenty-pound weight on his back. And then King Bardelon knew his son was great.

The boy stepped from the shivering wire to the anchor platform, threw down his pole and turned quickly to catch Spring's limp body in his arms.

King Bardelon automatically stepped forward to take her—and stopped. For he saw the look on Little King's face, and it was the look of a man. "Bring some blankets and that bottle of hot coffee. Hurry!" Little King called, and King Bardelon found himself trotting to obey.

They gathered later in a Canon City hotel room. Spring was pale and upset. "I failed," she said over and over. "I failed, and I can't do anything now."

"Don't talk foolishly," Little King said evenly. "I know exactly what you're going to do."

She looked up, startled. "What?" she asked.

"Why, marry me, of course," he said.

At that, the girl smiled shyly, and King Bardelon was no longer worried about his son. THE END

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Havoline's clear-cut superiority is vital to you today. Engines have closer tolerances, higher compression ratios, increased "loading" of parts. It takes a *tougher* motor oil to protect your engine, keep it clean. That's *Havoline*, the best motor oil your money can buy! For added power, greater gasoline mileage, longer lasting new car *liveliness*, change to *Advanced Custom-Made Havoline*. See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had!*

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Naturally, Pennsylvania motor oil in the crankcase is *the best protection* for the highest precision, hardest working part of your car. Every brand of Pennsylvania motor oil is made from *nature's finest crude*... Pennsylvania.

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COLLIER'S CREDITS

Fisherman Gowdy broadcasts a ball game

CURT GOWDY is a Cheyenne, Wyoming, boy. "Reared with a fly rod in hand," he puts it. "My first love was and is fishing, especially with artificial flies."

But broadcasting and televising the Boston Red Sox games keeps him away from his favorite trout streams, and he has had to turn to salt-water fly fishing during the winter in southern waters, at such happy fishing grounds as Vic Barothy's camp at Isle of Pines, Cuba, and at Islamorada in the Florida Keys.

It was at the latter place two years ago that Gowdy first met Joe Brooks, the great fisherman whom he acclaims in his story on page 70.

"I had read all of Joe's books and articles on fishing," Gowdy tells us, "but his accounts of using a fly in salt water particularly fascinated me. When I met the man, he became an even greater fascination."

★ ★ ★

PETER KALISCHER was born and educated in New York except for a couple of years when he lived in Paris with his parents. Back in New York, he worked for ad agencies, press agents, magazines and book publishers until World War II started. Then because of his fluency in French, he says, he was put in the Counter Intelligence Corps and sent to New Guinea.

"I arrived in Manila two weeks after the WACs and in Tokyo three weeks after V-J Day," he recalls. "While investigating anti-American sentiment among the natives, I met and married Gloria Uemura, who was half British and half Japanese and therefore only half anti-American. The results are Peter Mark, eight, who is anti-milk and David Murray, five, who is anti-Peter Mark."

When he got out of the Army in 1945 Kalischer went to work for the United Press in Tokyo. He covered the Korean war until March, 1952, when he joined Collier's. Since then he's done stories from Japan, Korea, Okinawa, Burma, Thailand, Indochina, and—as in this issue—Formosa.

★ ★ ★

EDWIN A. PEEPLES, the author who dreamed up the unusual romance in The Enchantment, is an executive with a Philadelphia ad agency (Gray & Rogers). He lives on a 65-acre farm with sheep, geese, his wife and three young sons. "A very noisy situation indeed," Peeples says.

While making an honest living through the years, Peeples has also managed to become a successful writer. "I write evenings and on weekends and complete about seven short stories and three or four articles a year, in addition to a novel every two years or so."

Peeples calls himself "a frustrated composer-librettist and playwright." He once wrote radio scripts for Jane Cowl and for the Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street. He has written and scored four full-length musical comedies and written three straight plays. None has been produced professionally, but three of these efforts have been performed by amateur groups.

"Let me add," he adds, "that I have been writing since I was eleven years old, which is some 30 years ago. Writing has now become a pathological release: if I don't do a certain amount each week, I feel as uncomfortable as if I hadn't changed my shirt."

★ ★ ★

RICHARD STERN (page 64) ran away from Harvard after three years there, and has been running ever since. When he wasn't writing he peddled exhibits for the San Francisco World's Fair; dehydrated apricots in the San Joaquin Valley; worked in San Diego with the Hod Carriers' and Laborers' Local 87; helped Lockheed make airplanes during World War II. "Been free-lancing ever since," the forty-one-year-old author says, "from Los Angeles, Balboa, New York, Haiti, Pennsylvania, California again, then to Spain, France, Portugal and Austria. I'm not looking for story material, but for a place to settle down." Last we heard from him, he was still going.

★ ★ ★

IN ONE FORTNIGHT assistant entertainment editor Peter Maas and four photographers went to 14 Broadway shows to gather the pictures and facts for A Season of Hits (pages 28-35). We tried to get him to tell us which he liked best, but he donned the mantle of complete reportorial objectivity and said they were equally enjoyable.

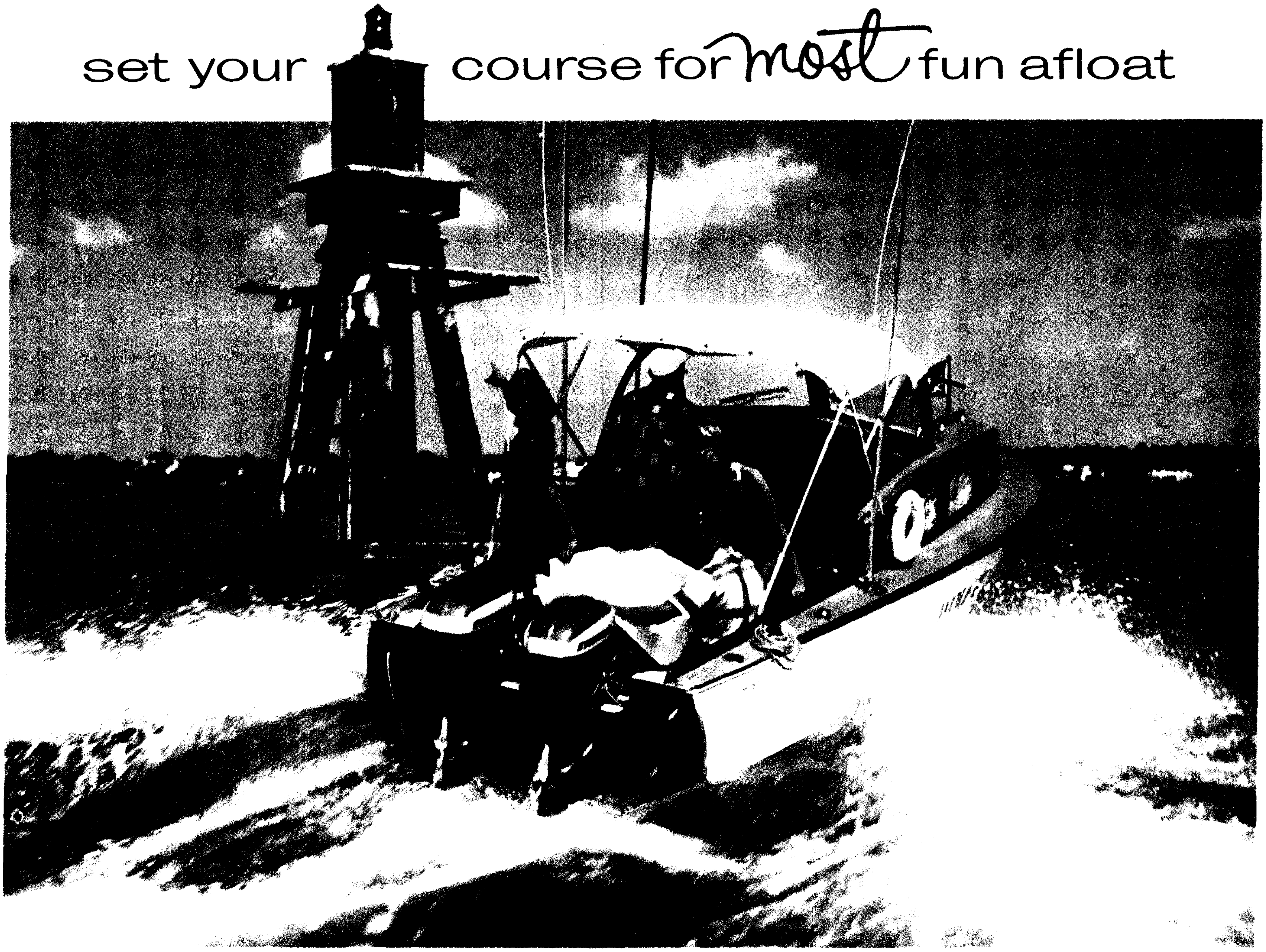
"I seem to see the season on Broadway in terms of personalities," he says. "It takes a while for my tired brain to spot them in the right show, but I remember the people."

In the accompanying photograph Maas is shown with one of the people, Jayne Mansfield of Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

GUY GILLETTE

Maas talks show business with Mansfield

set your course for *most* fun afloat



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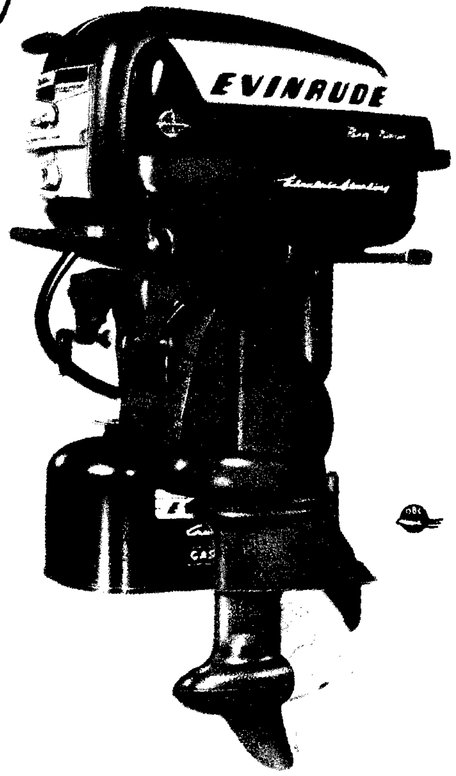
ALL'S CLEAR — you're set for years of pleasure ahead — with your fast and able Evinrude-powered cruiser! Delightful runs to lovely coves far up the shore. Carefree week ends afloat. Family vacations brimming with happy adventure. At modest cost you enjoy the comforts of larger inboard cruisers. And performance that is *luxury afloat!* You speed in the tranquil quiet of Whispering Power. You relax in blissful smoothness that makes riding seem like sailing. **SEE YOUR EVINRUDE DEALER.** Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your phone book. Learn how easily you can join in the fast growing sport of outboard cruising. He will gladly help you choose the boat and motor exactly suited to your needs. Write for free catalog of the complete Evinrude line—9 models, 3 to 30 horsepower—3 models with finger-touch electric starting. **EVINRUDE MOTORS,** 4234 North 27th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin.



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THINK

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...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest *beer* you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only *fine ale* can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's RED CAP, the *light-hearted* ale! Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink RED CAP, Carling's Red Cap Ale.

I am thinking . . .
so now I'm drinking
Red Cap . . .
Carling's
RED CAP *Ale*

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

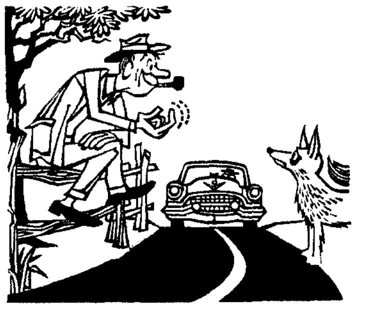
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Evidence that old 48 is a flabby sap continues to increase. For example, here it's spring. Baseball busting out all over. And we catch ourselves indoors reading a grindingly dull issue of the Congressional Record. Senator Potluck viewing darkly. Senator Tossup burbling at random. Ought to have this old gray head examined.

★ ★ ★

The scene opens with a Kansas gentleman sitting on a fence near Gridley. A coyote lopes into the road. A Cadillac with all the extras plus Illinois license plates killed the animal. The car stopped. Its driver handed the Kansas gentleman, still sitting, 20 bucks and said: "Sorry I killed your dog. Have another on me." Kansas gentleman picked up the defunct coyote, took it to the courthouse, collected the two-dollar bounty on the dead predator and went back to the fence and sat down some more. Next day 14 other Kansas gentlemen, watching sharply for coyotes and Cadillacs, were keeping him company.



IRWIN KAPLAN

★ ★ ★

To the voters of McCulloch County, Texas, the Brady Standard serves notice that this will be an important year. The people of Texas will be called upon to elect city, county and state officials, it says. And then as a hasty afterthought: "It's a Presidential election year, too."

★ ★ ★

As you know, we've occasionally indicated a strong affection for the state of Wisconsin. And now we've received news from Milwaukee that fetches us to our feet uttering reverberating burps. Last year Wisconsin drank 1,025,739,909 bottles of beer—an average of 280 bottles for every man, woman and child in the state. What will happen the year the Braves win the pennant will be staggering.

★ ★ ★

He was young, fearless and strong. He yearned to be a member of the Canadian Mounties. He was told to write why. He did so, opening his essay with: "The Royal Canadian Mounted Police could readily be defined as the world's most famous police corpse." Mr. Dominion Dan Mulgrave, our Canadian explorer, doesn't say whether this brawny got the job, but is running down a rumor that his father is a funeral director.

★ ★ ★

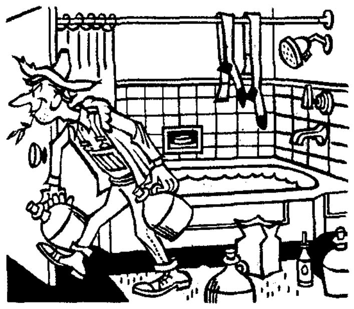
We give you an advertisement plucked from his newspaper by Mr. Kenneth Kaphammer, of Hamilton, Montana. The ad reads: "Oven-ready dressed geese nine to thirteen pounds, fifty cents a pound." The birds are guaranteed because they were raised by the gentlemen offering them—Harry and Gilbert Gander. No trouble at all to find the Gander place, Mr. Kaphammer says. The Ganders live right next to some folks named Golden.

★ ★ ★

Got to talking to a Grand Rapids, Michigan, fellow a week or two ago. He says that high-tension hydrogen-bomb jitters have practically vanished from his city because the populace has discovered that away back in the mid-twenties Grand Rapids' rulers adopted an ordinance making it illegal for any aviator "to drop or explode a bomb while flying over the city without permission from the city commission."

★ ★ ★

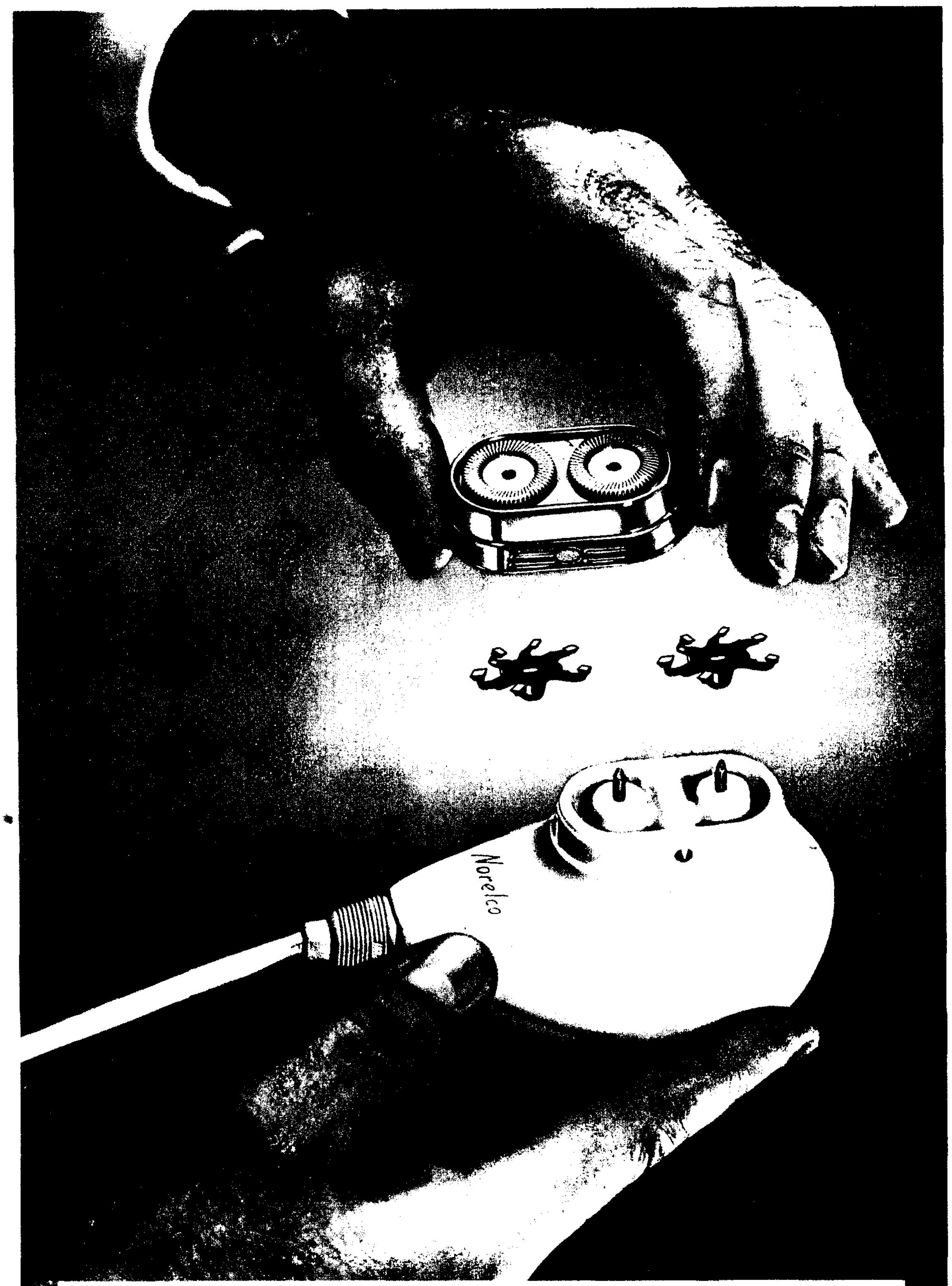
This is a bit of advice from Mr. Albert Beiziegel, of Burlington, Vermont. Should an awkward, gangling fellow —"a real countrified-looking fellow"—come knocking on your door, carrying a couple of gallon cans or jugs, tell him you don't want any. This shambler is "more than likely a maple sirup bootlegger" trying to palm off a bathtub mixture of water, sugar and few dashes of maple flavoring. "More of them around every year," sighs Mr. Beiziegel, who would like to know what they'll think of next.



★ ★ ★

We plan to stop off in Thermopolis, Wyoming, sometime and take a few lessons in wild-bull-elk bugling from Dr. G. H. Buffum. Properly done, the doctor says, you can "surround yourself with elk belles in a twinkling or less." We're looking forward to the fun of sitting at our desk bugling in a mess of beautiful female elks.

Looks different . . . *is* different and mister, you'll love that difference!



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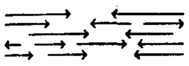
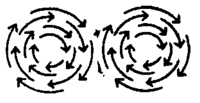
Electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years!

Here's why this revolutionary Rotary Blade Action has made Norelco* the largest-selling electric shaver in the world—fastest-growing shaver in the U. S.

All other electric shavers shave you like this: as if your whiskers grew in rows like corn.



Only NORELCO shaves you like this: its rotary blades, set beneath stationary skin guards, shave you the way your whiskers *really* grow.



1. Built to shave according to your beard's natural growth—makes clumps and whorls disappear first time over.
2. No whisker pull. No soap and water fuss. Norelco's 12 revolving blades shave off whiskers with the same stroke as a barber's blade.
3. No skin irritation, no painful nicks, no matter how heavy your shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel alloy blades g-i-v-e as you bear down.
4. Face needs no break-in period. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker, gives great shaves from the start.
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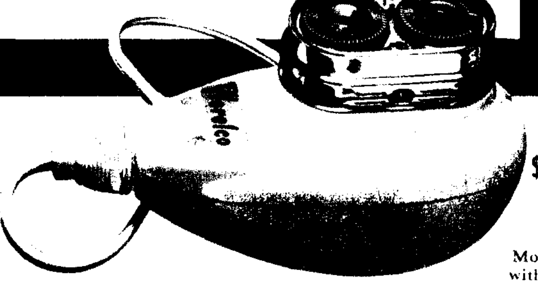
FOR OUTDOOR MEN—Norelco Sportsman Electric Shaver runs on flashlight batteries or car lighter. (Model SC7750).



$24.95
AC/DC
Model SC7759 with travel case

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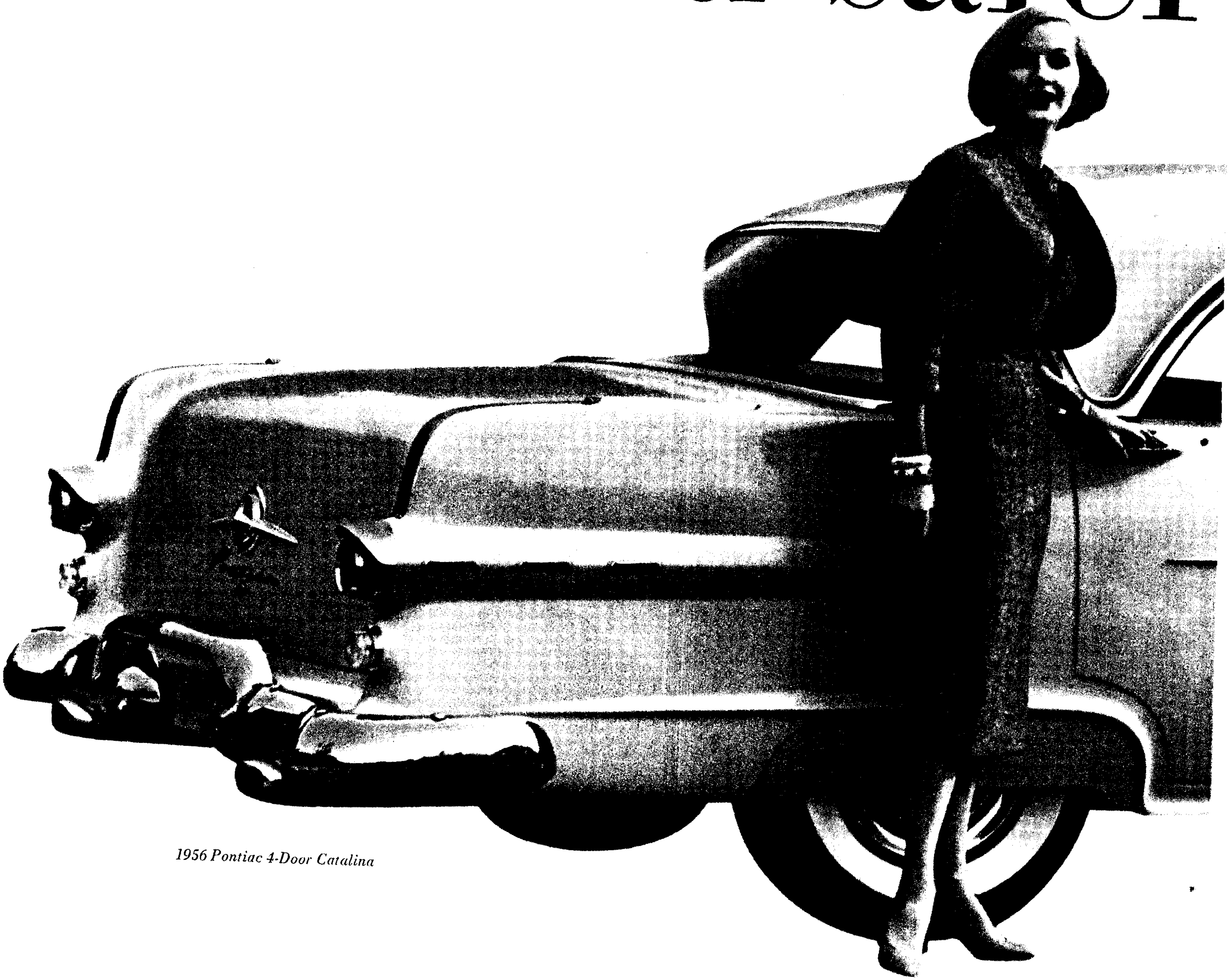


1956 Pontiac 4-Door Catalina

GENERAL MO

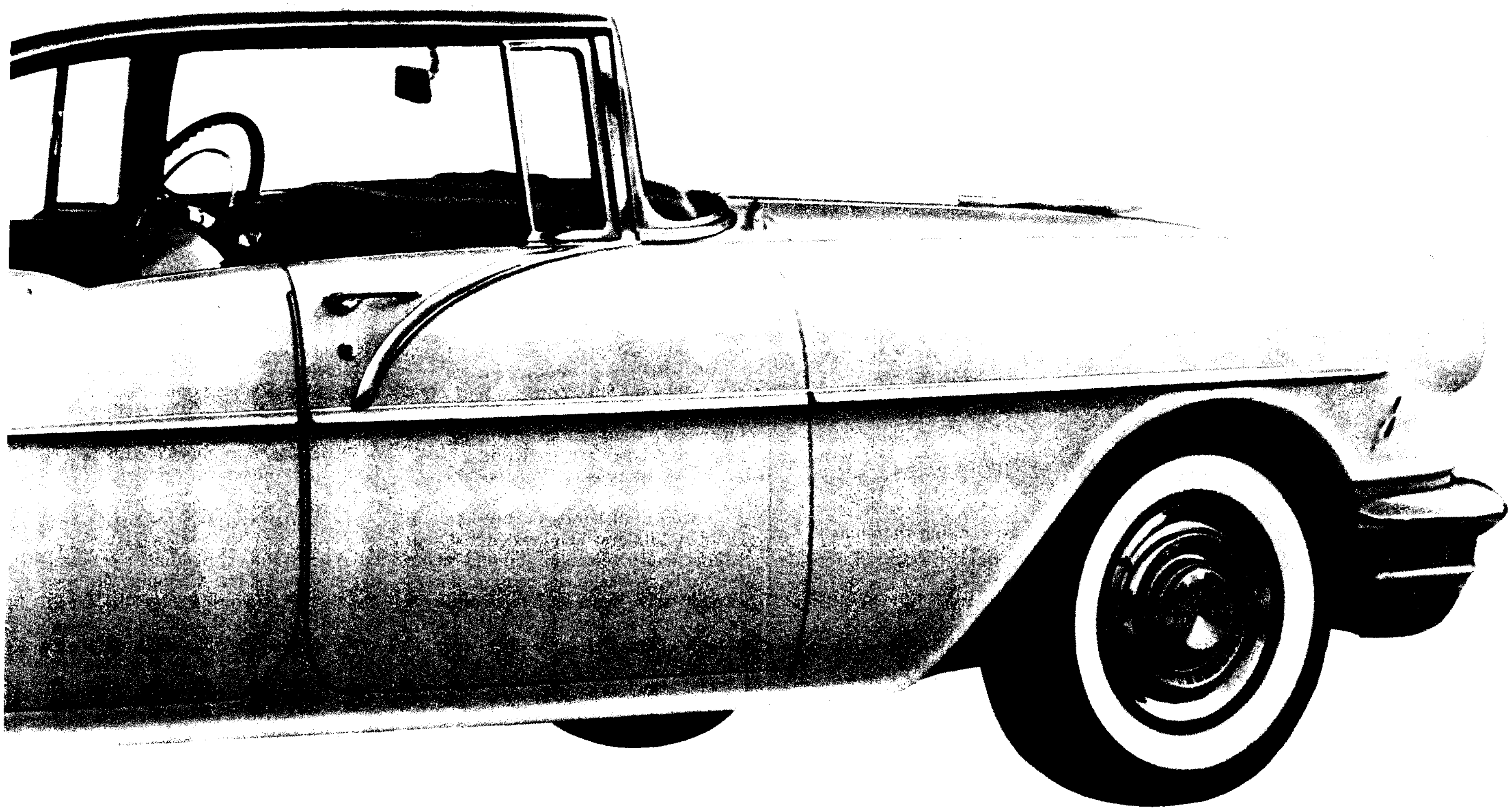
tops stops–

BY NOW just about everyone knows that the new 1956 General Motors cars are as far out in front in performance and safety as they are in eye-catching beauty.

You will find convincing proof of that in the extra reserve power of their higher-compression engines—instantly delivered through newly improved automatic transmissions offered on GM cars — Powerglide, Variable Pitch Dynaflow and fluid-coupled Hydra-Matic.

You'll find it, too, in the swift-sure tiptoe response of GM Power Brakes, and in other available features like Power Steering and Seat Belts. You find it in Precision-Aimed Head Lamps and in the solid construction of GM Unisteel Bodies with double-locking safety door latches.

Combine all these engineering advances with GM's pace-setting styling in hardtops, estate wagons, convertibles and sedans, and you'll see why so many agree that the key to any '56 GM car is your key to greater value.



"Be careful—drive safely"

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LETTERS

Grace Prejudice

EDITOR: My salute to you for the wonderful article on Grace Kelly and her Prince (Mar. 2d). I have clipped the small photo in the lower corner of page 27 and will look at it often. It makes me believe in all the wonders of young love and in the goodness of the world once more. . . .

MRS. EDNA DURLON, Oceanside, N.Y.

HOWELL CONANT

A new picture of the young lovers

. . . Fun's fun, but your readers can't laugh all day long. Stop already with the heartwarming glimpses of the intimate lives of celebrities as revealed exclusively for the first time, AND in four colors. Peaches Browning is a big girl now, and your readers have grown up too. . . .

JACK O'LEARY, Missoula, Mont.

. . . You have solved the problem of squaring the circle. In the Mar. 2d issue you run pictures of Grace Kelly who has been boosted higher than Marilyn Monroe by the movie moguls and higher than that by her mother in the syndicated press. And you top it all off with this caption: "She's above the ballyhoo. She wants no part of it. She feels that her private life is her own business." I am one of the many who yearn to see her get her wish. . . .

A. M. BEZANSON, Vancouver, B.C.

. . . Secure all hands on my letter of October 28th in which I stated that your editors had a rejection complex about the Kelly. It has developed into a massive obsessive neurosis, a form of Grace prejudice. What'll you do till the psychiatrist comes? . . .

MAX MATTHEWS, Sandpoint, Ida.

. . . American friends send me Collier's, and I have in hands your No. 24 June 1955 with the article, The Key to Kelly. I have been so interested and surprised reading the true story so much anticipated, and of course, in the present time, all that was written then has come perfectly true. Bravo for the pleasure given to your readers and to an old lady of sixty in Brittany far away from lovely America which I shall never see . . . unfortunately. . . .

MME. G. THAUMOUX,
Sables-D'or-Les-Pins, France

Tender Trap

EDITOR: The Folklore of Love (Feb. 17th) carried me back to my girlhood in the foothills of the Ozarks. Duncan Emrich, the author, didn't mention that if a spider's web brushes across your eyes while walking down a path before nightfall, you'll see your lover before nightfall. Also never give your lover a knife as a gift because it will cut your love apart. My boy friend gave me a tiny pearl-handled knife as a keepsake, and we split up soon after. . . .

MRS. RALPH THOMPSON,
Perryville, Mo.

Stranger than Fiction

EDITOR: The first thing we did after reading the preface to The "Lomokome" Papers (Feb. 17th) was to check up on the Montana Institute of Technology and we found it to be nonexistent. Then we looked up the Chief of Naval Operations and found him to be Burke, not an Admiral Wells. You should have printed at the beginning of the magazine "All characters in fiction and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary." Are we correct about this?

G. FECHT AND T. M. FLANAGAN,
Van Nuys, Cal.

. . . You state that the releasing of Appendix E was by authority of the President of the U.S. and the Secretary of Defense. I would like to know which President and which Secretary. Names have obviously been omitted. . . .

TOM NOBLE, Westerville, Ohio

In answer to more than 50 letters, The Lomokome Papers was fiction.

Who's on Second?

EDITOR: In Robert Bendiner's penetrating article on The Changing Role of the Vice-President (Feb. 17th) an inordinate amount of space was devoted to the "second glaring weakness" in this high office—the "hollowness of the job," which inadequately prepares the Vice-President for the President's job. It seems that after presiding over meetings of the Senate, Cabinet and Security Council, as Nixon has done, any Vice-President should be better prepared for the Presidency than is the average President-elect, whose administrative experience has usually been

The Cover Elliott Erwitt

Miss Susan Strasberg and David Levin are currently appearing on Broadway in a poignant drama entitled The Diary of Anne Frank, adapted from the true-life diary of the young girl who died in a Nazi concentration camp. As Anne, seventeen-year-old Miss Strasberg gives an immensely moving performance to become the theater's youngest dramatic star. Mr. Levin, at twenty-three, makes his Broadway debut as Anne's first—and last—boy friend. Together, they help make Diary one of the finest hits of a hit-filled year. All the scope and splendor of this superlative season is reflected in Collier's color roundup which appears on pages 28-35

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Famous Since 1870

1 Every Bottle Registered By Number—From grain purchase to bottling, the history of every drop of famous Old Forester is recorded . . . your guarantee of conformance to our unchanging standard of perfection.

2 Bottled-in-Bond Seal Prominently Displayed—You know instantly that Old Forester is offered as only one quality, bottled-in-bond under U.S. Government supervision...always the same fine bourbon.

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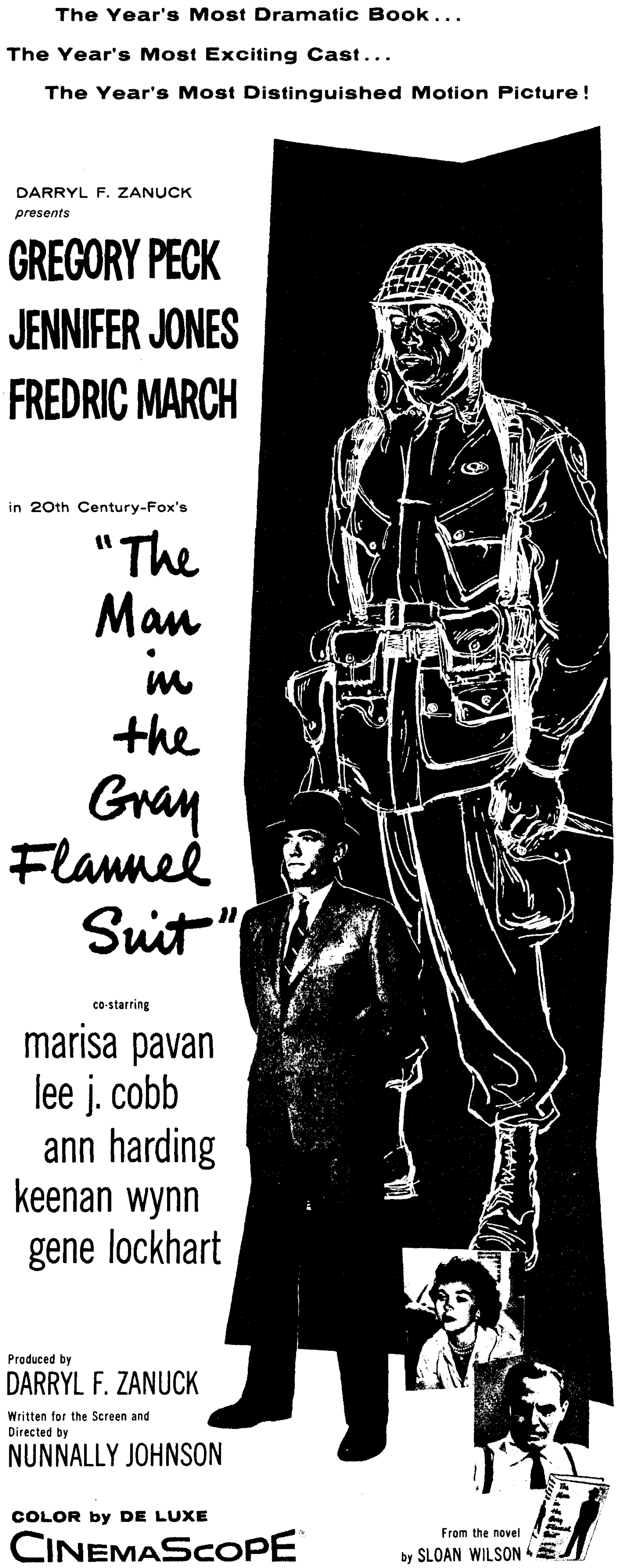

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"The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit"

co-starring

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Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Written for the Screen and
Directed by
NUNNALLY JOHNSON

COLOR by DE LUXE
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From the novel
by SLOAN WILSON

LETTERS continued

limited to the governorship of one state.... ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE, Allenhurst, N.J.

...What about the changing role of the President? When the job is head and shoulders above the man, God help us!... CHARLES N. REINSEL, New Castle, Pa.

Crying Towels

EDITOR: To the boys of the Georges Banks Air Force Station (How to Live on Stilts 110 Miles at Sea, Feb. 17th) who are "sweating out" 30 days—one Crying Towel, courtesy of the Coast Guardsmen who man the loran and light stations in Alaska, where the duty requires one year of continuous isolation. With all those luxurious recreational facilities, it sounds like Las Vegas on stilts. We would like to spend our 30 days' annual leave there....
THE EXILES, Ketchikan, Alaska

...Those fly boys have it real soft. They should ask a Navy man what rough duty really is. Maybe they'd like to have Mama with them. How about the men on those Pacific islands who spend 18 months without getting Stateside, or try riding an LST or tanker for four years.... BUD STORUD AND JOE HANSEN, Minot, N.D.

Not All Velvet

EDITOR: Your February 3d cover story on Liz Taylor started out: "...Elizabeth Taylor jumped to stardom upon the back of a shiny black horse named National Velvet." The horse was not black, but a chestnut, and he was called The Pie. Liz Taylor was a little girl named Velvet....
JO SYKES, Livingston, Mont.

Mugging

EDITOR: Walter Davenport's People... Politics... and '56 (Mar. 2d) continues that misguided and misinformed reference which has existed since early in 1952 of stating that a person is an Eisenhower Democrat. The proper reference would be to classify such a person as a Mugwump—one whose Mug might have been Democratic but whose Wump was Republican....
WILLIAM C. REEVES, Marshall, N.C.

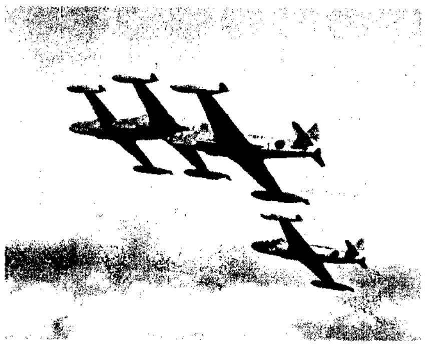
...From various comments in this area, I would like to say that Walter Davenport's attempt to proselyte for the G.O.P. fell on deaf ears....
MRS. A. Y. HOCHSTETTER, San Jose, Cal.

Blasphemy

EDITOR: I protest! I was glancing through your February 3d issue when I came to Martin Giuffre's blasphemous cartoon on page 77. After years of knocking theirselves out making funny faces, coloring in Donald Duck coloring books and drying little tears, are the baby sitters of America to allow this slander of an important industry?...
JUDITH LEONARD, Belvidere, Ill.

Japan and Jets

EDITOR: Thanks to Peter Kalischer for the fine article on Japan (Mar. 2d). In my Air Force duty, I went to Japan, but I could never seem to grasp how the Japanese thought, politicalwise. Mr. Kalischer has now given me a clear picture. Just one thing on picture coverage, the flight of jets shown on page 64 are not F-86s but T-33 jet trainers....
JOHN A. CARCIA, Pittsburgh, Pa.



HORACE BRISTOL, JR.

Odd's Joke

EDITOR: In 48 States of Mind (Mar. 30th) you had a joke in Swedish from Mr. Odd Stromberg. I'm giving a rough translation of this Swedish humor: "Sometimes we all feel blue and downhearted. Even in happiness there is a gloomy moment. At a time like that, one is grateful for a warming-up flame (fire)." Rib-cracking? No, very heartwarming.
LILLIJA KURCITIS, New York, N.Y.

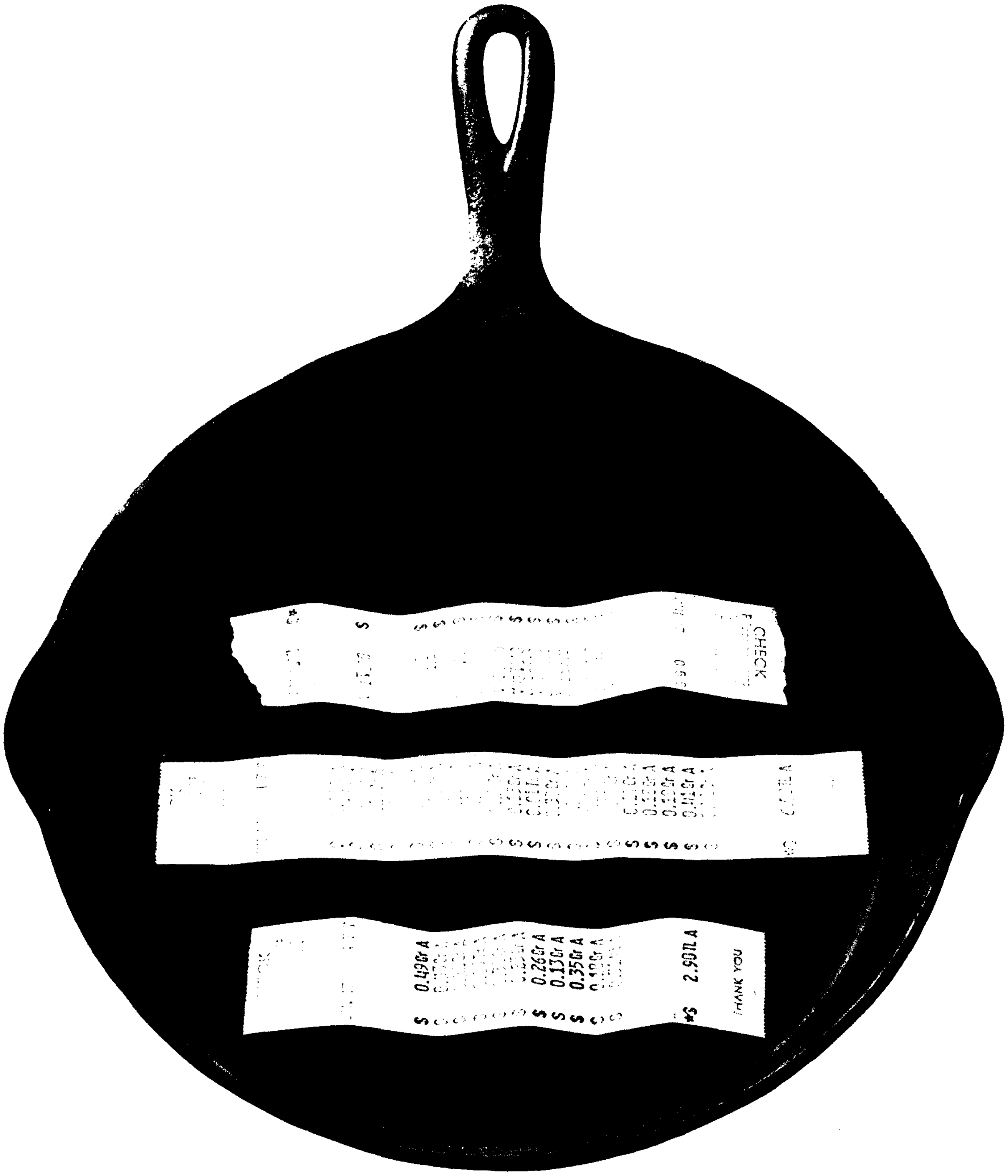
The Olympics

EDITOR: Greatly pleased to find that at least one national magazine was carrying the issue of the Olympic Games to the public (Your Stake in the Olympics, Jan. 6th). It seems there has been a sort of hush-hush regarding this country's chances in the games. One sore spot is the professional Russian athletes who are allowed to compete with the amateurs. Imagine Jim Thorpe being stripped of his medals because he played semipro baseball one summer. Russia and any other country that subsidizes its team should be banned from competition. Any organization that refuses to enforce its rules of amateurism in the face of admitted professionalism doesn't deserve my or anyone else's support....
FRED NAHABEDIAN, Royal Oak, Mich.

Leading Man

EDITOR: The publicity department of the Michael Todd Company is in an uproar because in your excellent layout on Around the World in 80 Days (Feb. 17th) there was no photograph of the undersigned, who happens to play the leading role. There was, however, a picture of Gilbert Roland with my name under it. Apparently, in Hollywood, this is usually a case of "pistols for two and coffee for one."

This note is to inform you that I couldn't care less and to beg you not to chastise some underling who must have made a very understandable mistake. However, should Gilbert Roland sue me, you will be hearing from me again. DAVID NIVEN, Culver City, Cal.



Who'll bring home the bacon for your family if an accident or sickness keeps you off the job? After a month or more without a pay check, how long could you meet even your week-to-week living expenses? Think it over carefully—then think how reassuring it would be to have a **MONY** total disability income policy to help carry your family through such an emergency. Don't put it off another day. Find out more about these **MONY** policies and the coverage they provide—protection which can mean so much to your peace of mind.

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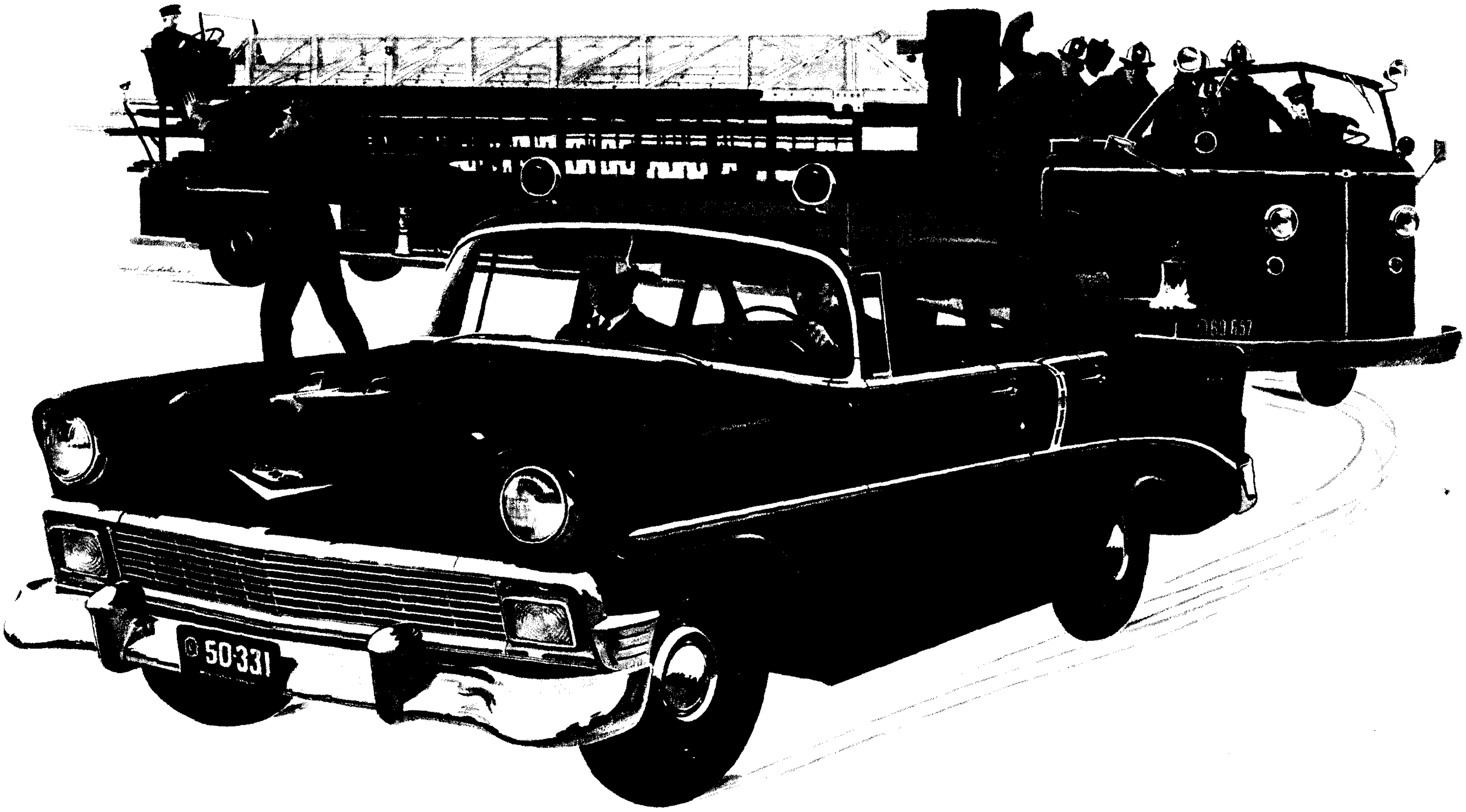
What you can learn about cars from firemen!



Here's the "Two-Ten" 4-Door Sedan . . . one of 19 new Chevrolets—all with Body by Fisher.

Firemen know that you can get where you're going sooner and safer in a car that's quick, agile, easy-handling—and a tiger for acceleration. That's the '56 Chevrolet all over!

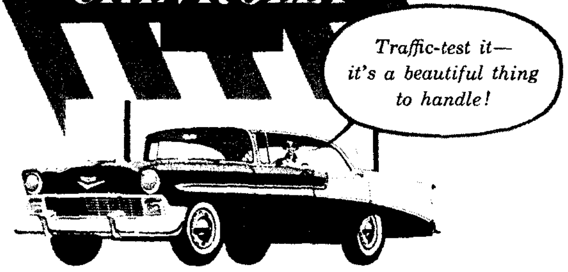
When you put your foot down for passing, this beauty means business! Horsepower that ranges clear up to 225 explodes into action to zoom you out ahead with extra seconds of safety.

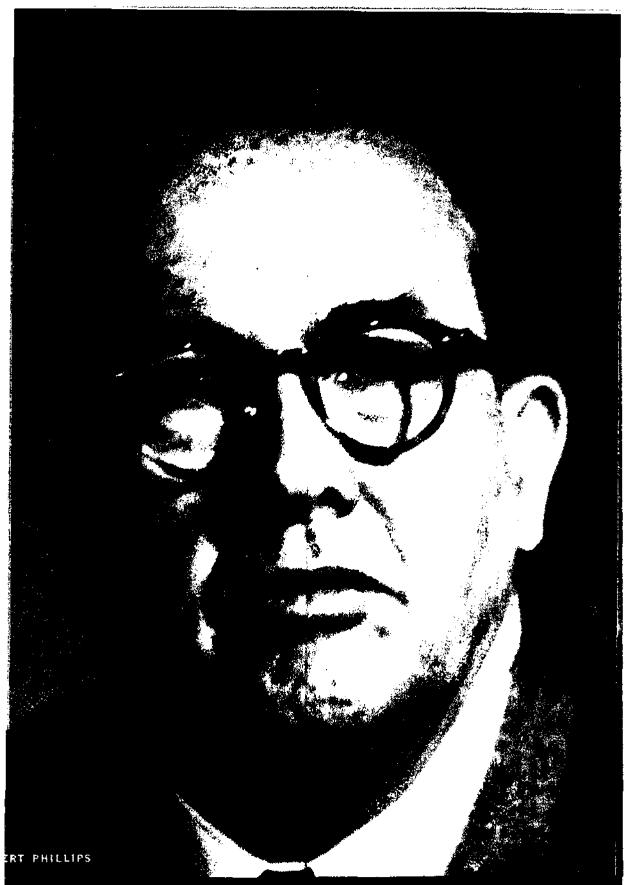
Yet this tigerish power is as tame to your touch as a purring kitten (and almost as quiet, thanks to hydraulic-hushed valve lifters now in *all* "Blue-Flame" and "Turbo-Fire" engines). For Chevy brings you a sureness of control and a solid way of going that mark it as one of the few truly great road cars built today. It clings to curves like part of the pavement . . . travels true on the straightaway—and it's a honey to handle in traffic.

These built-in Chevrolet qualities make for safer, happier driving. Let your Chevrolet dealer show you what firemen already know. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

THE HOT ONE'S EVEN HOTTER

CHEVROLET


Traffic-test it—
it's a beautiful thing
to handle!



ERT PHILLIPS

Benson and Brannan Debate

Ezra T. Benson, above, has served as Secretary of Agriculture in President Eisenhower's Cabinet for three years. Charles F. Brannan, below, served in the same post under President Truman from 1948 to 1953. Their views on the farm problem, beginning on the next page, are written exclusively for Collier's. Other basic issues before the voters this year will be examined in Collier's in the course of the 1956 campaign. A later article will present opposing views of two nationally known experts on the public-power dispute

RRIS & EWING

What's the answer to falling farm income and rising crop surpluses? That will be a burning question of the coming political campaign. A Republican and a Democrat, each with his own set of concrete proposals, trade arguments . . .

By EZRA T. BENSON

Secretary of Agriculture

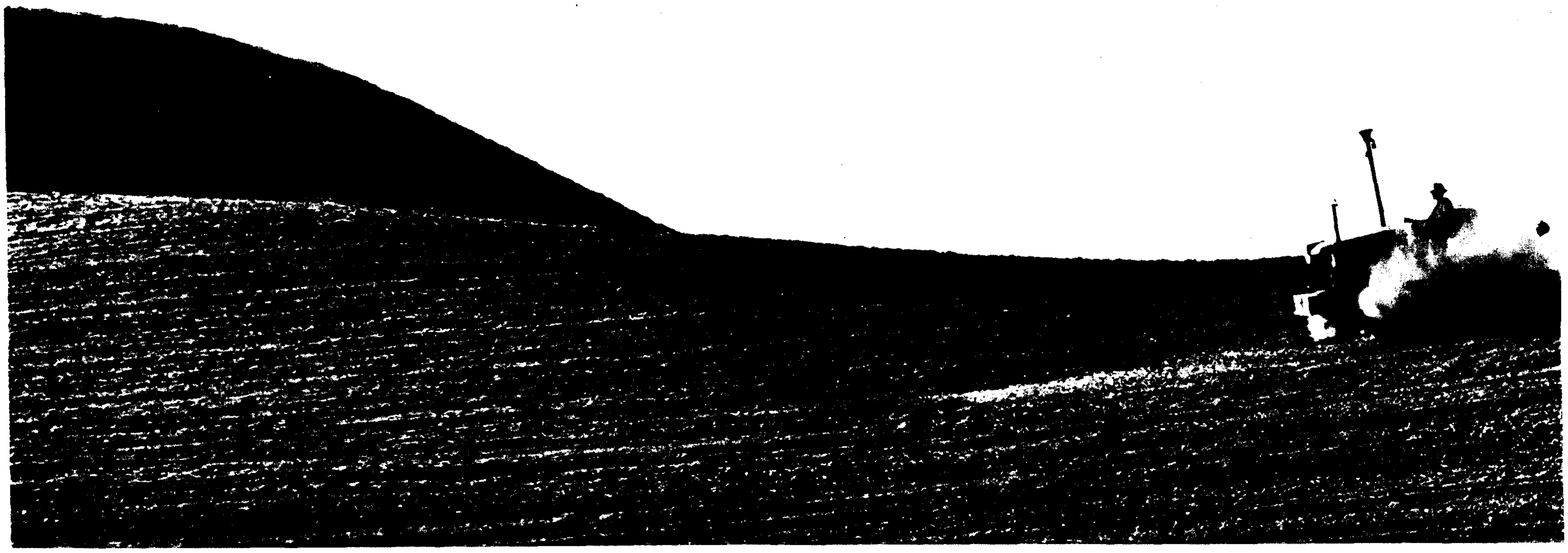
ROBERT PHILLIPS

"The administration is fighting the farm crisis—inherited from the Democrats—with the only right plan. And I believe what's right is good politics"

I AM fighting and I am going to continue to fight for what I think is right for agriculture and the United States, as God gives me the wisdom and strength to do so. We face big problems in agriculture, which this administration inherited from our political predecessors. But we are determined to meet this challenge with a dynamic farm program, adapting itself to changing conditions.

The national economy has been enjoying unprecedented prosperity, but every year since 1947, except 1951, agriculture has seen its realized net income go down. We cannot long continue to have a sound national prosperity without a sound and prosperous agricultural economy. Not only does agriculture feed us, clothe us and, in large measure, shelter us; it also provides the raw materials for more than half of our industrial production.

Our critics will not succeed in their desperate attempt to mislead the American people into believing that farm prices and incomes are falling because of the flexible price supports put into operation by the Eisenhower administration. The general level of all farm commodity prices has been skidding since 1951—and nearly three fifths of the decline in the farmer's economic position took place in the 23 months before this administration came into office in January, 1953, 23 months when supports were high and rigid. As provided for in the Agricultural Act of 1954, flexible price sup-



By CHARLES F. BRANNAN

Former Secretary of Agriculture

AL BERNSTEIN

"Mr. Eisenhower has reneged on his promises to the farmers, and he has abandoned them to those forces which broke them and the nation in the late 1920s"

WHY are farmers' prices supported, and not mine? Are the politicians afraid of farmers? Do the farmers have a better lobby in Washington than anyone else? I'll start making refrigerators or anything tomorrow if the government will support the price!"

Such questions are being asked by many conscientious but disturbed citizens about a situation that affects them as taxpayers, as providers for the family dinner table, and consequently as voters. They suspect favoritism.

Most of these same citizens have long since accepted minimum-wage laws as reasonable, and fixing of railroad, airline and telephone rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission as necessary. But, somehow, they fail to recognize that farmers need similar minimum price and income opportunities—that, stripped of all its economic verbiage, the present farm controversy is simply whether or not the American farmer will be provided with an opportunity to earn a minimum fair return for his and his sons' labor and upon his investment in land and equipment.

We cannot live without the food the American farmer produces. The rest of the world has never sent, and cannot now send, enough food to our shores to supply even a small fraction of our ever-improving diet.

Except for Europe and the United States, the world's striking increase in ports on the basic commodities did not even start to come into effect until the 1955 crops were harvested—and then only on wheat, rice and corn.

As for farm income, that has been sliding downhill since 1948—also under the old, rigid 90 per cent supports.

There are three basic reasons why our farm families are in trouble. One is the imbalance between production and markets brought about by the war *and the continuation of wartime price supports for 10 years after the shooting stopped in Europe and Japan.*

Another is record production of farm commodities in 1953-1955, despite acreage allotments and marketing quotas that have taken 29,000,000 acres of wheat and cotton land out of cultivation in the past two years.

The third cause is the rigid cost structure and the high capital requirements of agriculture, plus a marketing system that now gives farmers only 38 cents out of the consumer food dollar.

These three basic causes have culminated in the mountainous surpluses that are our biggest farm headache today.

In December, 1955, our Commodity Credit Corporation had an investment of $8,200,000,000 in price-supported commodities. Farm commodities owned outright by the government totaled over $6,100,000,000. Storage charges alone on this inventory of surpluses run about $1,000,000 a day.

We have made tremendous efforts to dispose of these stocks. During the past three years, we have moved out of storage and into use more than $4,000,000,000 worth of surplus commodities. Yet for each bushel equivalent of CCC stocks sold, about one and a half has replaced it in the stockpiles.

Surpluses are smothering the prices of farm commodities. They are robbing farmers of their fair share in national prosperity. Net farm income dropped $1,044,000,000 in 1955. We estimate that without the surpluses net farm income last year might have been as much as 20 per cent higher.

City people need to know what the election-year debate about farm policy involves, so I am going to review a little history. If you were living on a farm or in a rural community 35 years ago, you probably remember the painful aftermath of World War I. The wartime markets for wheat, meat, corn and other crops collapsed. Within the space of one year, the general level of farm prices was cut almost in half. Farmers who were buying high-priced land lost their farms. Banks in rural communities closed right and left. Rural businesses were hard hit, too.

Congress did not want that to happen again. Therefore, early in World War II, Congress set rigid price supports at 90 per cent of parity on all crops important to the war effort.

(Parity is a level of prices at which farm (*Continued on page* 72)

RAY ATKESON

population since the end of World War II has barely been matched by increases in the production of food. Starvation and all of the incidents of malnutrition are still commonplace in many parts of the world. Yet we have those of little vision who talk of "burdensome" and "unmanageable" surpluses and fail to see the potential of this God-given abundance for an even greater America and a more securely peaceful world.

Of even greater significance is the fact that through its ever-increasing ability to grow more and more food with less and less manpower, U.S. agriculture has furnished the manpower to operate our factories and to make this nation the foremost industrial power of the world.

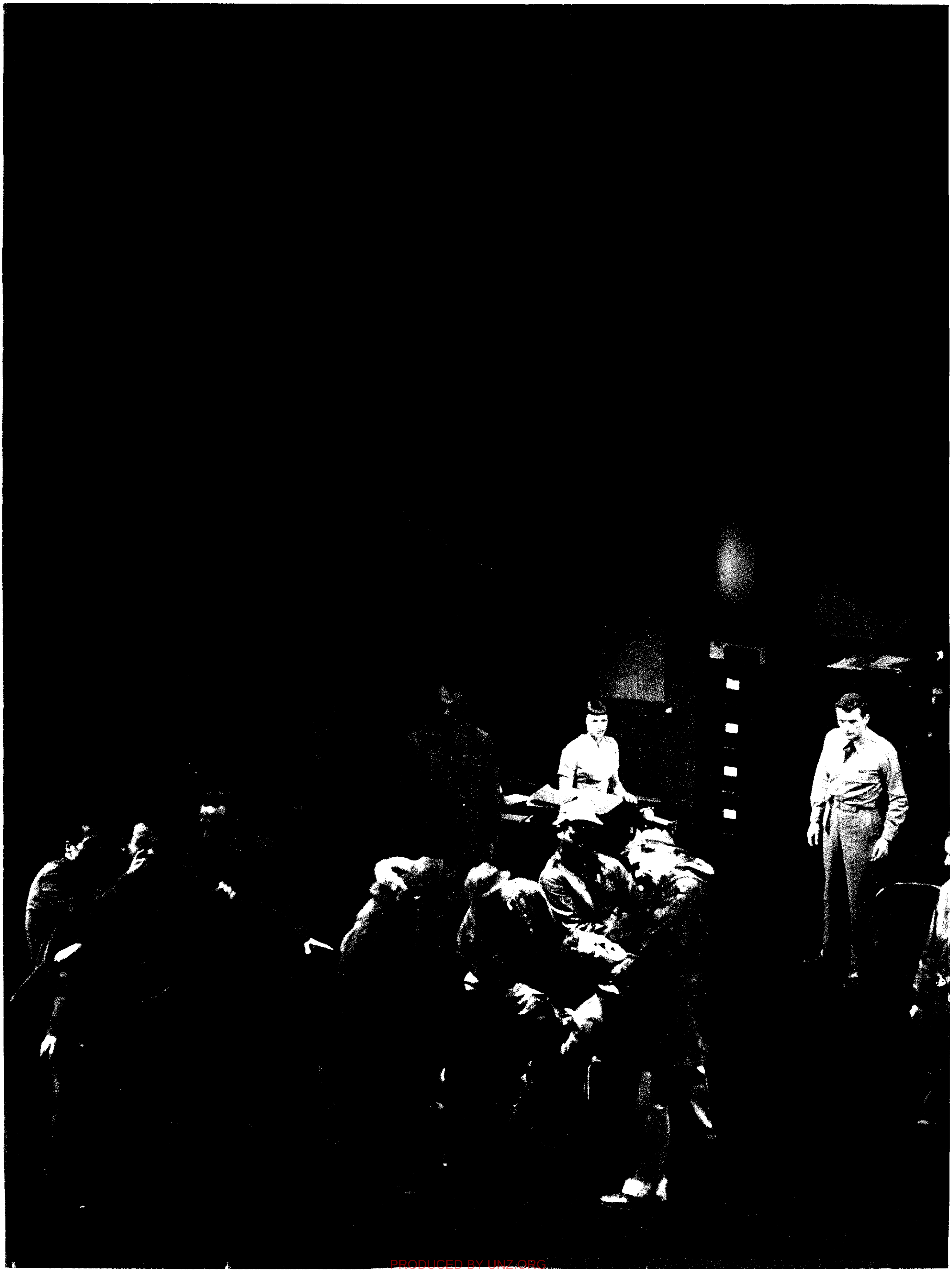
At one time in our history, about 94 per cent of our people were engaged in agriculture. Today, 13.5 per cent of the population provides this nation with the greatest abundance of food in the history of the world. We depend on other countries only for roughly half of our sugar and wool, and for our coffee and tea.

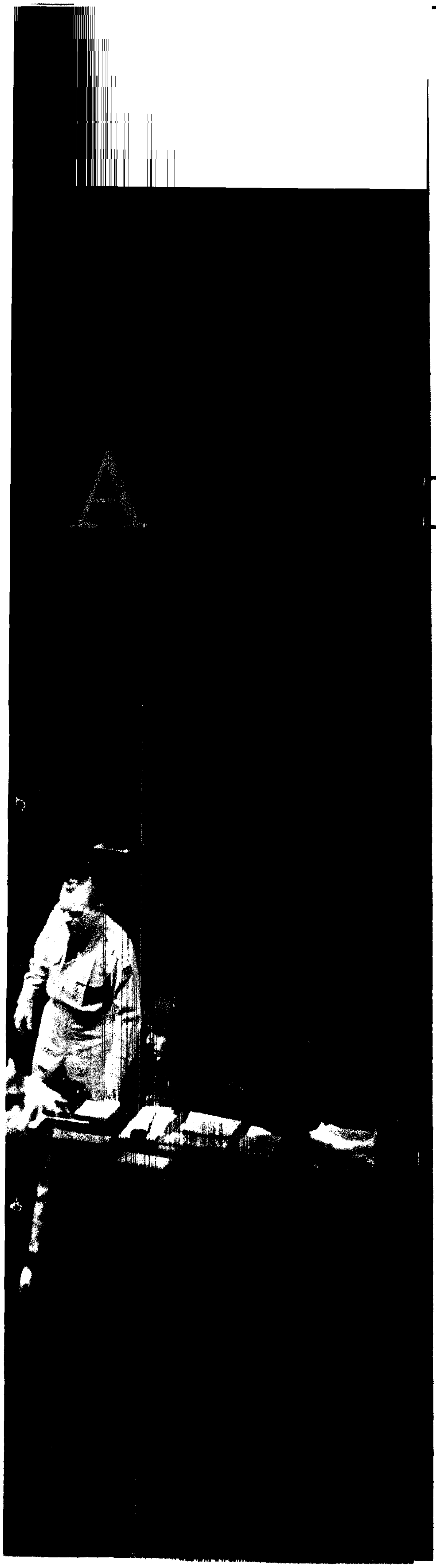
Besides abundance, we have prosperity—except for the farmers who have helped so much to create it. By the thousands, farmers are going broke and leaving the farms; last year the national income soared to the highest point in our history, while the farmer's income plunged more sharply than in any year, except 1921. A few months ago, the New York stock market reached an all-time high, while the Iowa hog market fell to a fifteen-year low.

This bitterly paradoxical situation threatens the whole economy. Remember that farmers and their families are the biggest customers some of our major industries possess. For example, farmers consume as much petroleum as any other industry. They buy enough rubber annually to put tires on 6,000,000 cars. They spent nearly $2,000,000,000 for tractors and farm machinery in 1951. But they spent one third less in 1954 for the same goods and will spend even less this year. Farmers' crops supply 11 per cent of all freight for the railroads of the nation. They are the chief users of credit at the banks in our towns and smaller cities.

Drive the farmers from the farms and they cease to be users of local credit or buyers of farm supplies, and become instead competitors for the jobs of those who will have less and less of these things to manufacture.

On October 1, 1952, at Columbia, South Carolina, General Dwight D. Eisenhower had this to say about the farm program: "I believe wholeheartedly and without any 'ifs' and 'buts' in federal programs to stabilize farm prices, including the present program insuring 90 per cent of parity on all basic commodities." Since then, the President's administration has reneged on this and just about every other campaign (*Continued on page* 79)





BURT GLINN

Double-exposure photo (left) shows two scenes of melodramatic Time Limit!, as Army major (Richard Kiley, left rear) sees self held back in Korean prison camp while one American POW strangles another who had turned traitor. On return to the U.S., major is accused of treason, but when reason for his defection is revealed, he gets sympathy of audience and aid of Army investigator (Arthur Kennedy, right rear)

A on of hits

Superb acting and fine productions bring on the biggest Broadway boom in a decade

BROADWAY is enjoying its best season in ten years. Hit play has followed hit play to critics' cheers. Playgoers have flocked to them in such numbers that producers are planning construction of the first new theaters since 1927 and, reversing a recent trend, are even trying to convert a Broadway movie house back into the legitimate fold.

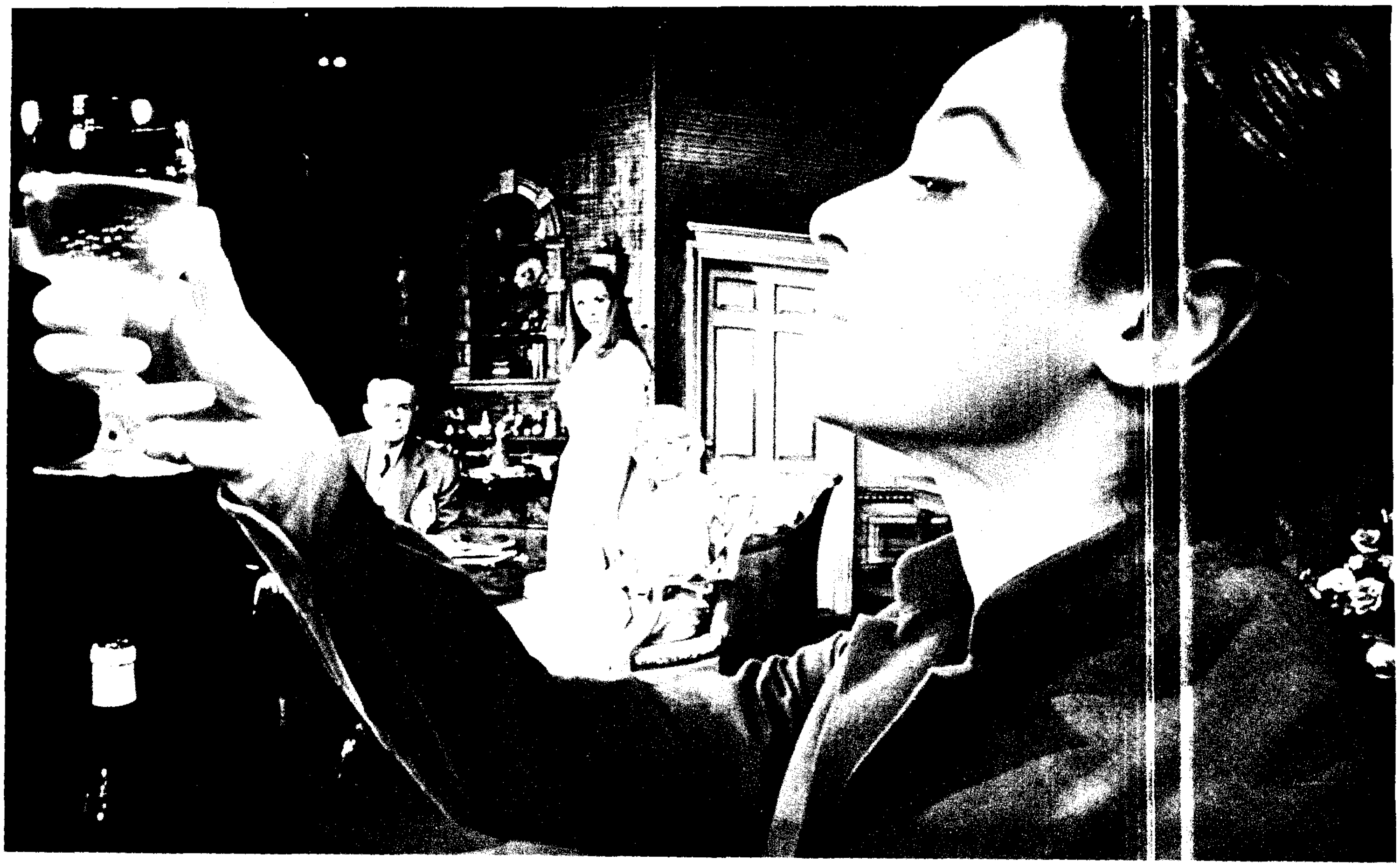
No single flavor caught the public fancy. Variety was the season's keynote, as shown on these pages. It was also notable for superb individual performances in both high-minded drama, like Time Limit! and The Lark, and in vehicles, like The Desk Set and Fallen Angels. Tickets went fast for Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?, a low-brow slap at Hollywood featuring some opulent female curves and some Minsky-level lines. But audiences also were surprisingly large for Time Limit!, whose debate on POWs made for fine acting and stimulating argument but sometimes clumsy drama.

Revivals fared well. Thornton Wilder's The Matchmaker, a rewrite of his 1938 play The Merchant of Yonkers, was staged by Tyrone Guthrie with so much style and good humor that it became an instant hit. And Nancy Walker turned Noel Coward's old (1925) Fallen Angels into a side-splitting setting for her furiously comic talents.

From France came The Lark, with Julie Harris playing a touching Joan of Arc, and Jean Giraudoux' Tiger at the Gates, soon to go on tour, a handsomely mounted antiwar parable of ancient Troy braced by a Christopher Fry adaptation. From Ireland arrived Siobhan McKenna, an exciting personality with witchery in her voice, to make The Chalk Garden well worth seeing. The Lunts were hilarious at the expense of Communist bureaucracy in The Great Sebastians. Veterans Edward G. Robinson (Middle of the Night) and Paul Muni (Inherit the Wind), after long absences from the stage, gave towering performances, even as seventeen-year-old Susan Strasberg (see page 34) became Broadway's youngest dramatic star by daily turning her theater into a weeping vale of tears. The only thing missing from this season of hits was an outstanding musical, and Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews lately filled the gap as they came rollicking into town in My Fair Lady.

Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? displays bosomy Jayne Mansfield (right) in travesty of Marilyn Monroe. After massage ("I've been putting on a little weight, mostly around old hipsville"), she is interviewed by fan-magazine writer (Orson Bean)

ELLIOTT ERWITT

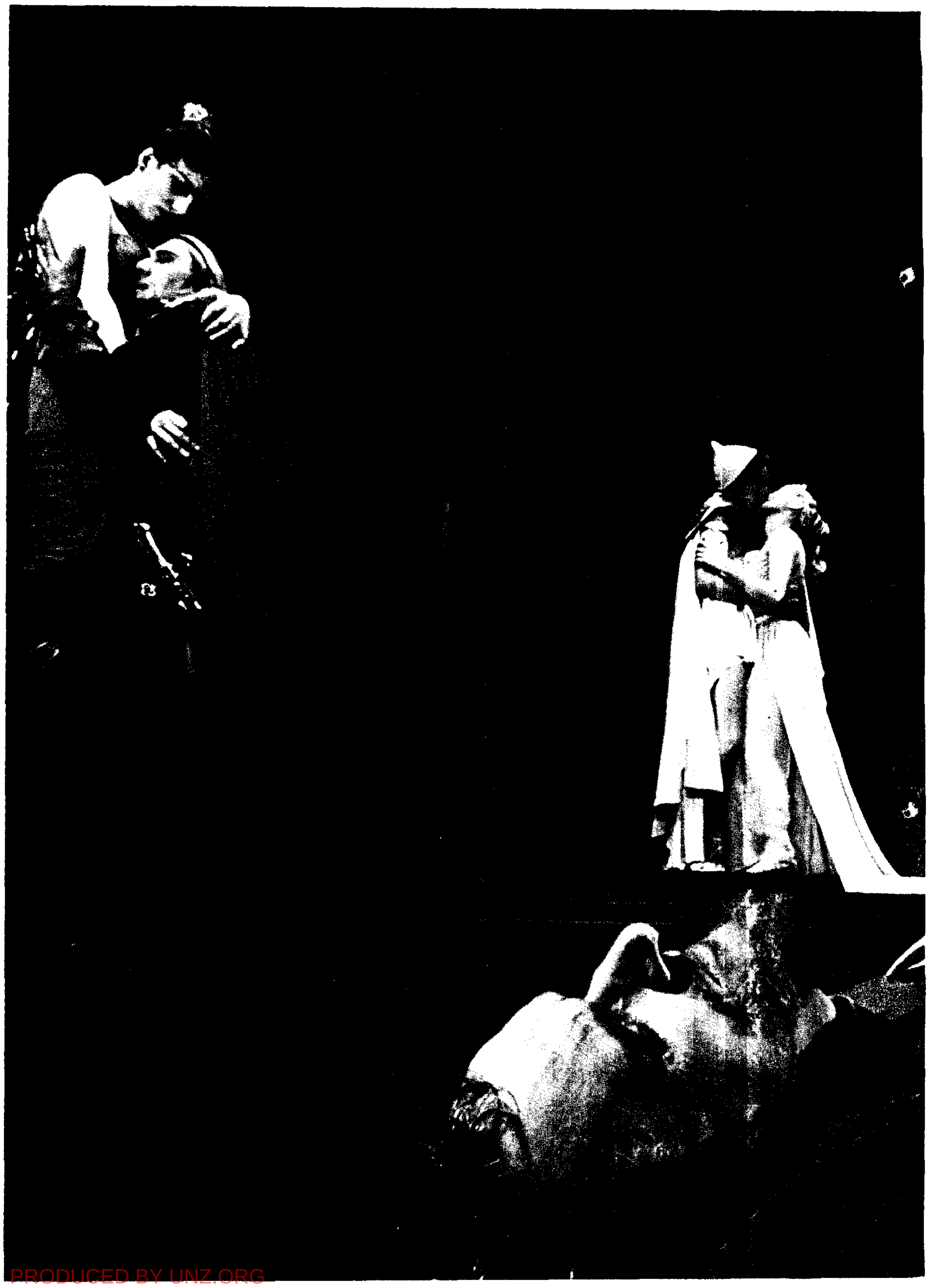


ELLIOTT ERWITT

GARRETT GALLAGHER

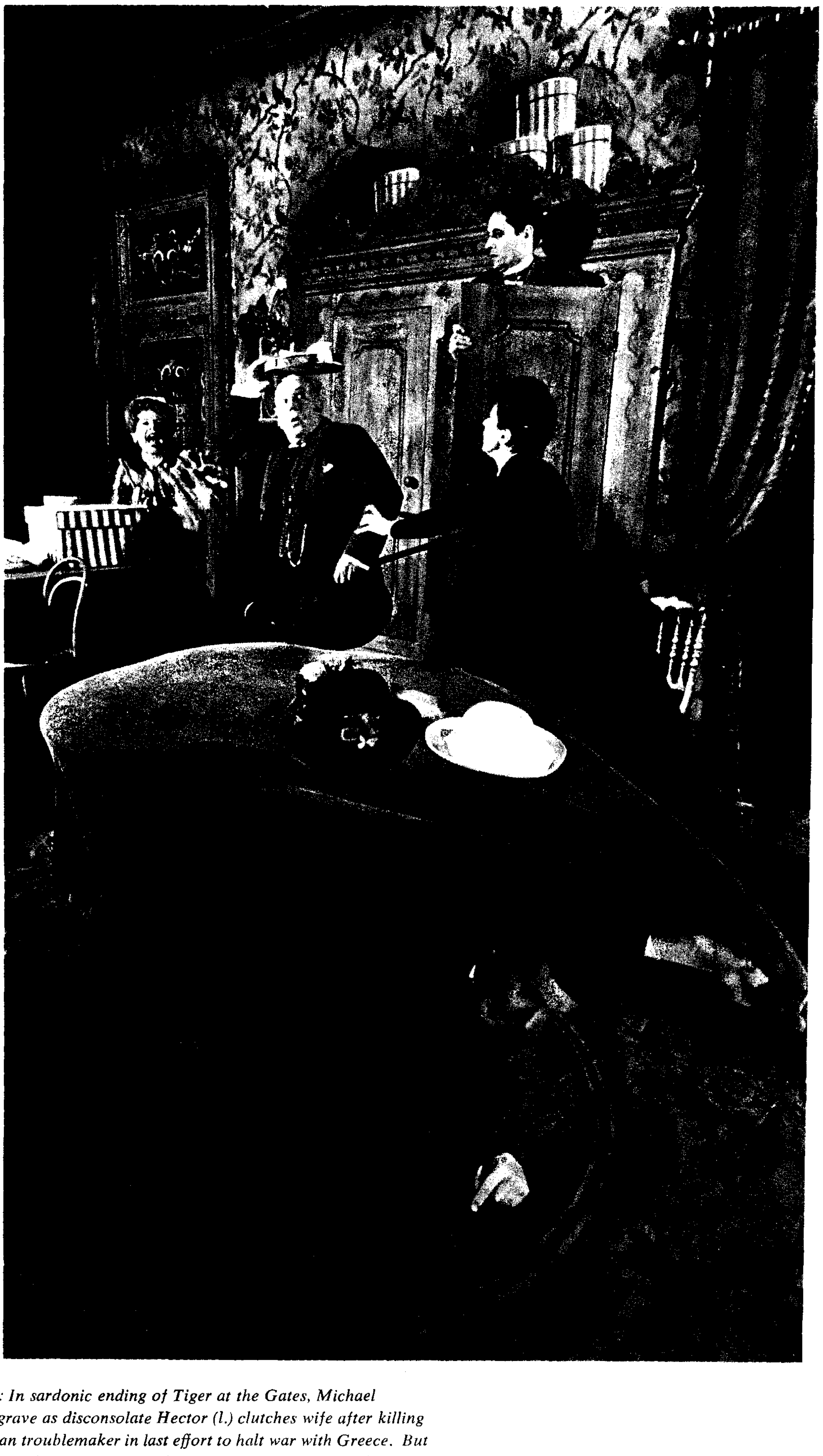
Funniest performance of season is given by Nancy Walker (above) in Fallen Angels. As low-brow wife with high-brow pretensions, she postures outrageously in scenes like this while rhapsodizing over old flame she hopes will show up for dinner and renewal of romance

ELLIOTT ERWITT

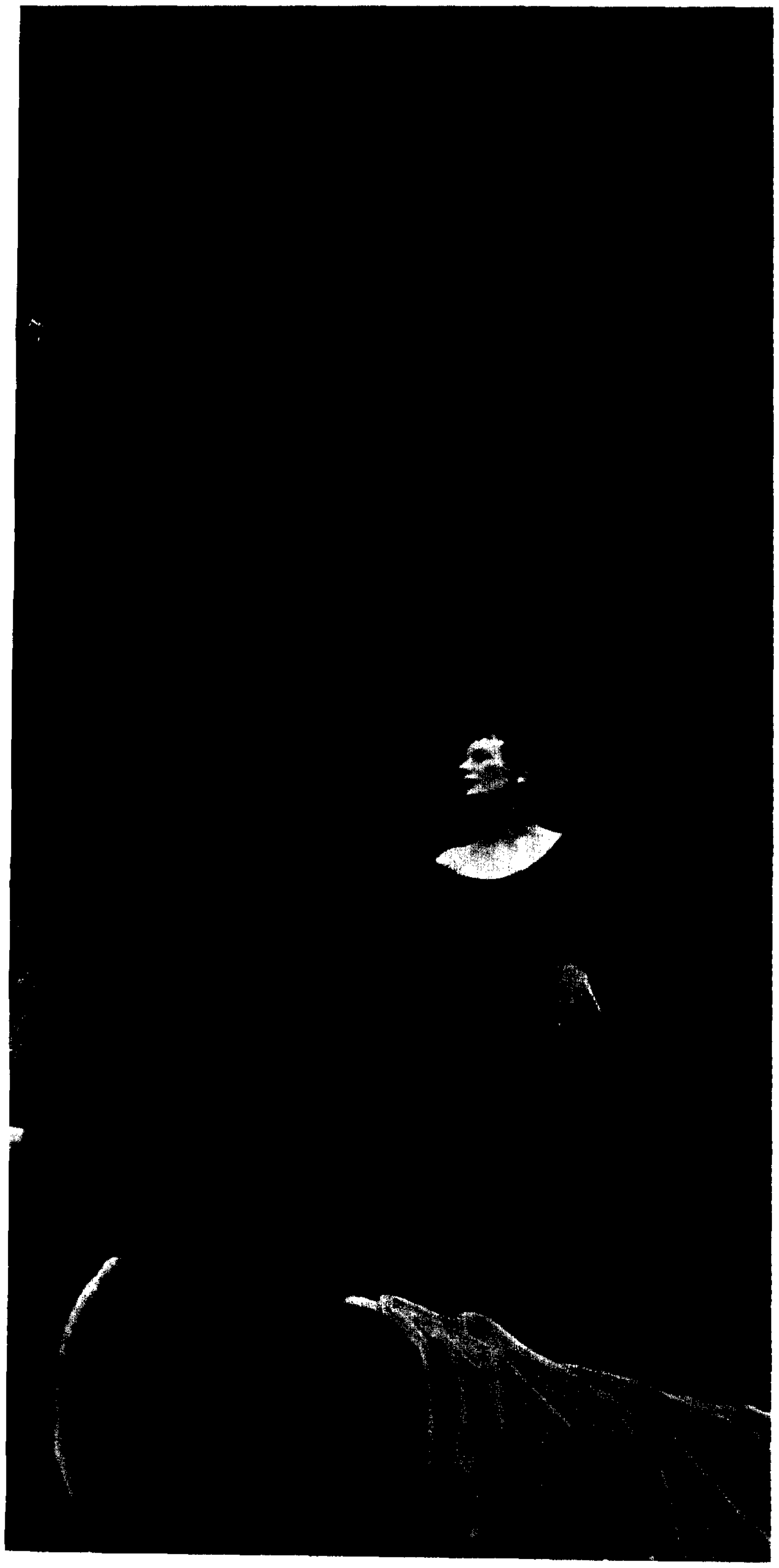


he mysterious past of a governess (Siobhan
cKenna) begins to unfold in The
halk Garden. Here, she gets dangerously
psy when (l. to r.) the judge (Percy
aram), who once sent her to prison,
rrives to lunch with problem
hild (Betsy von Furstenberg) and daft but
ictatorial grandmother (Gladys Cooper).
fragile play, it gives Miss McKenna the
hance for an electric performance

At right, bedlam breaks out in The Matchmaker as (l. to r.) Ruth Gordon, in title role, accompanies wealthy merchant (Loring Smith) to shop of a milliner (Eileen Herlie). Hiding under table and in closet are merchant's two clerks who have skipped work for day and accidently wind up in the same place. A sellout, the good-natured slapstick has great style and marvelous characterization



BURT GLINN



Left: In sardonic ending of Tiger at the Gates, Michael Redgrave as disconsolate Hector (l.) clutches wife after killing Trojan troublemaker in last effort to halt war with Greece. But Diane Cilento (center), as the bewitching Helen, already turns her attention to a new man, forgetting Paris, who had stolen her from the Greeks and started it all. As the prophetess Cassandra, Leueen MacGrath (right) foresees the fall of Troy

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

First scene (above) of The Great Sebastians has Alfred Lunt in audience doing mind-reading act with Lynn Fontanne on stage. With all their elegance, the Lunts open up a bagful of tricks as a vaudeville team caught in Communist intrigue behind the iron curtain

BURT G N

Shirley Booth (left) goes to town in The Desk Set while an electronic brain (background) goes berserk in a test of knowledge. Machine has been brought in supposedly to replace Shirley as head librarian in a TV network's reference department. Play is a vehicle for the wonderful Miss Booth

ELLIOTT ERWITT

Left: In No Time for Sergeants, Andy Griffith (right) is bumbling Georgia boy who drives Air Force sergeants daffy with ripe hillbilly accent and simple good ways. Here, he is consoled by pal (Roddy McDowall) at prospect of losing job as permanent latrine orderly while officers chew out sergeant (Myron McCormick) for giving him duty. Comedy is one of Broadway's big box-office draws

Below: In My Fair Lady, a musical version of Shaw's Pygmalion, Julie Andrews (center) plays posie-peddler, Eliza, who is transformed into a lady by a phonetics professor. Before metamorphosis, she sings Wouldn't It Be Loverly? ("Lots of coal makin' lots of heat") to other Cockneys as she daydreams about upper-class life

HOWARD ZIEFF

ORMOND GIGLI

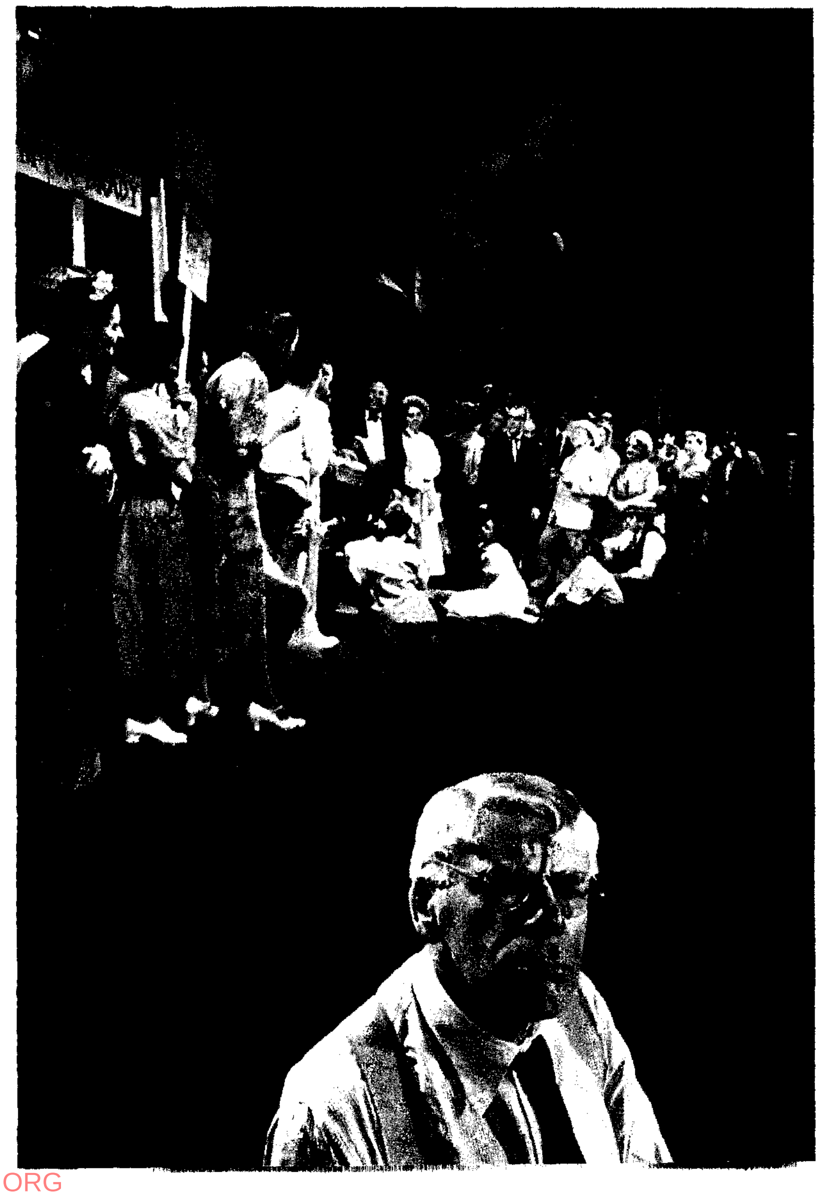
Left: In Middle of the Night, Edward G. Robinson, as 53-year-old manufacturer, and newcomer Gena Rowlands as girl, 24, strive to bridge the years between them in search of love and understanding. Play is first for TV writer Paddy Chayefsky

Susan Strasberg plays title role in Diary of Anne Frank, powerful story of two Jewish families who hide from the Nazis for two years in a Dutch garret. At right, Anne's father (Joseph Schildkraut) comforts her as she wakes, terrorized, after nightmare. Below: Susan's range of emotion is shown when, about to fall in love, she impishly dons the clothes of young boy (see cover) who hides with the Franks

ELLIOTT ERWITT

ELLIOTT ERWITT

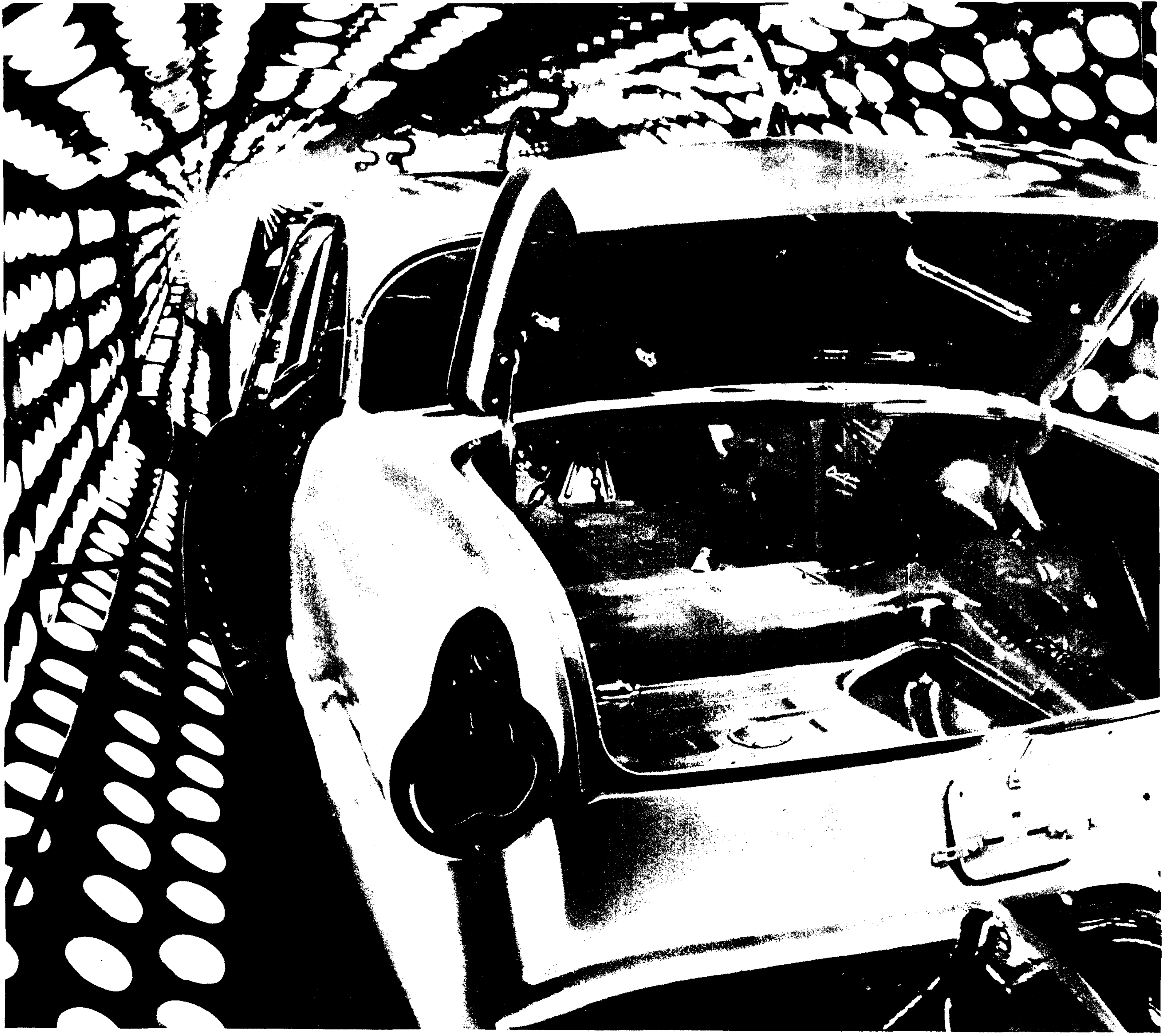
BURT GLINN



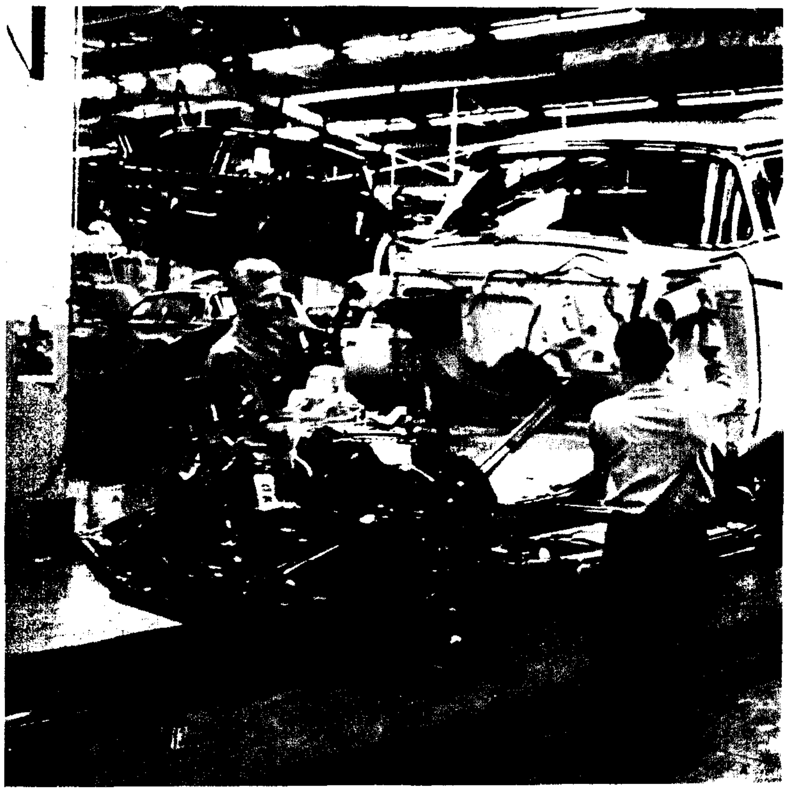
Paul Muni (right) keeps Inherit the Wind a hit after a full season on Broadway. Although the names are changed, Muni plays role of defense lawyer Clarence Darrow in drama based on the Dayton, Tenn., "Monkey Trial" in which a science instructor was tried for teaching evolution to children. Photo shows town rallying to the prosecution while Muni prepares lone battle against ignorance and bigotry

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

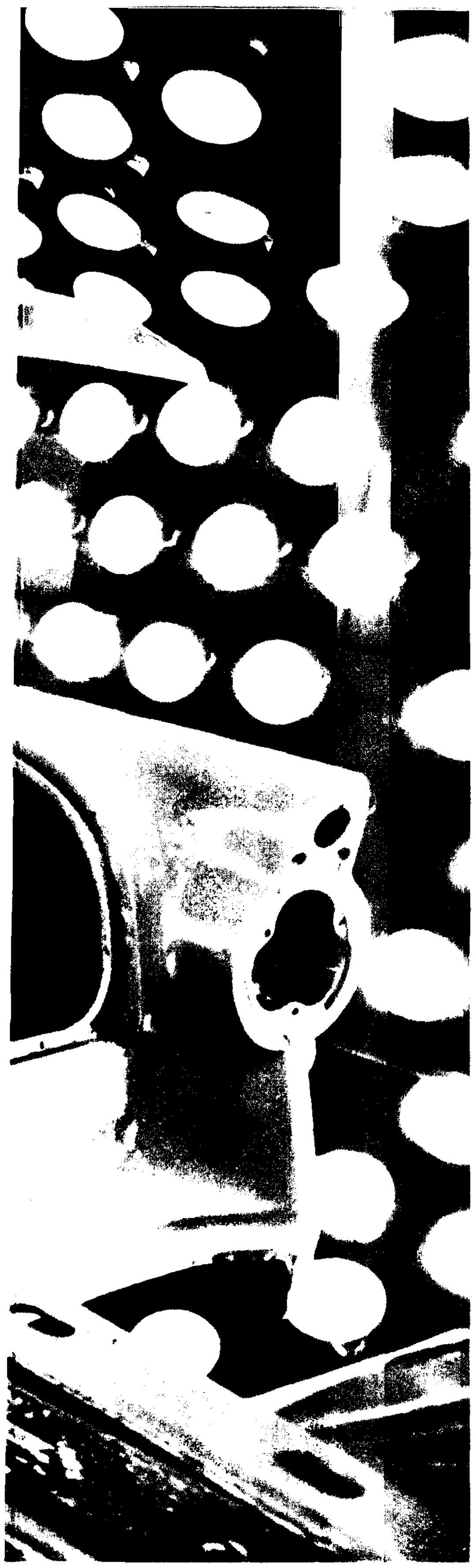
Bound and being brought to the stake, Julie Harris, as Joan of Arc in Jean Anouilh's The Lark, cries out, "Please, God, help me now!" A soldier, hearing her cry, thrusts crossed twigs in her hand to serve as crucifix



Body shell of Ford-to-be is here baked under 6,700 infrared lamps. Painting process (four separate coats) is complicated by wide range of choices—more than 20



Above: Angus McDermid (front), Teletype foreman at the Dearborn plant, studies an incoming order. His department alerts all points to start various parts toward their assembly-line rendezvous. Right: Climax comes when right body drops on correct chassis containing proper engine



two-tone combinations—offered to customers today

Autos made-to-order

The heady selection of colors, styles and special equipment offered to today's car buyer makes it quite a trick to operate a mass assembly line

By SILER FREEMAN

THE customer in today's car market is back in the driver's seat, and the auto makers, in fierce competition for his favor, have filled their 1956 catalogues with seductive choices of colors, body styles, upholsteries, accessories, transmissions and engine types. Something for everyone, Detroit hopes, will catch and hold the eye of the potential customer who steps foot inside a dealer's showroom.

Like a woman trying on hats, today's car buyer can ponder over hard-tops or no-tops, sports jobs or utility wagons, six cylinders against eight. In one of the popular makes the customer has a choice of five engines, three generators and two starters. When it comes to paint jobs, the possible two- and three-toned combinations and permutations to be found on the dealer's color chart are nothing short of giddy.

To deliver a made-to-order automobile off a car-a-minute production line is an engineering feat comparable to sorting socks for a centipede. The seat-cover section in one assembly plant contains nearly 200 separate shelves. When you fill out the order blank for the car of your choice—with its wisteria trim, mountain axle and back-seat record player—it miraculously takes shape later on the moving web of hooks, cranes and belts at the plant. It's your car all the way until it emerges at the end of the maze, ticketed and complete to your specifications, down to the tinted rearview mirror and folding armrests. The cars ahead and right behind yours on this obstacle course are tailored to other personalities.

Feeding the right part to the right place at the right time, needless to say, takes more than pot-luck. Once in a while a recipe will go wrong. One plant recently produced a body with two doors on one side and only one on the other. No customer had thought of *that!* With the emphasis on volume and cost margins, however, auto manufacturers put a premium on keeping the line moving resolutely and accurately.

Although each manufacturer has his own production gimmicks, magical precision, as they say, has to be at the core of all systems. Chevrolet and Plymouth, for example, respectively have 20 and 30 basic models in their '56 line before getting into options like whitewalls and backing lights.

Ford, with 15 assembly plants ranging the country from Mahwah, New Jersey, to Long Beach, California, is standardizing its methods in all of them. This makes for intramural competition in the jigsaw-puzzle process, but so far nobody has consistently edged the home team at Dearborn, Michigan. The Dearborn plant line can turn out tailor-made Fords at the rate of one every 48 seconds; the sluggards elsewhere sometimes take as much as a minute.

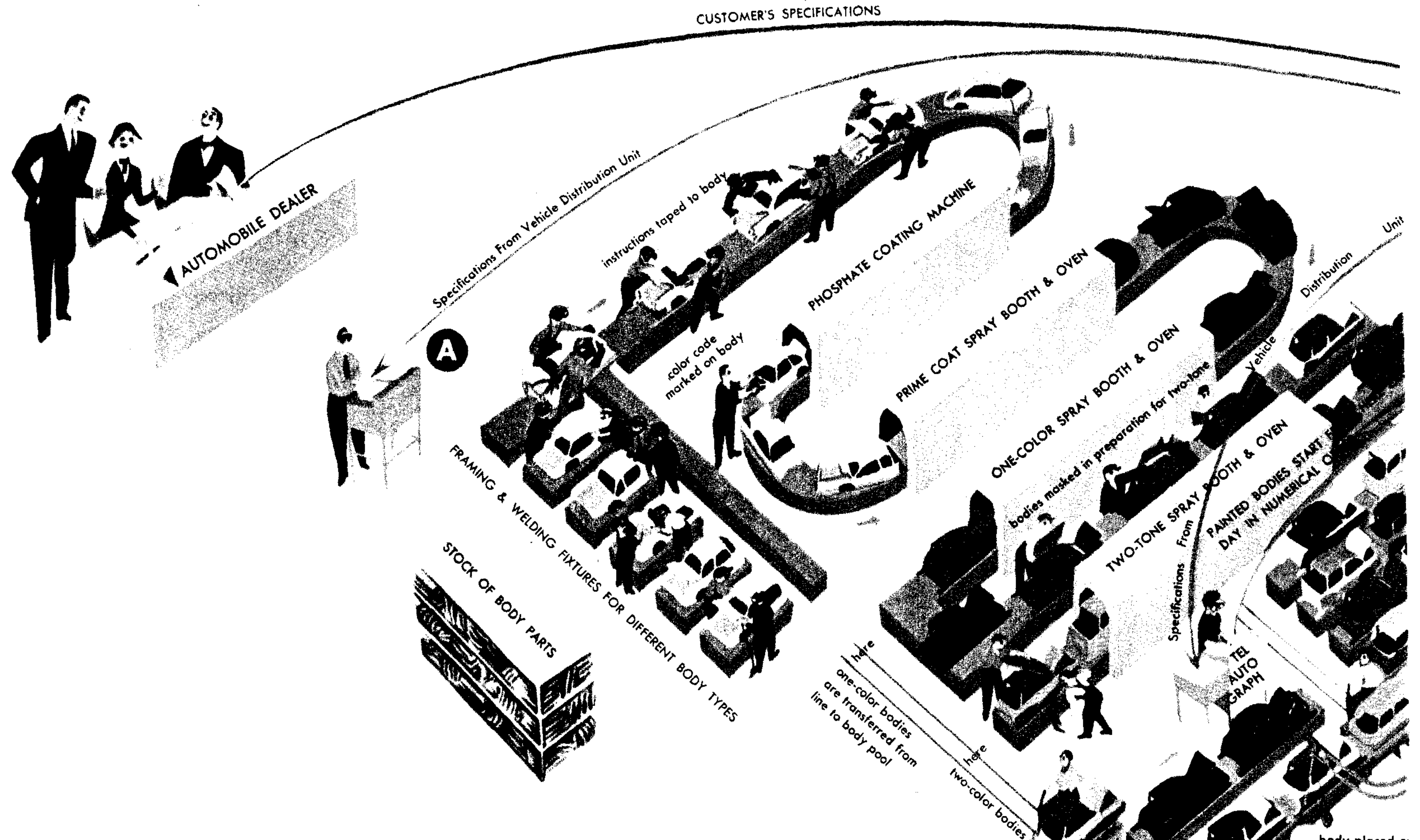
The secret of running a custom operation with mass-production methods is split-second control. In a typical Ford plant the most important part of this control is exercised from a little office known simply as the "Teletype room." A foreman and two aides work there, outwardly unhurried, with an instrument which resembles an electric typewriter.

Here the individual car buyer's order is translated into a private gibberish of numbers and symbols which are teletyped to 11 production-line stations. The code starts the right kind of body, the right kind of wheels and upholstery—all the elements specified on the order—on the way to their rendezvous.

Subassembly lines feed the parts to the shell building up on the main line on a time schedule which plops the fenders you ordered on the chassis with the transmission you wanted.

Angus McDermid, the Teletype foreman at Dearborn, harks back to the days when the production of Model Ts was supervised by dispatching runners who carried instructions scrawled on a blackboard. Of course, the process was a little simpler, too. The customer's choice of colors was—black. Nowadays, during the course of a model year, McDermid has to memorize nearly a dozen sheets listing the coded symbols for all the interchangeable components at his command. When a subassembly line falters or halts, it is up to McDermid to grab the phone and readjust the flowing tide. Does he ever

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOE CLARK


CUSTOMER'S SPECIFICATIONS
AUTOMOBILE DEALER
Specifications From Vehicle Distribution Unit
instructions taped to body
A
PHOSPHATE COATING MACHINE
color code marked on body
PRIME COAT SPRAY BOOTH & OVEN
ONE-COLOR SPRAY BOOTH & OVEN
bodies masked in preparation for two-tone
TWO-TONE SPRAY BOOTH & OVEN
PAINTED BODIES START DAY IN NUMERICAL O
Vehicle Distribution Unit
Specifications From
TEL AUTO GRAPH
FRAMING & WELDING FIXTURES FOR DIFFERENT BODY TYPES
STOCK OF BODY PARTS
here one-color bodies are transferred from line to body pool
here two-color bodies are transferred from line to body pool

have nightmares of four-door sedans with only two doors and no engines pouring off the end of the line?

"I don't take my troubles home," he answers stoically. He has been dealing with production problems for 32 years and looks none the worse for his mileage.

Things are easiest at the beginning of the model year when the average dealer orders a batch of new cars for display and delivery. The dealer knows just about what types, colors and equipment will be most in demand. The customers are eager and are usually willing to compromise between their heart's desire and what's on hand. But about this time of year buyers get more discriminating and their car orders more individualized. Then things pick up for those whose responsibility it is to make the buyer happy on the appointed delivery day.

THIS IS HOW IT ALL HAPPENS

The dealer at the upper left has just taken an order for a new Ford. His customers want a four-door Fairlane sedan in two tones of blue with white sidewall tires and numerous accessories.

The schematic illustration on these pages shows a typical assembly operation. It was drawn for Collier's by artist Lucille Corcos after many visits to a regional assembly plant. It depicts how such an order becomes a reality—from the moment the sale is written up until the finished car, equipped exactly to specifications, is ready for delivery.

The dealer's sales order arrives at the plant and is processed by the Vehicle Distribution Unit. VDU assigns it a production number and sends a detailed description of the car to be built to the body-type-and-color department (A), and to the Teletype room at the upper right.

Because body-type-and-color is by far the longest operation (a minimum of five hours) in piecing together the car, it gets under way first. The correct shell is selected from the stock of body parts, welded and passed through the paint ovens into a storage section, waiting to go on the main assembly line.

When the newly painted body hits the trim line (B), word is flashed back to the Teletype room. Up to this time, no unit other than body-type-and-color has worked on the car. From this point on, however, every department and subdepartment must be ready to roll, with each movement co-ordinated almost to the second. The alert signal is the master coded message which now goes out to all units from the Teletype room. The message, which duplicates the original order, reads in part: No. 352 Body 73C Color Bottom and Top C Middle D Trim H. To the assemblymen, this means the car is the 352d in the day's production; its top and bottom will be "Bermuda blue," its middle "diamond blue" and it will have two-tone blue upholstery with a standard instrument panel.

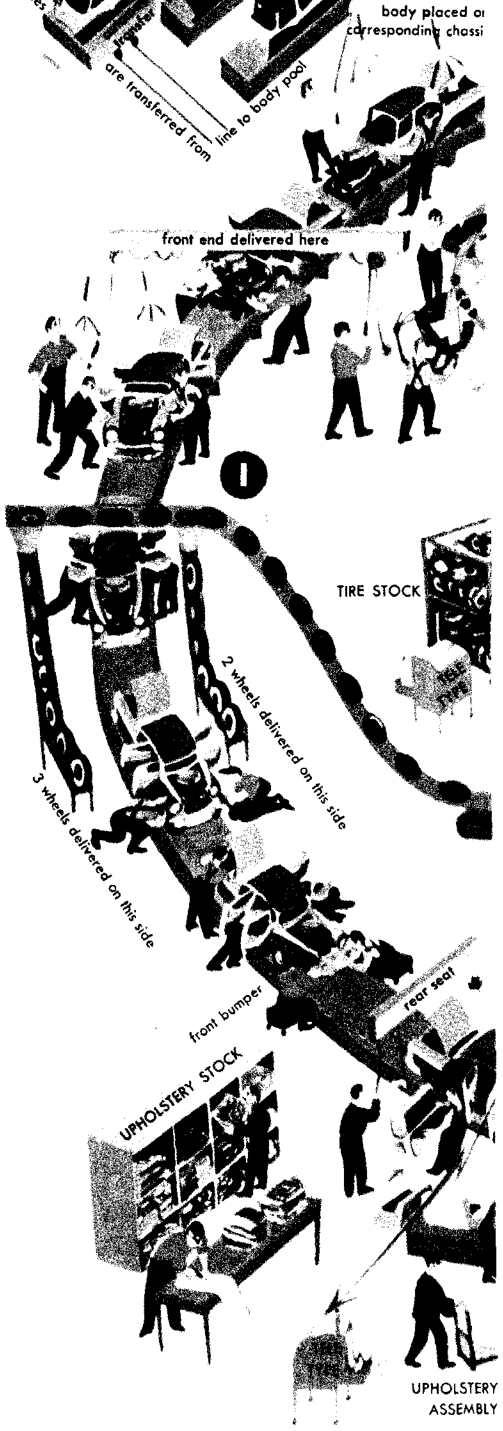
In all of the assembly lines, crewmen focus their eyes on that part of the message which applies to their own operation. And, as each man in turn does his job, the small and large lines merge to produce a car.

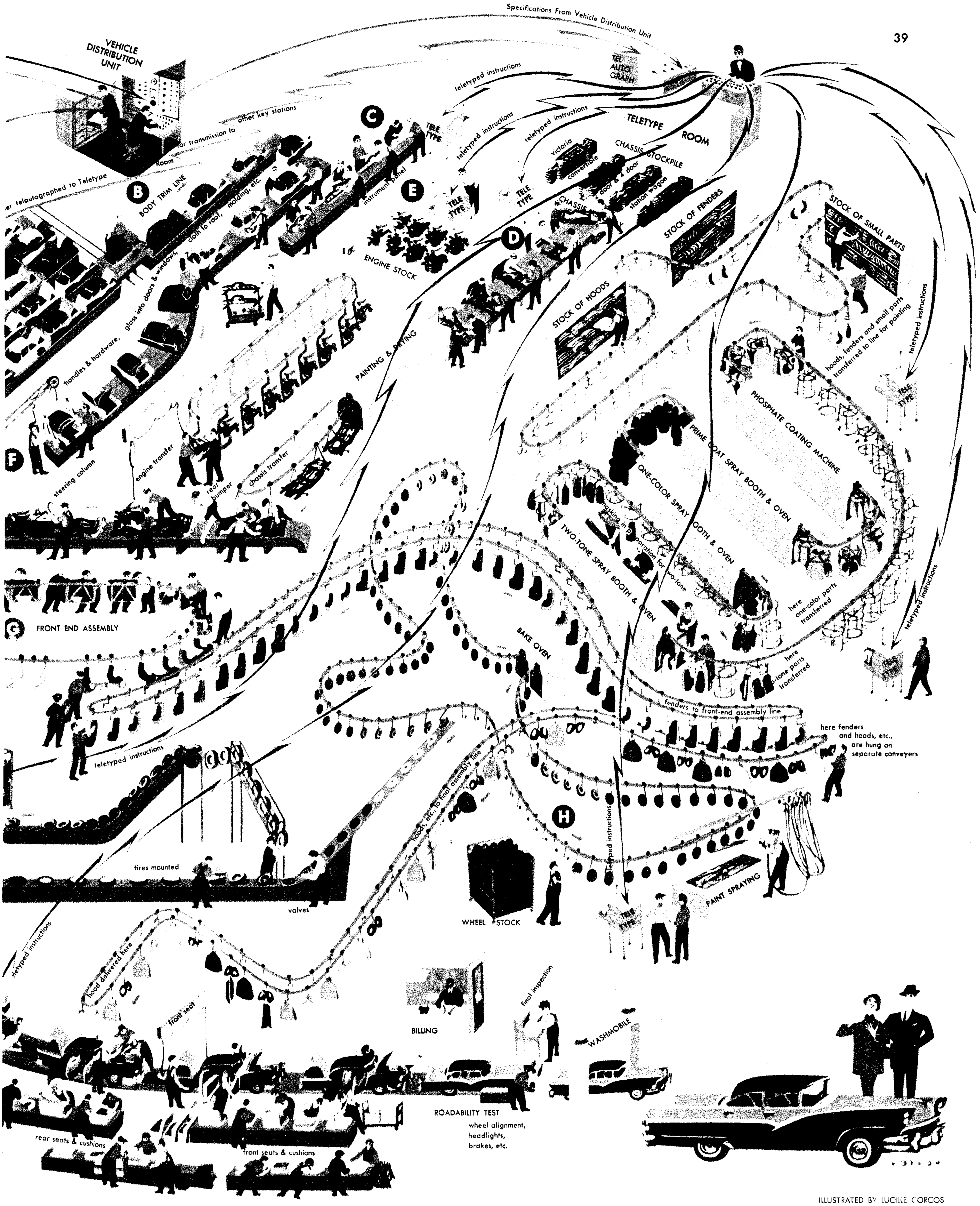
The trim line (B), for example, takes a full two hours to complete. After the molding has been attached, the instrument-panel assembly line (C) has completed its work and the panel is dropped into the car.

Meantime, the correct chassis has been picked out and is starting through its own line (D). Fifty minutes later, the engine, which started at E, is transferred onto the chassis. And five minutes later, the body from the trim line is hoisted and dramatically set onto the chassis frame (F).

The front-end assembly, which was put together at G, and the wheels, which started at H, go on next (I). Front bumpers and seats follow in turn. A new automobile has been created where once there were 8,500 parts.

After a final inspection, Car 352 rolls out of the plant with gas in tank and motor running—just as the customer ordered it. THE END


body placed o
corresponding chassi
front end delivered here
I
TIRE STOCK
2 wheels delivered on this side
3 wheels delivered on this side
front bumper
rear seat
UPHOLSTERY STOCK
UPHOLSTERY ASSEMBLY



Specifications From Vehicle Distribution Unit
VEHICLE DISTRIBUTION UNIT
TEL AUTO GRAPH
teletyped instructions
...er telautographed to Teletype Room for transmission to other key stations
C
TELE TYPE
teletyped instructions
teletyped instructions
TELETYPE ROOM
B
BODY TRIM LINE
cloth to roof, molding, etc.
handles & hardware, glass into doors & windows,
instrument panel
E
TELE TYPE
TELE TYPE
victoria
convertible
CHASSIS STOCKPILE
2 door & 4 door
station wagon
CHASSIS
D
ENGINE STOCK
STOCK OF FENDERS
STOCK OF SMALL PARTS
STOCK OF HOODS
PAINTING & DRYING
hoods, fenders and small parts transferred to line for painting
teletyped instructions
TELE TYPE
PHOSPHATE COATING MACHINE
PRIME COAT SPRAY BOOTH & OVEN
ONE-COLOR SPRAY BOOTH & OVEN
masking in preparation for two-tone
TWO-TONE SPRAY BOOTH & OVEN
here one-color parts transferred
here two-tone parts transferred
teletyped instructions
F
steering column
engine transfer
rear bumper
chassis transfer
G
FRONT END ASSEMBLY
BAKE OVEN
fenders to front-end assembly line
here fenders and hoods, etc., are hung on separate conveyers
teletyped instructions
hoods, etc. to final assembly line
H
tires mounted
valves
teletyped instructions
WHEEL STOCK
TELE TYPE
PAINT SPRAYING
teletyped instructions
hood delivered here
front seat
BILLING
final inspection
WASHMOBILE
ROADABILITY TEST
wheel alignment, headlights, brakes, etc.
rear seats & cushions
front seats & cushions

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILLE CORCOS

By THE REVEREND DR. JOSEPH VECSEY. The author is probably the person closest to Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty and his family. He is a Hungarian Catholic priest who grew up in the care of the cardinal's family and into whose hands the prelate entrusted his mother when he knew he was about to be arrested. Father Vecsey faithfully discharged this trust until he was forced to flee Hungary in 1952 to escape arrest himself. For the last four years he has been a religious adviser to the Hungarian desk of Radio Free Europe in Munich, Germany, but has kept alive his contacts inside his native land

Cardinal Mindszenty Today

The first full, authentic story behind the Hungarian government's fake "release" of the Roman Catholic prelate

Munich, Germany

ON THE eve of the Big Four "summit conference" at Geneva last summer, as though to symbolize the new Communist spirit of sweet reasonableness, Hungary's Red government announced that it had "freed" Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty. The announcement gave two reasons for the "release" of the Roman Catholic primate: his advanced age and his poor health.

Those of us familiar with the cardinal's condition knew that he was neither sick nor aged; he had recovered completely from the frightful effects of the brain-washing that preceded his trial for treason in 1949, and he was only sixty-three years old. His "release," moreover, was not based on court procedure or official amnesty. It was just another arbitrary pronouncement by Hungary's Communist rulers.

Instead of clearing up the mystery surrounding Cardinal Mindszenty, the statement merely deepened it. The government did not specify where or under what circumstances he was living, and it refused to permit anyone to visit him. In fact, there has been no trustworthy news about this Prince of the Church since his trial ended in a sentence of life imprisonment on February 8, 1949. Such information as has been leaked to the Western press has been unreliable, when not completely false.

I am now in a position to tell the truth—the whole truth—about what has happened to Cardinal Mindszenty during the last seven years. I can disclose not only the tragic facts of his arrest, interrogation, trial and years of close imprisonment, but his present whereabouts, his state of mind, his health and the reasons why the Communist regime felt obliged to stage—I use the word advisedly—his "release." I can also reveal how not long ago he refused to make a deal with the Reds for his complete freedom—and instead boldly laid down his own demands for full restoration of the rights of the Church.

I am not a writer, nor a politician. I am a priest. My duty was and is to protect the interests of the cardinal, to whom I owe more than filial devotion. I have known him since I was a child; after my parents died, I was often taken into his home by his mother and treated as her own son. Cardinal Mindszenty helped me to become a priest. I taught religion in the same high school at Zalaegerszeg where he had previously taught; I served as his chaplain in the parish church there; I stepped into his chair as professor of theology at the seminary at Szombathely.

Right up to the day of his arrest—December 26, 1948—I was in close contact with him. And for three years after that I accompanied his elderly mother from her native village of Csehmindszent to Budapest on the few occasions when she received permission to visit her son in prison. To escape arrest myself, I was obliged to leave Hungary in 1952, but through sources inside the country I have still been able to keep in touch with the fate of the cardinal.

It has not been easy to collect and assemble this information. The task has taken me more than a year, and even now I cannot disclose my numerous sources. I began collecting the data for my own use, and that of my Church. But when I learned that Dr. George Shuster, president of Hunter College and former U.S. Land Commissioner in Bavaria, Germany, was going to write a book about Communist Hungary and the Mindszenty case (due to be published in August by Farrar, Straus and Cudahy), I decided to tell him all I knew about the prelate. Then, to bring the real facts to a still larger segment of the American public, I agreed to prepare this article.

As this is written, Cardinal Mindszenty—far from free—is under arrest and confinement in southern Hungary, close to the Yugoslav border, in a place called Puespoekszentlaszlo. This name means "The Bishop's Saint Ladislaus"—that is, a locality dedicated to Saint Ladislaus, a Hungarian king of the eleventh century, and given to the Bishop of Pecs as a summer residence. The estate was seized by the Communists several years ago.

The main building is a castle built at the end of the seventeenth century. It has a park of about 300 acres surrounded by the Mecsek Forests on the slopes of the mountains of the same name. Around the castle itself are acacia shrubs and trees, and in normal times its rooms were used by priests and seminarians at the invitation of the Bishop of Pecs.

The Communists have set aside three large rooms on the ground floor for Cardinal Mindszenty's confinement—a bedroom, living room and dining room. The living room faces a wide lawn lined with rosebushes, beyond which the park starts with small strawberry bushes and a dense mass of spruce trees.

The cardinal is not alone at Puespoekszentlaszlo. During the day, there is always a plain-clothes guard on duty in the house. (The guard is changed daily, presumably to prevent any one man from becoming too friendly with the cardinal.) Sometimes he and the prelate talk together, but the policeman does not sit with the cardinal at meals. At night the castle is surrounded by 25 Communist police armed with submachine guns.

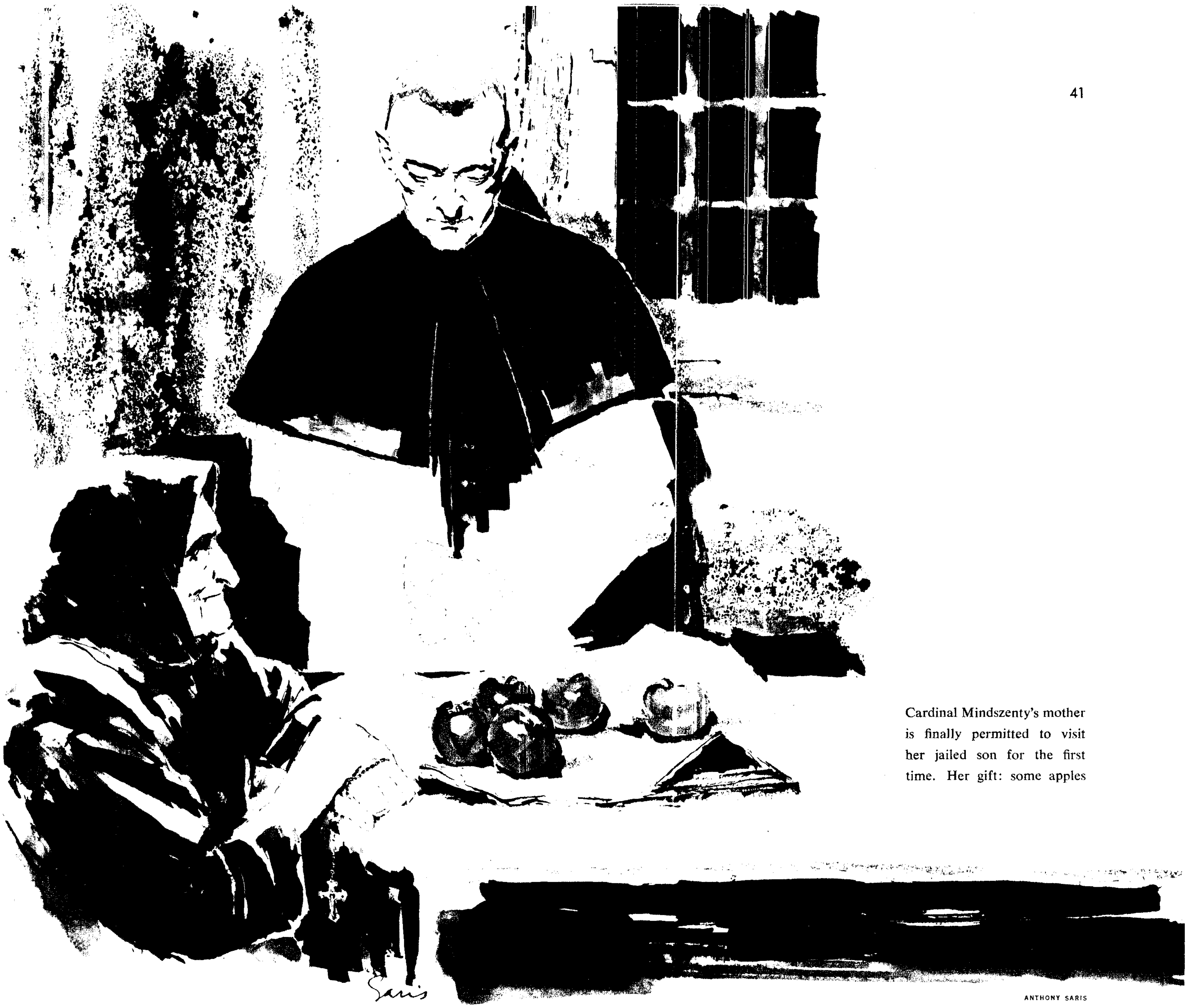
The Reds have also given the cardinal a companion in the person of a priest of his own age—a pastor politically uninvolved, a rather jovial and calm man. Then there are an elderly woman cook, a maid and a butler. One must assume that they were selected by the political police and forced to report on the cardinal's every move.

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY has almost everything he needs—materially. His little apartment is provided with beautiful china, new linen, an array of towels. The Reds even filled his bureau drawers—before his arrival—with winter and summer underwear, new shirts, two new everyday tunics and a third one for festive occasions with the red buttons of a cardinal.

The castle, of course, has an ancient chapel, and there the cardinal celebrates Mass every day. The village is nearby but no altar boy is called; instead the priest-companion serves at the cardinal's Masses, and sometimes accompanies them by playing Gregorian music on a harmonium. There is even a library in the castle—a purged library.

The cardinal's day is simple. He rises at 6:00 A.M., says Mass at seven, and breakfasts at eight with his companion. The breakfast menu is milk or tea, sometimes light coffee, and slices of Hungarian bread (two thirds wheat flour and one third potatoes). Butter, jelly and honey are also on the table. Before lunch the cardinal walks for about one half hour, then reads and talks with his companion.

Luncheon in Central Europe is the principal meal of the day, and the dishes served are more substantial than at dinner. After luncheon the cardinal rests, then takes a walk, reads again, has his dinner and goes to bed around 10:00 P.M. Of course, the day is filled out with prayers. The cardinal recites the entire Rosary every day, and, like every priest, he prays the Divine Office from his breviary. In



Cardinal Mindszenty's mother is finally permitted to visit her jailed son for the first time. Her gift: some apples

ANTHONY SARIS

addition, he visits the chapel before and after each meal and before going to bed.

He is not allowed to leave the park, nor is he permitted any visitors except—at long intervals—his mother. He is not allowed to write or receive letters. No newspaper is given to him. He has no radio set.

The cardinal is still a prisoner. Though his prison is more bearable, his life sentence has not been revoked. He cannot exercise his office as archbishop and as head of the Catholic Church in Hungary. He can be taken back to jail or the penitentiary at any time. In fact, by the time this appears in print, he may have been moved to some new secret place. At the beginning, after he was taken to the castle, a doctor came to check his health every day; now the doctor comes once a week. Why he comes at all is strange, for the cardinal is not sick. Yet Cardinal Mindszenty cannot protest, just as he cannot express any desires. He is at the mercy of the Communists just as he has been since his arrest in 1948.

The cardinal's story is still full of mysteries for those who do not know the full truth. Why did the Communists bother to "release" him? What are their intentions? Is he sane? Was he really drugged at his trial? What happened to him after he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment?

The answers to these questions can be extremely important, not only to Hungarian Catholics but to the whole free world, to every man in good faith, because they throw light upon the real aims of world Communism.

TO UNDERSTAND THE MINDSZENTY story, it is necessary to follow, step by step, what happened to the cardinal from the moment of his arrest on the day after Christmas in 1948. On that fateful morning he was taken in a black limousine with drawn curtains from his residence in the suburb of Esztergom to the Budapest headquarters of the political police, at 60 Stalin Avenue. There he was placed in a cell and left for two days to ruminate on his fate. He was given little, if any, food.

It was on the third day that his real ordeal began. Relays of interrogators started questioning him. Day and night for an entire week the inquisition went on. He was allowed no more than an average of two hours of sleep out of every 24.

But the questioning was only part of the softening-up process. The Communists showed the cardinal his young secretary, reduced by torture to almost animal-like dumbness. They brought in other priests and laymen, mercilessly beaten, to beg him to "confess." They confronted him with former friends, also priests, who told him the pope and the entire Catholic Church had condemned his intransigent behavior. Other people whom he had known and trusted were paraded before him to assure him that the United States had abandoned Hungary and was indifferent to his fate.

The Communists' aim was to give the cardinal the impression that his fight for Hungary's freedom was totally hopeless, to convince him that he had been abandoned by his Church and his flock. Every move the Communists made, every word that was spoken to him, was designed to create a sickening feeling of guilt within him that his fight was only causing hardship for the people and Church he had sworn to serve.

Even after the initial nonstop interrogation, the Red inquisitors gave the cardinal little rest. No human being can endure such a strain indefinitely: some are tougher than others, but in time all break down.

The cardinal's breaking point came after nearly

The Reds say Cardinal Mindszenty is free—but he cannot leave his place of confinement or receive any visitors

six weeks of this intensive brain-washing. Let me say right now that he was not drugged. All the tales that were circulated about various drugs being administered to the cardinal to prepare him for the trial are false. None was used.

To the Communists, the trial which began before a people's tribunal on February 3, 1949, was an anticlimax—merely the staging for the record of a well-rehearsed play. The cardinal, broken in mind and spirit, faithfully parroted the words that had been drilled into him, and five days later was convicted of treason, disloyalty to the government and four currency-law violations.

FROM THE COURTROOM Cardinal Mindszenty was taken to the Budapest Collecting Prison, distribution point for Hungary's prison system. The prison is located in the heavily built-up Koebanya area in the eastern part of Budapest, close to factories and breweries. There a group of young men, whose identities I cannot disclose for obvious reasons, organized an intelligence service to keep watch on the cardinal. With the help of workers living in the district, they kept an around-the-clock vigil on top of a building overlooking the prison courtyard. They saw when the cardinal was brought in; they observed in what direction he was taken inside the prison; they noted the arrivals and departures of officials and interrogators.

The prelate was a broken man who needed rest and medical care. Yet he was placed in solitary confinement in a cell on the second floor and given only the usual prison food. He was not permitted to say Mass, and he spent his days in mental prayer, reading his breviary. He continued to lose weight, his heart weakened and he was suffering from insomnia.

One week after Cardinal Mindszenty entered the Collecting Prison, his mother began a concerted campaign to visit him. She had first tried to get permission to see him before his trial, but her letters to the Ministry of Justice and the Chief Prosecutor got no response. This time she was determined to get the necessary permission.

Mrs. Borbala Pehm, for that is her family name, is a remarkable woman. She is in her eighties and suffers from heart trouble and asthma, yet still helps care for the daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren with whom she lives in Csehmindszent, a village in western Hungary some 200 miles from Budapest.

She always dresses in black, and true to her peasant origin she covers her head with a black scarf fastened with a knot beneath her chin. I have never met a person who lives so entirely on faith. This may sound commonplace coming from a priest, but I have watched her for many, many years. She never leaves a stone unturned when she sets out to achieve an objective. She works, she walks, she behaves as though everything depends upon her own activity. But she does so with an inward conviction that God will come to her aid.

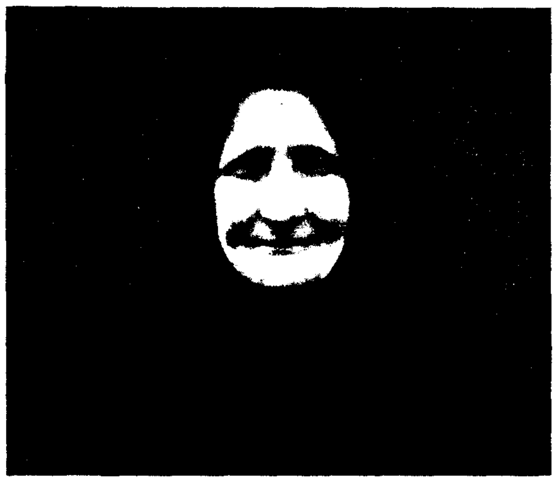
I was not surprised, therefore, when she insisted upon going to Budapest to plead personally for permission to visit the Collecting Prison. I accompanied her to the capital, and she went on alone to see the chief of the prison affairs division in the Ministry of Justice. Her plea was denied.

She proposed to go next direct to Deputy Premier Matyas Rakosi, since 1945 Hungary's undisputed Communist boss. We begged her not to, but one day she sneaked out of the convent where she was staying and went straight to Rakosi's office in the government palace. The police, of course, did not allow her to enter, but she was prepared for this rebuff. She handed over a prepared letter in her own handwriting—the handwriting of a peasant woman that showed all the fatigues and strains of her life.

The letter did not beg; it asked only what was due her even in a Communist country—the right to see her imprisoned son. Never, in the more than 300 letters, memorandums, applications and other documents which she has submitted to the government in the last seven years has she asked more than that. She knew she had the right to ask clemency, but she also knew that such a request might be misinterpreted and attributed to the cardinal.

Rakosi did not answer her appeal, so next morning she decided on another course of action. She said she felt the chief of police would receive her. We do not know why, but her intuition was right.

Accompanied by an elderly woman, a friend of the family, she walked directly into the headquarters of the Communist secret police and asked to see the man most feared in all Hungary, General Gabor Peter, the terrorist boss who had masterminded the breaking and imprisonment of her son. A former tailor's apprentice who became a Communist as a young man during the 1930s, Peter was a man of boundless ambition and had been trained in the schools of the Russian secret police. He had learned his lessons well.



The mother of Cardinal Mindszenty: she kept alive the Hungarian prelate's tenuous link with the outside world

The two women were led into Peter's office. There the little peasant woman in black stood resolutely before the man who had shattered her son's mind and health and demanded the right to visit her son. Peter firmly told her that he couldn't do a thing; the case was out of his jurisdiction.

Mrs. Pehm stood silent for a moment. Then she looked into the eyes of the chief of police and said to him: "I wish you would imagine that, instead of my son, you were in prison and your mother was asking the favor to see her son. Can't you imagine your mother in my place?"

Peter, whose mother did not live in Hungary at the time, turned and left the room. For 10 minutes the two women stood as though rooted to the spot. Then Gabor Peter returned. He was smiling. "All right," he said, "you may see your son." Then he paused. The two women couldn't believe that he meant it. "And," continued Peter, "you can see him immediately, right now. My car will take you to the prison. Of course, however, you"—pointing to the mother—"must go alone."

Mrs. Pehm now understood, and she said almost automatically the next thought that entered her mind: "But, sir, I must go back to the convent to pick up the apples that I brought for my son. I can't go without the apples."

"I'm afraid that is impossible," Peter said. "It will take too long; there is no time."

"But I can't go without the apples," she repeated.

Gabor Peter looked at her in silence. Suddenly he pushed a buzzer and said, "I will send my secretary to a shop for some apples. Go down to my car."

A detective accompanied Mrs. Pehm on her visit to the Collecting Prison. There she was led into an office and left alone. There were two chairs in the room, and a table. Soon the cardinal was brought into the room by a guard, who promptly sat in one of the chairs. With Mrs. Pehm already seated in the other, there was nothing for the cardinal to do but stand.

It was the first time the mother had seen her son since his arrest nearly two months earlier. She was stunned. His face was pale and drawn, his eyes dull and he had lost much weight. The mother and son talked for 15 minutes of family affairs. Nothing was said of the trial or of political matters. Mrs. Pehm handed over the apples that Peter's secretary had bought, and the cardinal accepted them gratefully. Then it was all over.

Back at the convent, Mrs. Pehm sat down at once and composed a letter to the Ministry of Justice asking for medical care for her son. And she confided to one of the sisters: "I gave the apples to my son, but I didn't dare tell him whose apples they were."

Two months later, the cardinal's mother again asked permission to visit her son at the Collecting Prison, but was refused. She was not to see him again in Budapest, for in October, 1949, the little group of watchers on the building across the street from the prison were appalled to see the cardinal helped into a black limousine and driven away. They felt helpless as the car disappeared toward the north. But they did not give up. They organized a new search, and finally found the cardinal in the penitentiary of Vac, on the Danube, 65 miles north of Budapest.

On his arrival at Vac, the cardinal registered like any other convicted criminal. His clothes and his body were searched for weapons and, although he had no lice, he was deloused by steam. His head was washed with kerosene as a further precautionary measure, and he was dressed in prison apparel.

ALTHOUGH AGAIN in solitary confinement, he was permitted some conversation with the special guard outside his cell. He was also allowed to say Mass in prison chapel every morning that it was empty. Moreover, the food was adequate, and he was permitted to walk alone for about an hour. His health began to improve and his spirits rose. Sometimes he joked in conversation with the guards. But otherwise his daily routine remained the same: prayer, reading, Rosary, meditation and expectation of food.

Then, two months after his transfer to Vac, the group that had been following the cardinal's whereabouts learned that their beloved bishop had been moved once again. All their efforts to find his new destination were in vain. From that moment, in late 1949, the wildest rumors began to circulate about the cardinal's whereabouts. He was reported everywhere, from a Communist-confiscated villa in Budapest's residential suburb of Huevoesvoelgy to a sanitarium near Moscow. All proved untrue.

For the first time, the Reds had succeeded in destroying all traces that led to the cardinal. Only one person, his aged and nearly helpless mother, by sheer force of character and unshakable faith in God, maintained a tenuous link with the prelate.

Every third month, from the time of her son's conviction, she applied for permission to visit him. When her pleas by letter went unanswered or were turned down, she would insist on visiting Budapest

NOW BETTER THAN EVER

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BEEF SOUP

WITH VEGETABLES AND BARLEY

Campbell's
CONDENSED
NOW BETTER THAN EVER
BEEF
(WITH VEGETABLES AND BARLEY)
SOUP

Campbell's Beef Soup has always been a great favorite with millions of families.

But today it's even *better than* ever. When you try some soon — here's what you'll find.

It looks inviting. That's the first thing you'll see — its brown and appetizing color!

It tastes beefier — that's the second thing you'll discover.

The broth is richer. The beef — and there's a lot of it — is fine and lean. Barley adds nourishment — and so do carrots, potatoes, celery, onions and the Campbell Tomato.

In short, you should try this improved Beef Soup immediately. Put it on your shopping list. It's a soup you will have again and again. You'll find it a great family soup — the kind *everybody* enjoys.

And since Campbell's Beef Soup brings you proteins, vitamins, and minerals in beef, barley and vegetables, you'll be doing yourself a favor when you have it often.

Why don't you have a big bowlful of Campbell's Beef Soup today. *It's better than ever!*

SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS

VITAMINS, MINERALS and LIQUIDS —for general well-being

PROTEINS—for upkeep and growth

CARBOHYDRATES—for energy

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

The Communists offered the imprisoned Mindszenty a deal. He turned them down—and presented his own demands

and appealing in person. Often these appeals also were unavailing, but she never gave up hope.

When permission did come through, she had to travel not only 200 miles from her home to Budapest, but another 65 miles to Vac, for even after the cardinal was transferred to a secret prison he was brought back to Vac to receive his mother. Altogether, during the five years from October, 1949, through 1954, she saw him there some 13 times.

DURING EIGHT OF THOSE TIMES—or up until the time I was forced to leave the country—I accompanied her to Budapest. Almost always the routine was the same. Since the village of Csehmindszent has no railway station, we had to get up at 4:00 A.M. in order to travel by bus to the nearest railway line. Then we had to change trains once before reaching Budapest.

Mrs. Pehm preferred to travel third class to save money. The family vineyard, main source of her income, formerly brought in sufficient funds, but after 1950, in order to save it from confiscation, the family had to deliver the grapes and wine to the government for ridiculously low prices.

Times have been hard for the 50 close relatives of the cardinal who live in Hungary. Because of their relationship to the imprisoned prelate, the men have found it difficult to get work under the Communist regime. Catholics contribute some funds for Mrs. Pehm, but for the family as a whole the main support—in the form of food, clothing and money—comes from a well-to-do American woman in New York, whose name I cannot disclose.

During our trips to Budapest, Mrs. Pehm and I were always watched by undercover agents—often by a whole swarm of them. On one ride, I detected five agents; one was disguised as a mechanic, two as passengers, the fourth as a hobo and the fifth as a conductor. All tried to get into conversation with us.

In Budapest I stayed with friends. At first, the cardinal's mother stayed in convents; after these were dissolved by the Communists in 1950, many nuns took apartments together, and for a while Mrs. Pehm stayed with some of them. Later on, she used the guest room of Budapest Theological Seminary, one of five the Communists permitted to remain open.

One night we decided we would go to the house of a religious community, the members of which were devoted to the cardinal. We arrived around midnight, and suddenly found ourselves homeless. The superior of this house, who was not a nun but a lay sister, became pale when she saw us. She hurried me into a waiting room and pleaded with me to take the mother away. "We can't afford—I can't afford to shelter the old lady at this time. I'm sorry."

Later I learned that the superior a few days earlier had been arrested by the political police and forced to sign a paper promising that she would report on the movements of certain people, presumably including the cardinal's mother. To have refused would have meant death or imprisonment.

When permission did come through to visit her son, Mrs. Pehm would go to the Ministry of Justice alone and, almost always accompanied by the same detective, be driven in an official car to the prison at Vac. There she would visit the cardinal in a small, bare room in the presence of another detective. Usually there would be no chair on which the cardinal could sit, and he never requested one. However, on one occasion, his mother asked the detective to move his coat from an extra chair so that her son could sit down, and the man obliged.

The mother always brought with her a gift of food wrapped in brown paper or an old newspaper. Most often it was bread or cookies she had baked, and some fruit; occasionally she even brought a roast chicken. The cardinal told her he ate sparingly of these gifts in an attempt to make them last until her next visit. As her visits became fewer, he took to saving bits of the dry bread just as a reminder of her physical presence and to bridge the gap until she next would be allowed to visit him.

The visits lasted anywhere from 15 minutes to a half hour, and the conversation dealt almost exclusively with family affairs. Other subjects were taboo, but occasionally some clues to the cardinal's treatment would slip out. Once Mrs. Pehm noted that her son was wearing a new cassock and commented upon it. He answered wryly that children are always dressed up when company is coming.

Moreover, Mrs. Pehm had become such a sharp observer that, by putting bits of new information from her together with data gleaned on previous visits, we could get a clear picture of the cardinal's health, behavior and days, even of his Communist visitors.

From 1951 on, the Communists put more and more pressure on the cardinal. First they sent Monsignor Miklos Beresztoczy, head of the so-called "Peace Priests," to him. The "Peace Priests" are an organization of clergymen who have been tortured or otherwise forced into advocating a "progressive" attitude toward the Communist regime, from which they receive a salary. The monsignor tried to persuade the cardinal to resign as Primate of Hungary, to promise to leave the country if he were set free. Cardinal Mindszenty refused.

Then the Reds sent another bishop to him, but the cleric merely delivered the Communists' message without putting any pressure on the cardinal. Other priests and Catholic laymen also were sent to "talk sense" to the cardinal, but all to no avail.

Why were the Communists so anxious to free the cardinal if he would agree to resign and leave Hungary? For them Cardinal Mindszenty had become a national skeleton, an uncomfortable burden for the Red government, one more reason for the people to hate them. Even high officials of the Communist government, heads of the Office for Religious Affairs, visited him. They were polite and they were eloquent, but they couldn't extort a single promise from the cardinal. He refused to donate his title of Primate of Hungary to the temporal power of the state.

Then, on March 5, 1953, Stalin died. Budapest reacted as though a national holiday of liberation had been declared. People began to talk freely. Members of the Communist party—even officials—visited non-Communist friends and assured them that they had become Reds only "in the interest of the community." Radio broadcasts of Western stations were listened to openly.

RAKOSI IN HIS SHREWD WAY saw how the wind was blowing and was prepared to release the cardinal. But as soon as the situation consolidated in the Soviet Union, the Communists in Hungary recovered and tightened their hold on the country. A big purge began. Gabor Peter, the man who maneuvered Cardinal Mindszenty's breakdown, and former Justice Minister Jyula Decsi, who supervised the trial, were themselves sentenced to life imprisonment as traitors.

But Rakosi and his surviving colleagues had learned something else from the flurry of excitement over Stalin's death. They started to ease some of the relentless pressure that they had been applying to the country. Writers were allowed to publish some short stories without censorship. Bibles and missals printed in the West were permitted to enter the country by the tens of thousands.

The Reds hoped to use Cardinal Mindszenty in a key role in this peace offensive. At the climax of their propaganda campaign, they wanted to release him in a dramatic way. Again Communist officials visited him and made offers; they promised the cardinal that he could stay in the country, though he would be confined to one place. All they asked was that he sign a paper renouncing his position as Archbishop of Esztergom and Primate of Hungary.

The cardinal refused.

In a new offer, toward the end of 1954, they told him he could go back to Esztergom to live in seclusion in his diocese, but that he would not be allowed to celebrate Mass in the cathedral nor to give sermons.

Again the cardinal refused. And this time he went further. Once again in full command of his faculties, he courageously stated his demands for justice and an end to the Church's persecution. *First,* he said, all priests should be released and given amnesty, and complete freedom should be accorded them. *Second,* he, the cardinal, should be released without conditions—that is, he would go back to Esztergom, resume administration of his diocese, and act as Primate of Hungary. He would celebrate Mass whenever he wanted, and he would preach. The Communists made no reply.

But the outside world knew nothing of his defiance of his Red jailers, of his refusal to make a deal with them. Therefore, the Reds continued their scheming for his spectacular "release." Maybe, since he refused to co-operate, a fraudulent, fake release would be enough, they reasoned. They decided to try it.

TOWARD THE END OF 1954, although Cardinal Mindszenty was still in prison at an undetermined place, the Communists planted a news item through an Austrian news agency to the effect that he had been released. They wanted to evaluate the reaction of the Western World.

It was all that they had anticipated. The item was picked up by the press and radio and spread around the world. We in close touch with the Hungarian situation realized that the Western people believed the hoax. Few people asked for details.

Hearing the news through Western broadcasts, the cardinal's mother immediately applied for a permit to visit her son during the Christmas season. Although the cardinal, in fact, was moved to the summer palace of the Bishop of Pecs before the holiday, the request was refused.

Meantime the Hungarian government decided to hold up confirmation of the cardinal's "release" until it would have maximum propaganda value. That time came when the Big Four prepared to meet in Geneva.

As this is written, I cannot say how often Cardinal Mindszenty's mother has been permitted to visit her son in his new place of confinement, but she has been there at least once.

The summer palace of the Bishop of Pecs is a beautiful place. Perhaps as Cardinal Mindszenty looks out the huge windows at the rosebushes and the strawberry bushes in the garden, he is reminded, by their color, of the words which Pope Pius XII said to him in Rome, in February, 1946, when he placed the red hat of a cardinal on his head:

"Receive the red hat, the special sign of a cardinal's dignity. By this is signified that even to death and to the shedding of blood you will show your courage for the exaltation of the Holy Faith, and for the peace and tranquillity of Christian peoples."

The cardinal is still a prisoner, but by God's grace and his own courage he is still the shepherd of his flock, the Primate of Hungary. Not all the power of Caesar has been able to take this from him. THE END

The TAREYTON Twosome

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE
FILTER TIP
TAREYTON
CIGARETTES
MODERN SIZE
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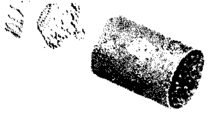
the perfect choice for better smoking



HERBERT TAREYTON

For better smoking, ask for Herbert Tareyton. You'll enjoy the mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos and you'll like the genuine cork tip that always stays firm and fresh . . . that adds so much to your smoking pleasure.

FILTER TIP TAREYTON

All the pleasure comes thru . . . the taste is great! Filter Tip Tareyton smokes milder, smokes smoother, draws easier. And Tareyton's filter is pearl-gray because it contains Activated Charcoal for real filtration. It's the best in filtered smoking!

Only FILTER TIP
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PRODUCTS OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

SPRING'S A WONDERFUL TIME TO

AND EVERY MILE YOU DRIVE COSTS LESS THAN THE ONE BEFORE!

Spring is in the air again—and it's just natural for you to want to get out and go places.

Why not take an afternoon or a week end (or if you can manage it, a whole week) to enjoy the sunshine and the countryside in all its spring splendor? Your car is waiting. And remember this—when you drive more, it gets cheaper by the mile.

Figures compiled by the American Automobile Association show that a large part of the cost of operating a car is *fixed*. Such things as depreciation, license fees and insurance do not change with mileage.

The main added expense for enjoying extra mileage is the relatively small cost of gasoline and oil. Competition among U. S. oil companies has held the lid on these prices—despite the high taxes—to give you one of today's biggest bargains. So, as you can see from the figures below, every mile you drive costs less than the one before.

AVERAGE YEARLY DRIVING COSTS FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR

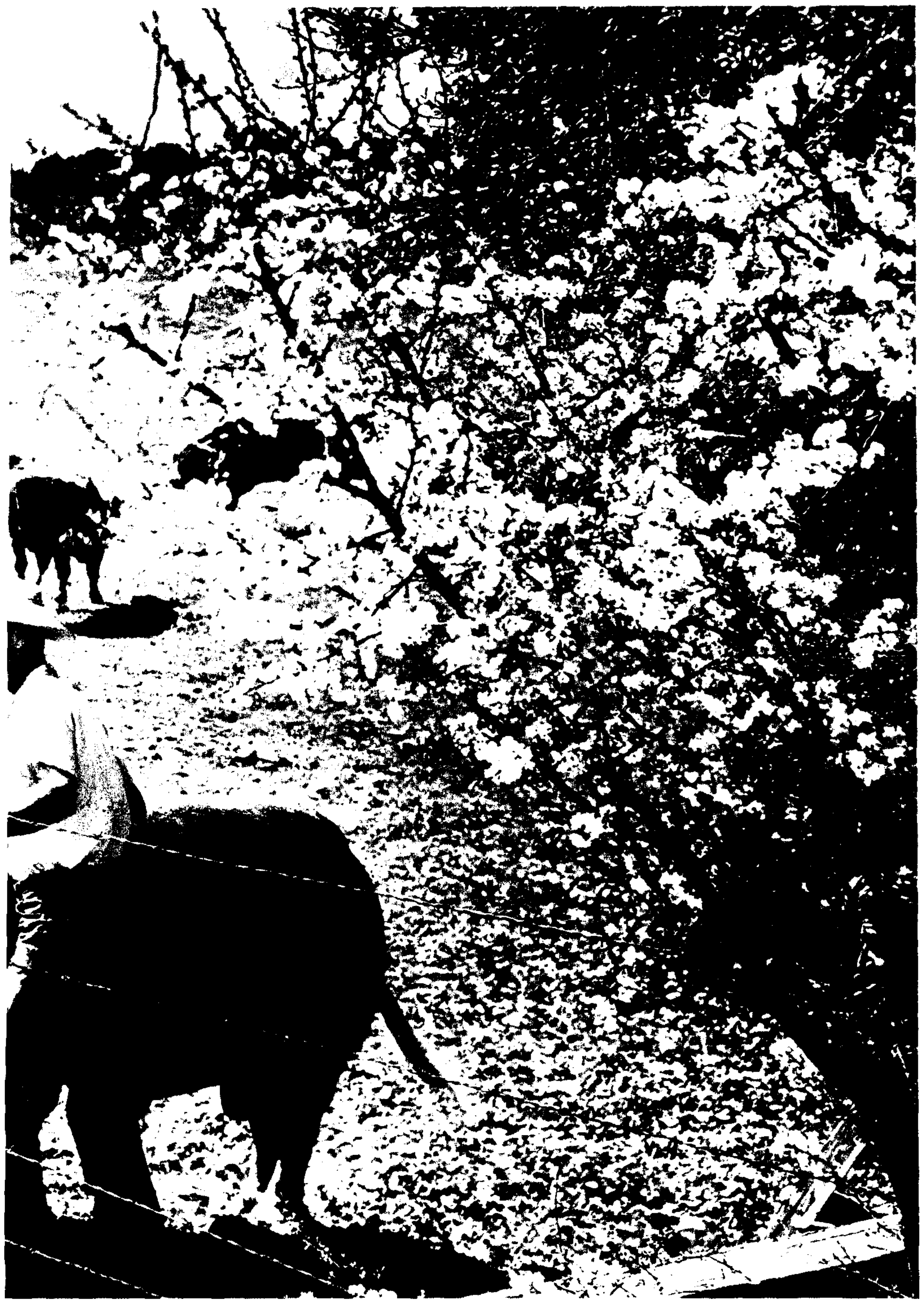
For 5,000 *miles**		*For* 15,000 *miles**
$481.33	*Depreciation*	$481.33
104.39	*Insurance*	104.39
16.86	*License fees*	16.86
116.00	*Gasoline and Oil*	348.00
37.00	*Maintenance*	111.00
25.50	*Tires*	76.50
$781.08	TOTAL FAMILY COST	$1,138.08
3.9¢	*Cost per mile for each member of family*	**1.9¢**

This example is figured for a family of four. Your family size may change this cost a little.

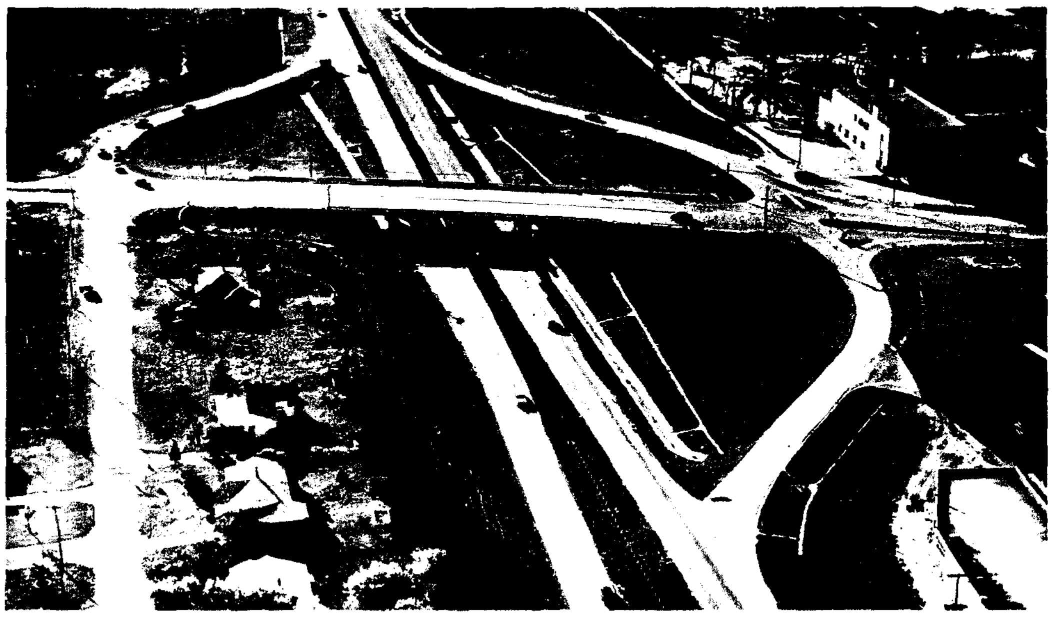
This year, treat your family to a long spring drive. And please drive safely.

*Source: AAA

ETHYL CORPORATION New York 17, N. Y.



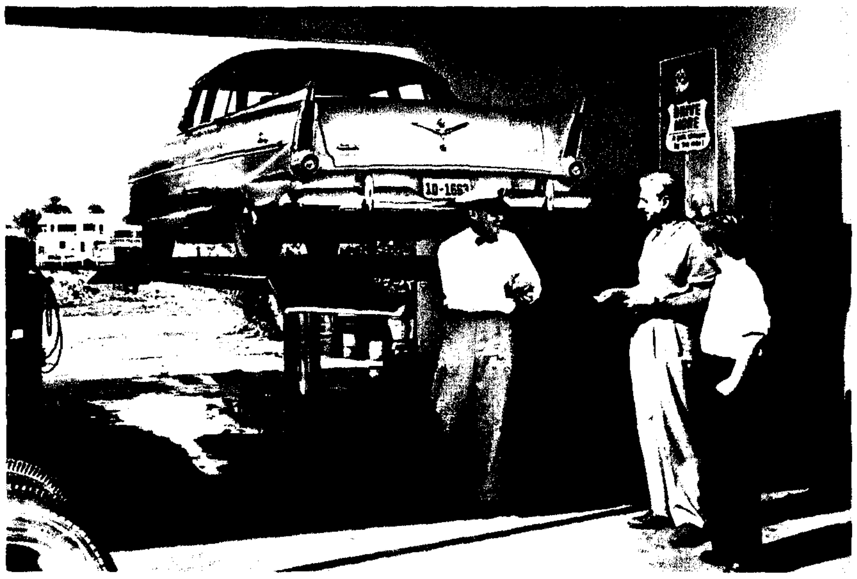
GO PLACES...



NEW ROADS. Mile after mile of safe new roads is being opened all across the nation. Thousands more will soon be started for your driving pleasure. In addition, picturesque back roads are being improved to make leisurely scenic driving more enjoyable.

TRAVEL TREAT. In many sections, the arrival of spring opens the bathing season. Even if you're too far north for a dip, a trip to the beach at this time of year offers unusual, windswept beauty for your enjoyment.

CAR CARE. Service stations in your neighborhood are now featuring "Spring Checkup." Here's a good way to make sure that your car is in tiptop shape for the months of summer driving fun ahead.



DRIVE MORE

...it gets cheaper by the mile!

DRIVE MORE... DRIVE SAFELY!

"What is it? What's wrong?" he asked. "We can't go on like this," she whispered. "Whatever will happen to us?"

The enchantment

By EDWIN A. PEEPLES

They were from different worlds. But they believed—because they had to—that love was all that mattered

DERRY wondered what Beth would think if she could see him now, rumbling along down here on the subway-surface car in the tunnel between Fifteenth and Nineteenth Streets in a world so alien to both his and hers. The chance of her seeing him wedged into a crowd of day laborers and charwomen who had tracked in the damp of the spring rain outside might not have occurred to him if he had not faced, directly across the aisle and in as much contrast to her surroundings as he was, a very attractive girl.

He stared at her from the moment she got on, but it was only now that he realized he was staring. At first he looked at her to avoid looking at the dismal tunnel or the laborers or the puddles of water on the floor. At first he gazed at her blankly and tried to understand what his boss, Mr. Nethersole, thought he would discover about retail merchandising by riding a trolley with a lot of people who looked and smelled as if the majority of their purchases would consist of beer, horse-radish, leather jackets and caps, heavy brogans, overshoes, practical but styleless black umbrellas, and tin lunch pails, none of which his firm represented.

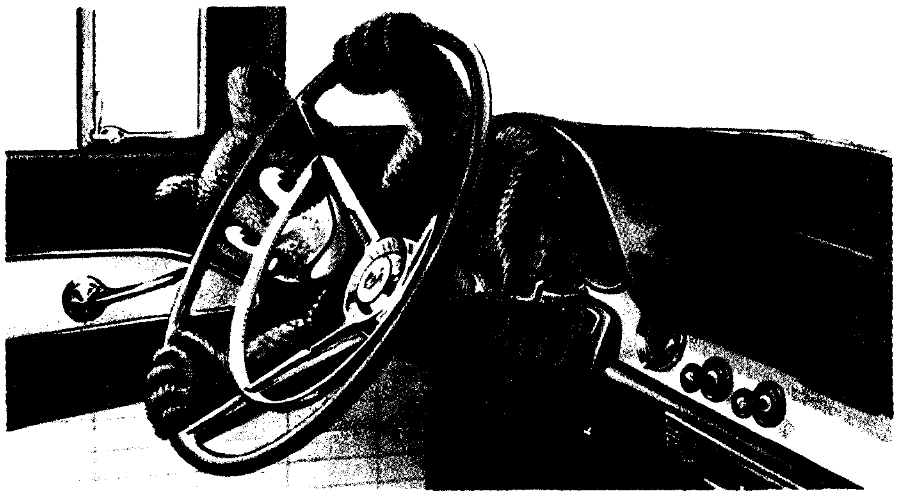
Normally Derry Gaitinger went places in taxicabs. The public-relations office he worked for was liberal about expense accounts. As long as you were going at least three blocks, they did not consider you unreasonable if you took a cab. Lunches that did not exceed five or six dollars a person or dinners that did not exceed twelve were considered moderate. So it was not economy that put Derry on this trolley opposite this girl; it was research.

It was easier, though, to research the girl than it was to research the other passengers. She was awfully pretty. Her hair, which hung to her shoulders in a sort of pageboy, was cut square over her forehead in what Derry supposed was called bangs, though it was all one bang. She wore a sort of Puritan cap of blue-gray flannel that matched her suit and had at its front a wide white band that crossed the top of her head and came down almost to her

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING V-8

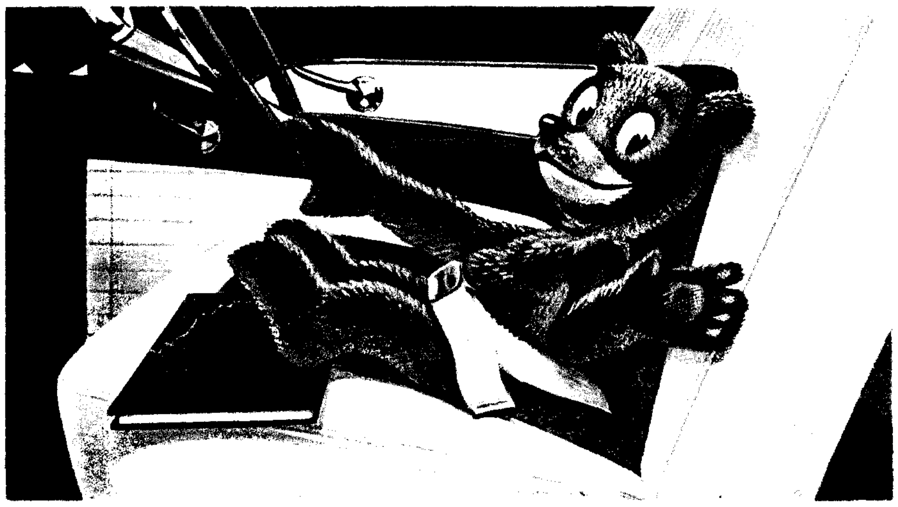
...and Lifeguard Design is another reason why!



This Lifeguard steering wheel has a new deep-center construction to reduce the possibility of driver being thrown hard against the steering post in case of an accident. Our Ford engineers have mounted the rim of the wheel high above the recessed steering post to help "cushion" your chest against severe injuries from impact.

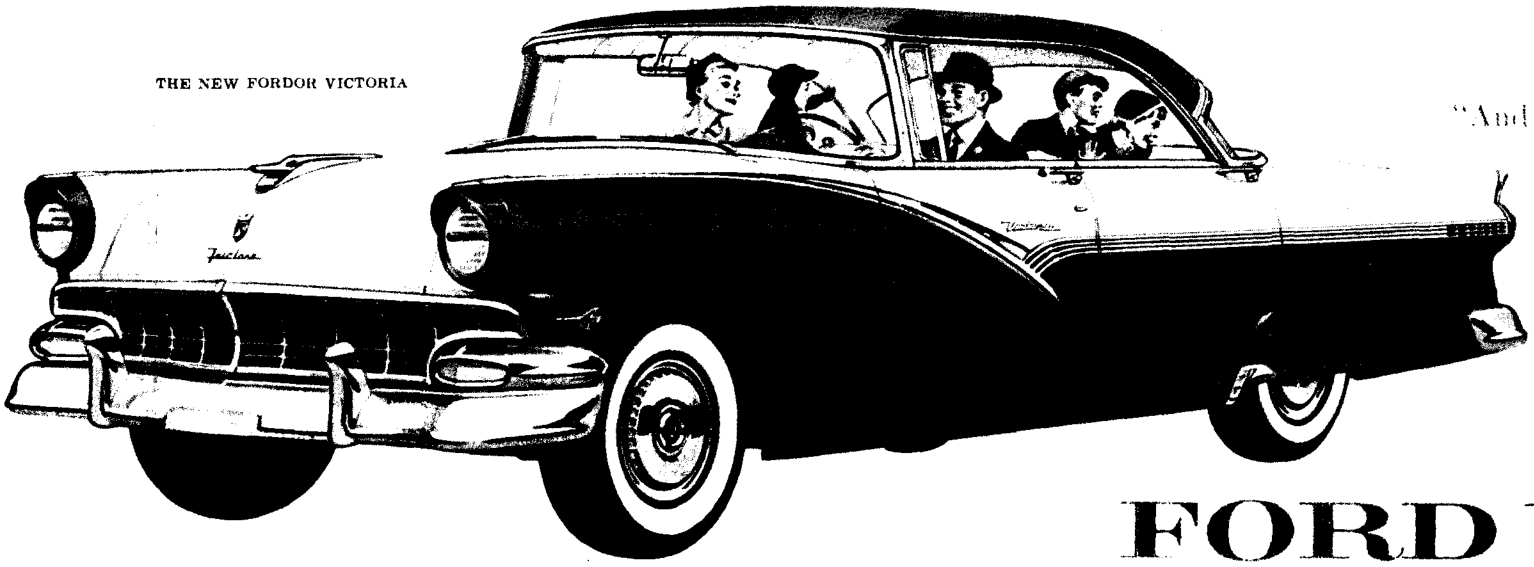
Optional Lifeguard padding protects you against accident injuries by providing a "crash cushion" on both the instrument panel and sun visors. It is five times more shock absorbent than foam rubber. New Lifeguard double-swivel rearview mirror that "gives" on impact and resists shattering is standard on all '56 Ford models.

You're twice as safe if you stay inside the car in an accident. Statistics prove it conclusively. So our Ford engineers have designed these new Lifeguard door latches with a *double grip* to reduce the possibility of doors springing open in a collision.



Look at this Ford seat belt! One-third stronger than required for airlines, it is securely anchored to reinforced, all-steel floor structure. Optional Ford seat belts can be adjusted or released with one hand . . . are available in colors to harmonize with interiors.

THE NEW FORDOR VICTORIA



"And you'll drive safer
ever after!"

FORD V-8

Sells More because it's Worth More !

The Difference in Taste

is Terrific

Two to one most of you have never tasted a whiskey that's "Wed-in-the-Wood" * – for in these days of pushing for bigger sales through greater low-cost production, it's an almost forgotten art of blending.

But not with us. We know that whiskey patiently "Wed-in-the-Wood" has a perfection of taste you'll recognize and remember. That's why we go right on taking the extra care to make Old Thompson the only "Wed-in-the-Wood" whiskey we know of. It's worth it too. It gives Old Thompson a difference in taste that's terrific! Try a bottle and see for yourself.

* *First the Straight Whiskies are aged... then blended with fine grain neutral spirits... then, instead of being bottled immediately, the Blend is put back into barrels to "Wed-in-the-Wood."*

GLENMORE'S
OLD THOMPSON
BRAND
Blended Whiskey
WED IN THE WOOD
WED IN THE WOOD
A Better Blend for Better Drinks

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE FOUR YEARS OR MORE OLD. 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

OLD THOMPSON
WED·IN·THE·WOOD·WHISKEY

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES Company
"Where Perfection of Product is Tradition"
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ears on each side. Her face was oval, and her eyebrows, though slender, were dark blonde and natural. He couldn't see her eyes because she was looking down, reading a book, but her lashes were so long they gave her half-closed eyes a look of laughter.

For all of the girl, the place Derry really would have liked to be on this rainy morning was in the coziness of his comfortable apartment on Rittenhouse Square, sitting in a deep chair in his drawing room, which looked through large windows at trees and walks and grass. Or he would have liked to be with Beth Sampleton out in Radnor, curled up with her on the sofa, listening to records. He would have liked to be in his quiet, private office concentrating on a campaign. And he wouldn't even have kicked about being in a taxi on the way out to this client who manufactured paint and was on the verge of a big campaign. Derry wasn't fussy. This just wasn't a morning for a trolley.

DERRY'S employers were Chirgen, Oberwilder, Fuchs, Sampleton & Clarke. Sampleton, who figured most prominently in Derry's life, was a massive, beefy man who spent a good deal of time in tweeds and in riding to hounds. He was not Derry's immediate boss. But his daughter, Beth Sampleton, was one of Derry's immediate bosses. The other was Mr. Nethersole of the Senior Creative Board.

Over a year ago, when Derry first came down from New York to join the firm, Beth had assessed him as raw material and found him good. He had the needful enthusiasm for money. He liked to live well. He sprang from a good family in Ames, Iowa, which was conveniently remote. He wore clothes beautifully. The only gaps in his virtue were that he didn't ride until Beth taught him, and that his clothes tended to be flashy.

Without much protest he allowed Beth to clear his wardrobe of most of the sharp clothes he had picked up in his New York period. Nothing he had was, of course, exactly zoot, but most of it was too brash for the hunting country, even on a man who was a young and eager twenty-eight.

Derry always remembered the first time he encountered Beth. She came to the office one day to meet her father, and Derry collided with her in the reception room. They backed away from each other and looked right into each other's eyes—just as Derry and the girl opposite him on the trolley would do if she looked up from her book. Derry's eyes strayed a bit to take in more of Beth, and he whistled softly, as he often did at a particularly good-looking model. Since Beth couldn't deign to notice this from a mere employee, she lifted her head, which was elegantly shaped, and crowned with short reddish blonde hair, and marched away.

A week or two later, after Beth managed to collide with him several more times, Mr. Sampleton invited Derry to dinner at his huge stone pile in Radnor, which nestled high on a hill behind an ivy-covered wall. After the first dinner Beth was the one who invited Derry, and she invited him often. . . .

Derry knew, of course, that the girl on the trolley would have to look up sooner or later, but he expected that when it happened it would be just before she got off. He would satisfy his curiosity about her eyes and that would be that.

Instead, suddenly, at Twenty-fourth Street, where the car came above ground, the girl, as if she felt his stare, looked directly at him. Their eyes held that way from Twenty-fourth Street to the Thirtieth Street Station.

The look she gave him wasn't an annoyed one, and she wasn't amused. She didn't just happen to stare in his direction without seeing him, and she didn't intentionally look through him. She looked directly at him. And he seemed to hear a soft voice ask: Hello? Who are you? and wait for an answer.

Presently, when there was no answer, the girl seemed to awaken from some illusion. Her eyelids fluttered and lowered back to her book. Derry took a deep breath. Though they haunted him, he couldn't remember the color of her eyes.

He tried to shake off an odd sensation of having wandered somewhere strange and got lost. This must be a trick of memory. She must look like somebody he'd forgotten. What was she, after all, but just some little girl from out here—probably a dull one, probably most of the time a tacky one—who would grow to be broad and matronly, but who, for an instant, was breath-takingly beautiful.

At a certain age young girls have these instants. Derry had seen dozens of models have them in New York when they started modeling. He had seen the instants pass, and he had seen the girls try to fake them with make-up. Probably this girl already had fat legs and thick ankles. He looked.

Her ankles were slender and delicate, and her legs were exquisitely shaped. Her hands in their white gloves were slender too, and so were her wrists. Her neck and shoulders—but he found her looking at him again. This time her lips, which were quite full, parted slightly as his eyes met hers.

Just as it seemed they would have to speak, she rose to get off at one of those humdrum Y intersections you find everywhere. A large filling station, adjoined by a row of stores, stood at one side of the Y, facing the street the trolley came up. Another row of stores stood opposite. The notch of the Y hugged a two-story commercial building in the shape of a flatiron. The front of the flatiron building was painted such a hideous electric blue Derry knew he would never forget it.

THE girl—she looked as if her name should be Catherine—walked up the aisle and got off. She walked gracefully, with elegance. From behind, her little Puritan cap was jaunty. She didn't look back. She disappeared into the depressing neighborhood.

After several blocks Derry shrugged and forgot her. He would never see her again. He expected to shape up the campaign with his client in one long conference, and then work in his office until he had roughs ready for approval.

But the client, who manufactured paint, decided otherwise. He wanted an intricate color-chart promotion and he wanted to supervise everything step by step. For at least two weeks Derry would have to come out every day.

The next day, on impulse, Derry took the same trolley. The girl was there again. The same exchange of looks happened again. But this time Derry couldn't forget her. The next morning he looked forward to seeing her. The car was nearly empty, but she made a point of sitting opposite him. She made the same point on Thursday and Friday. Over the weekend he dreamed she spoke to him, and on Monday he got on the car determined to speak to her. She wasn't there.

If she had been there and they had spoken, Derry might have forgotten her, but as it was, he felt deprived.

Derry was stubborn in some ways. He didn't take well to being cheated. He waited through Wednesday for the girl to come back. When she didn't, he went to look for her. He had no other clue about her than that she got off at the dreary intersection, at the hideous blue building. The only way to find her was to comb the neighborhood and hope to catch her in one of the stores.

He attacked a territory five blocks long in each direction from the intersection. He went into grocery stores, hardware stores, drugstores, the filling station, the halls of apartments and finally an enormous antique store called Friedrich's, which stood on a corner two blocks from the filling station.

FOR a while Friedrich's Antiques fascinated Derry. Its fronts on both streets were composed entirely of many-paned glass doors, all of which were opened and spewing furniture, china, brass and wrought iron onto the sidewalks. Behind the open doors the dimly lighted inner showroom held a fortune in antiques.

Derry, who liked furniture, hung around Friedrich's until noon. He'd decided the girl must live farther away than he'd looked, and there wasn't a chance of finding her. At noon he went out to hail a cab and go into town for lunch. It was then that he noticed a restaurant across the street. He decided to lunch there.

When he got inside it looked like a bad guess. The café was crowded. There didn't seem to be an empty seat. Derry turned to leave. It was then, as he faced the door, that he saw the girl. She sat at a table for two. The other chair was empty.

Without hesitating, Derry walked to the table. "Is this seat taken?" he asked.

She was dressed the same way she'd been on the trolley, and she looked at him the same way. "No," she said.

"Do you mind if I sit here?"

"No." Uncertainly, glancing first at him and then at a book she was reading and then at him again, she went back to the book. She must have just arrived. She hadn't been served.

"You stopped riding the streetcar," he said.

She looked up, puzzled. Then she smiled. It was a delicious smile. "I thought I'd seen you before."

"What happened? Why did you stop riding?"

"My aunt got well." She saw he didn't understand. She closed her book and put her gloves on top of it and folded her hands in her lap as if she were preparing to recite a lesson. "My aunt in Camden was sick and she lives alone, so I went over to spend the nights with her. And then"—the smile again—"she got well."

"As a matter of curiosity, is your name by any chance Catherine?"

She laughed. "No. My name is Eloise Friedrich."

"You look as if it should be Catherine. I suppose you're a Friedrich of Friedrich Antiques?" She nodded. "I didn't see you there just now."

"I've been on an errand. Why are you so interested?"

"If I told you it would probably make you mad."

"Is it bad?"

The waitress interrupted to take their order. Afterward Derry lighted a cigarette. "Frankly," he said, "I don't mean it to be bad. I mean it to be flattering. Maybe it will sound better if I make a story out of it. Do you mind a story?"

"No. I like a story."

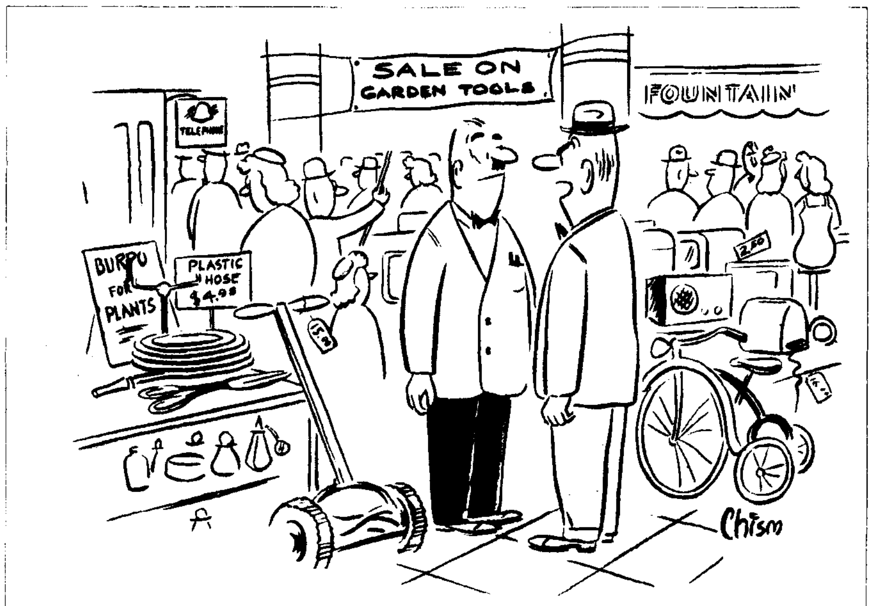
"Okay. I'm a public-relations man named Derry Gaitinger. I like making lots of money and being comfortable and having brisk conversations in brittle company. I like glitter and sparkle: cocktail parties, large dinners, fast cars, fast horses, the theater, the opera, the orchestra and the dance."

"Then what are you doing in this neighborhood?"

"I'm coming to that. Normally I go places by taxi. But my boss asked me to ride the streetcar and pick up the human touch. I did. And on this streetcar I saw you." He paused and watched her face. He couldn't see it enough. "I don't know how to say this. I'm not a guy who gets excited just because a girl is good-looking, not after all the models I've seen. And besides, let me be frank, while I'm not engaged to the boss's daughter, I go with her enough to be. And Beth, that's the boss's daughter, is beautiful. Besides, she's a very sweet girl."

"I'm lost, Mr. Gaitinger. What's all this got to do with a streetcar?"

"I looked across the streetcar and I saw you. All at once a lot of noise that had been going on stopped. And a lot of problems that had been complicated



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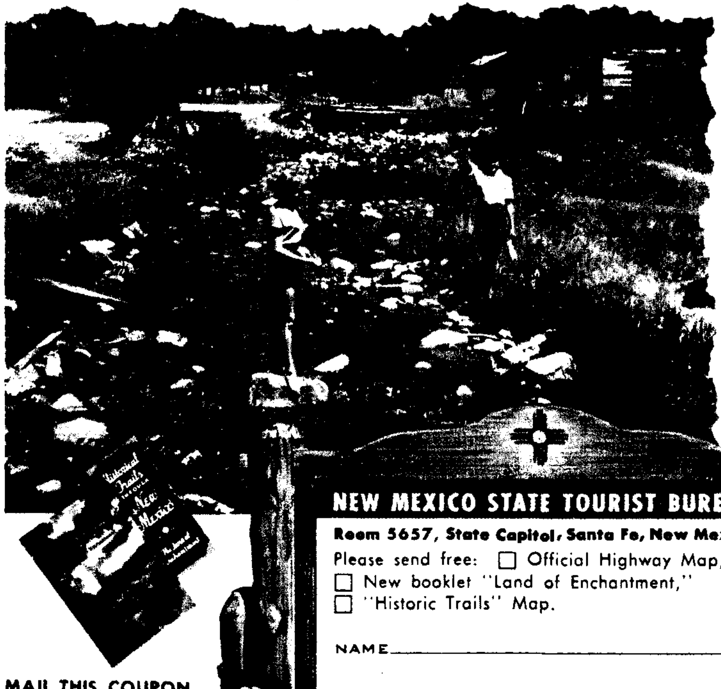

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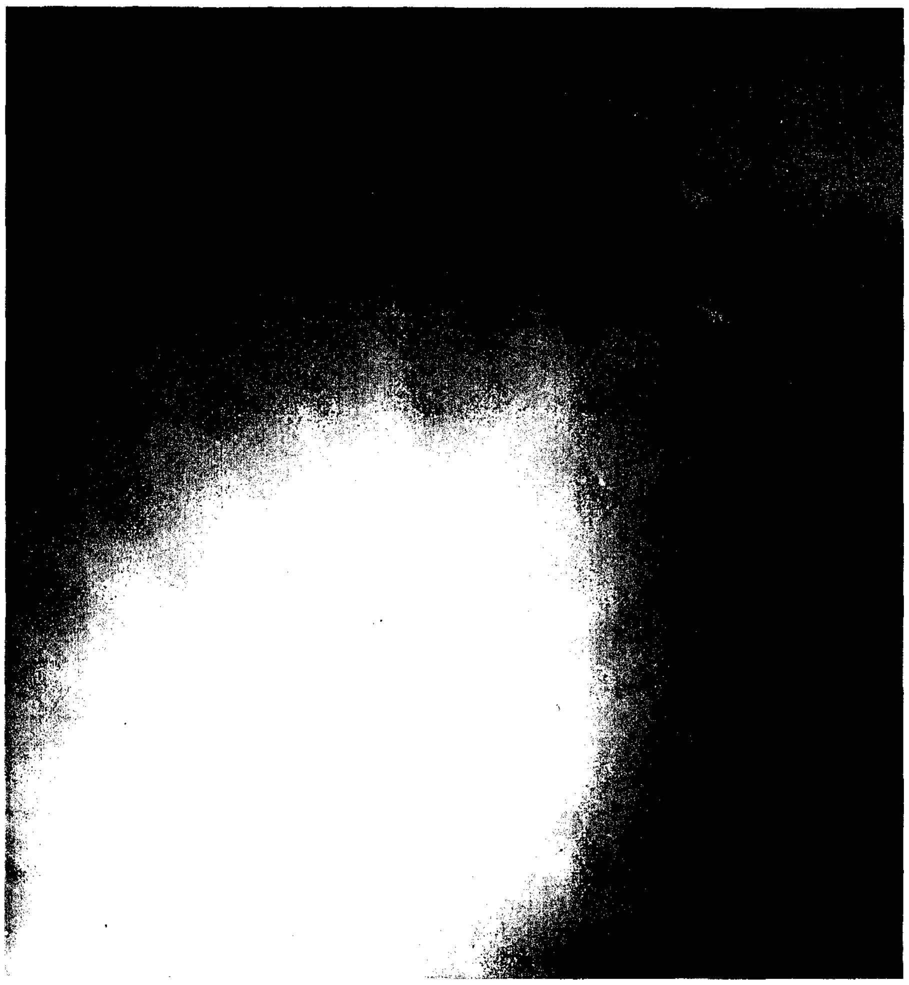

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grew simple. And the orchestra stopped playing bebop and played Alice Blue Gown. And a soft voice said hello."

She rearranged her gloves.

"The second morning I decided your name must be Catherine. That's when I began looking forward to seeing you."

"I was there for five days."

"Then you were gone."

She nodded. "I was gone."

"So I had to come and find you. That's why I'm here. Are you mad?"

"No. I'm flattered. Any girl would be flattered. But"—she looked right at him—"what happens now?"

"Are you married?"

"No. But I go with a very nice boy. His father owns the big grocery store near us. His name is Hans Brunner. Hans and I grew up together. He's the only boy I've ever gone with."

"Oh." He was disappointed. "Then I suppose you wouldn't let me take you to dinner."

She considered it. An expression of pain and then of happiness showed in her eyes.

"Would you?" he asked. "Tonight?"

"Not tonight. I promised Hans."

"Tomorrow night?"

"Friday?" she asked shyly. She smiled again. "We can stay up a little later, if it's Friday, because I don't have to be in the store on Saturday until noon."

HE PAID her check and walked her back to the store. At the wide glass doors of Friedrich's a solid, dark young man whose gentle eyes were shielded by glasses waited for Eloise. He wore a clean butcher's apron. He looked prosperous. And he looked sure of himself until Eloise said, "Derry, I told you about Hans. Hans, this is Derry Gaitinger."

With a swift instinct Hans understood at once more than even Derry or Eloise understood. There had never been any hurry about arranging plans with Eloise, so he hadn't hurried, and now there was this and he was bewildered. But only for a moment. Possessively he turned to Eloise after only a nod to Derry. "I just came over to say I would come for you at seven tonight. Is it all right?"

Eloise nodded.

Hans glanced uncertainly at Derry and then went away. A little abashed, Eloise hurriedly told Derry to pick her up at the store on Friday.

Derry was afraid that when he met Eloise on Friday and found her dressed differently from the way he'd always seen her, he would be disillusioned. He hoped he would be. But he wasn't. Her décolleté print gown with its matching stole was as modestly charming as her suit had been.

He took her to dinner and then to the theater. He found her different from any girl he had known before. Her hands made no gesture that wasn't normal and necessary. Her voice was quiet but eager and interested as she asked him about plays and public relations and what it was like to live in town in an apartment all your own.

When he replied, sometimes she watched his mouth, and sometimes she watched his eyes. And sometimes when she watched she seemed to wonder what she was doing here with him. Her eyes asked: Why am I with you? Is this right? You are a stranger. Why am I with you?

It wasn't until the third evening they were together that she gave any indication of how she liked being with him. That night, while they danced with their cheeks touching gently, she drew away a moment and looked at him. "You have a lovely voice," she said, as if she'd been thinking of it a long time. Before he could reply she put her cheek back against his. But this time she pressed it closer.

At first she wouldn't see him more than once or twice a week, so he spent as much time as ever with Beth. And though he thought of Eloise constantly, it didn't seem to have anything to do with him and Beth.

And he brooded about it, even at the Sampletons' when he and Beth were alone. There came times when Beth talked a long while and he didn't hear a word she said. At first she either didn't notice or pretended not to, but then a night came when she called his name three times before he heard her.

"Who are you in love with, Derry?" she asked.

As he had told Eloise, Beth was gorgeous and vital. She was not at all like Eloise. After her question he really saw her again. "Why do you ask?" He couldn't give her a straight answer. "What makes you think I'm in love?"

She took his hand. "Derry, darling. You're such a kid. Don't you know everything you think shows in your face plain as day? You're in love, baby, but not with me. Isn't that right?"

He didn't answer. He just looked at her and wondered.

She separated his fingers one by one, pressing each one as she did it. Then she gripped his hand tight. "What are you going to do, Derry?"

"I don't know."

"I'd like to say go on and get it over and then come back. If you were any of the men who have asked to marry me so far, I'd be sure you would come back. But you're too honest. She'll trap you because you're honest. The same way I've trapped you when you tried to pretend."

"Pretend?"

BETH smiled wistfully. "It's true, isn't it." Then she sighed. "For goodness' sake, don't pity me, Derry!"

He lighted a cigarette. "You're right, Beth. And after all you've done for me I guess it makes me a stinker. But I never knew something like this could happen. It proves I'm not very practical. If I were practical, I'd say to myself: Don't be a damned fool. Here you can marry the boss's daughter." He glanced at her. "I suppose that's true, isn't it? We've never said it, but you want to be frank about it all."

She touched her handkerchief to her mouth. "That's right," she said.

He went on, "I'd say: Here you can do that, and instead you've gone crazy over the daughter of an antique dealer in a dreary neighborhood. You're ready to throw everything away for a girl you haven't even kissed." He turned to face Beth. "But I can't be practical, Beth. And I can't be dishonest with you any longer because I like you too much."

Beth got up. "There isn't anything I can say about it, Derry, except—darn it, when I find a great guy that's on the level . . . Oh, skip it!"

At the door he said, "I suppose we won't be seeing each other again."

"No. I think not. I'll be trying to see if anybody can hypnotize me. Maybe I use the wrong technique. Is it really true you've been seeing this girl for over a month and you haven't kissed her yet?"

"That's right."

As the cab took him down the curving lane he felt free at last. But on the train back to (*Continued on page* 56)

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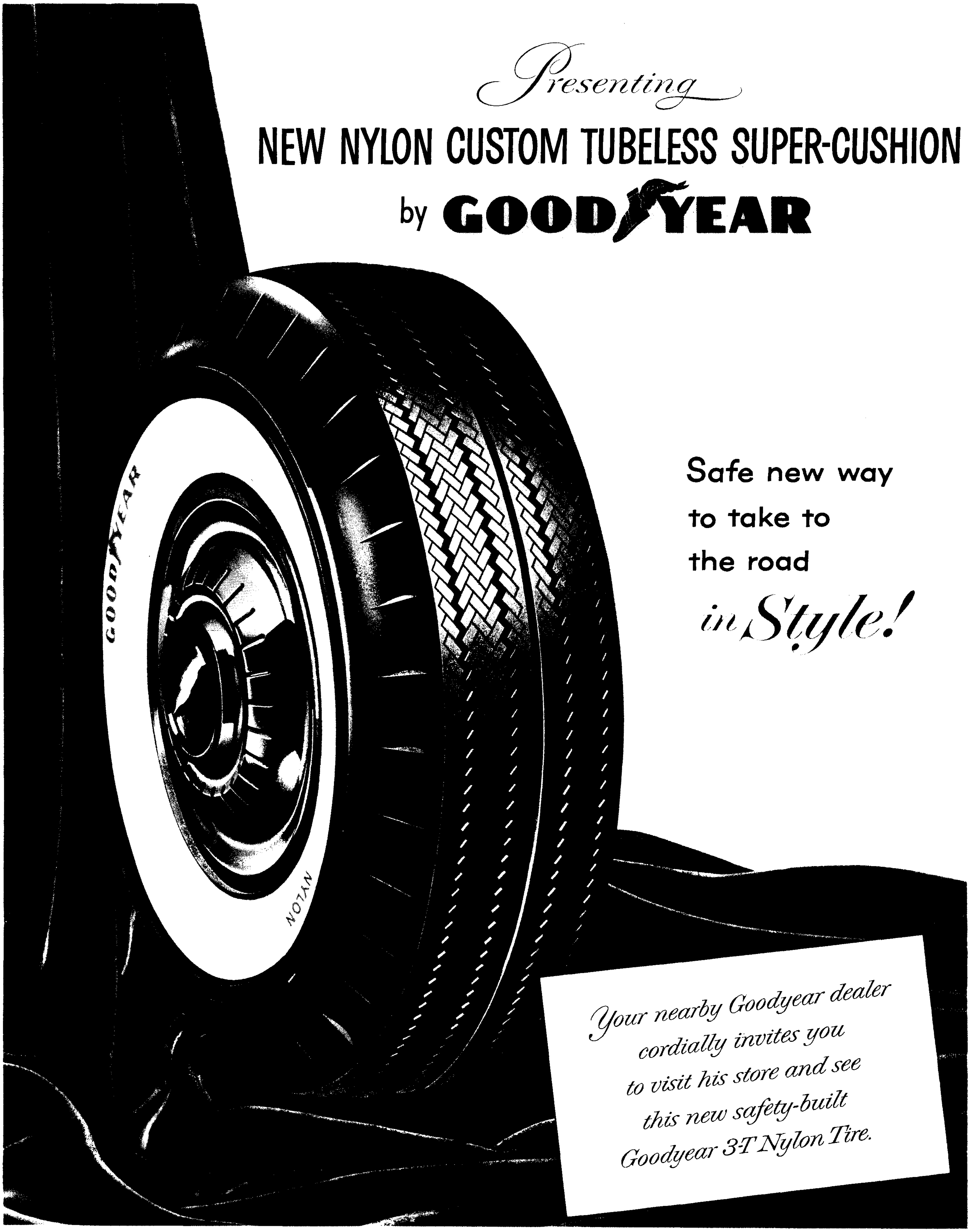

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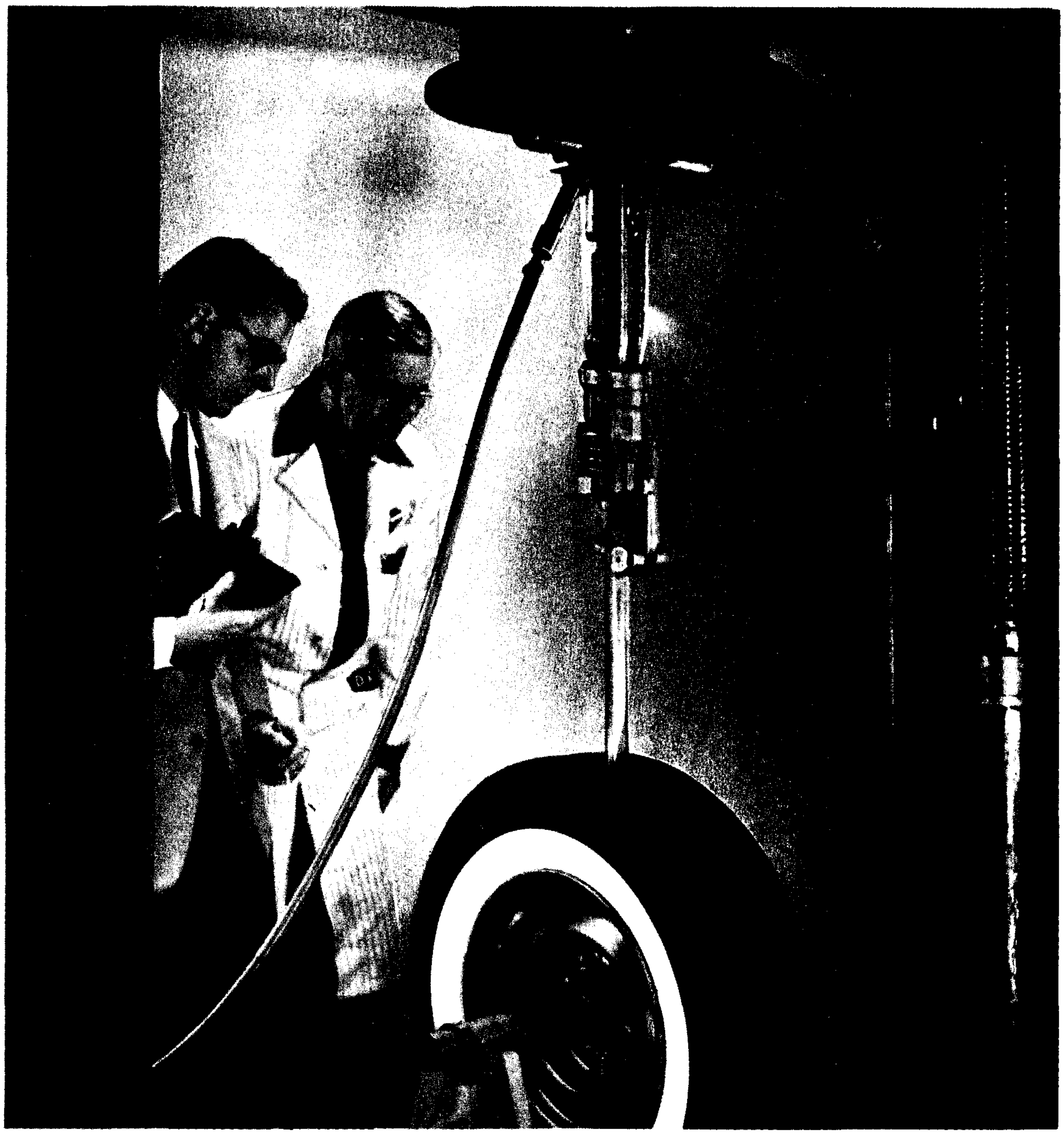

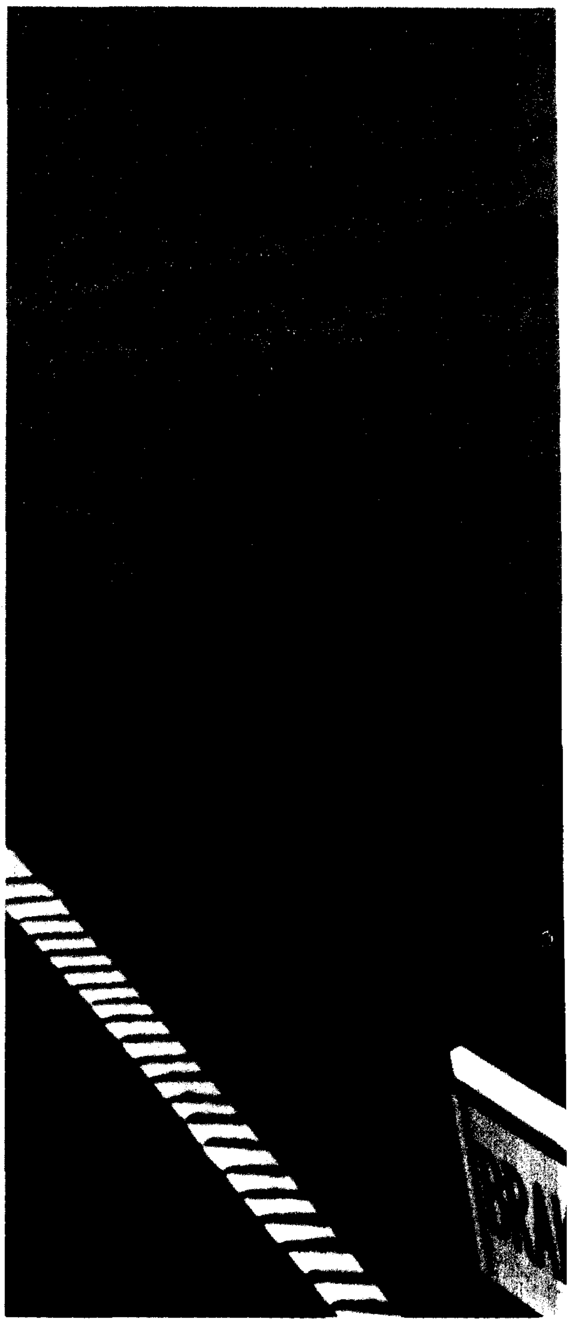

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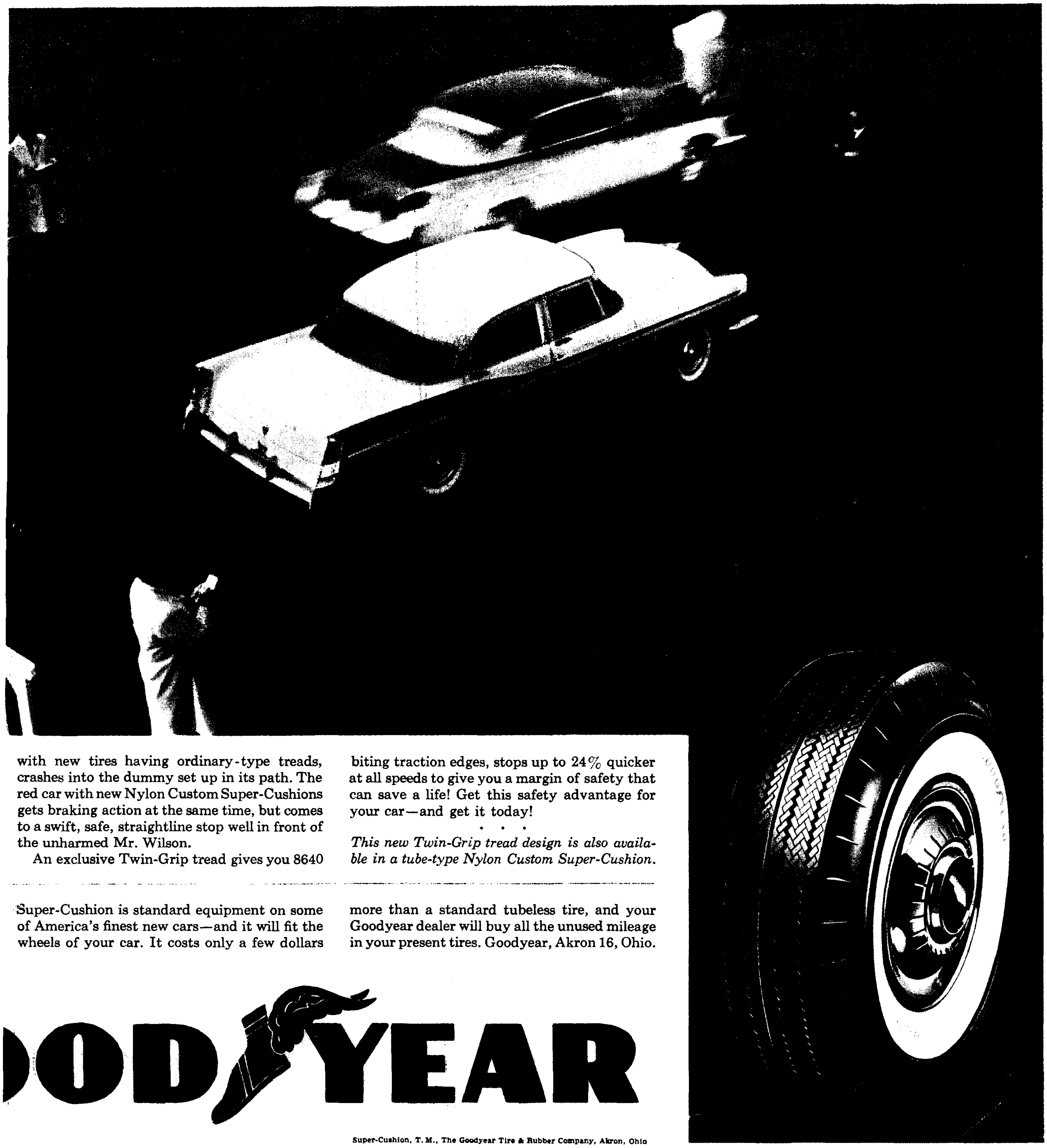

with new tires having ordinary-type treads, crashes into the dummy set up in its path. The red car with new Nylon Custom Super-Cushions gets braking action at the same time, but comes to a swift, safe, straightline stop well in front of the unharmed Mr. Wilson.

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(*Continued from page* 52) town he was sad. He would miss Beth's brightness and her gaiety. Eloise was sheer beauty, but beauty is wistful and frequently sad.

The next time he met Eloise at the door of Friedrich's she didn't want to go into town. "Couldn't we do something else?" she asked. "I'm so tired of crowds." If Beth had said that, he could have invited her to his apartment. But such an invitation would shock Eloise. "I could rent a car," he suggested.

Her eyes sparkled. "Rent a car?" She clapped her hands. "Oh, let's do. And drive somewhere and eat."

After dinner at a place called The Cabin, they turned north off the Lancaster Pike at Wayne and wound through the hills and ridges of hunting country. The roads and the stone bridges grew narrower, the trees closer and darker. At a setback in a rail fence Derry drew off the road and stopped.

As he turned off the lights he expected Eloise to protest. She didn't. Crickets and frogs sang in the exultant darkness. Slowly he turned toward her. Her face was palely lighted by reflected moonlight. Gently he slipped his arm across the seat behind her. With a rush she came toward him, and she gave a little sigh as she kissed him.

FOR a while they couldn't leave each other. They tried. They drew to opposite sides of the seat and tried to talk. But words were meaningless. Words couldn't prove that what had happened was real and could happen again. He waited as long as he could. Then, wondering, he slipped his arm about her again. With the same little rush she came back to him.

Presently she was the one who couldn't stand it any longer. Her hand touched his shoulder, but he didn't move. She came close. "Please, darling," she pleaded. Then gently and happily he drew her to him.

Once much later she wept after she did that and they knew then they'd better stop and talk or they'd spoil everything. He kissed her wet eyes. "What's the matter?"

"I'm happy. I'm too happy. It's too much. Oh, my darling, my darling. What will ever happen to us? Don't let anything hurt us."

"Nothing will."

They sat for a while. She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief. He watched her and then asked, "Did you ever think it would be like this?"

She crushed her handkerchief and then spread it on her knee. "Yes."

"Did you want it to be?"

"I was so afraid it wouldn't be." Then, as if she were embarrassed to have said it so plainly, she asked, "Shouldn't we be getting back?"

"Do you want to go back?"

She leaned against him. "Oh, darling, no. Every time you leave me I'm afraid you'll go back to this Beth you told me about."

He kissed her gently and started the car. "What about Hans?" he asked. "When does he steal you from me?"

"Poor Hans can't understand it."

Eloise and Derry lived in the strange bubble of enchantment for nearly a month longer, driving every night into the country to sit and cling to each other and forget everything else. They didn't know what the world around them thought and they never wondered.

But it was the sort of trance that had to end. They decided to marry, but they made no plans. They wanted each other desperately, but Eloise wanted to wait until they were married. The drives in the country became an agony. Eloise wept frequently and Derry was often angry and sullen. And yet all they ever had was still there and they had to save it. They decided to stop taking drives, to do something else.

He took her to dinner the next evening at Cherubim's, an elaborate and expensive place where radio and advertising people hung out. Derry asked Eloise if she liked it.

"Why do they keep it so dark?" she asked.

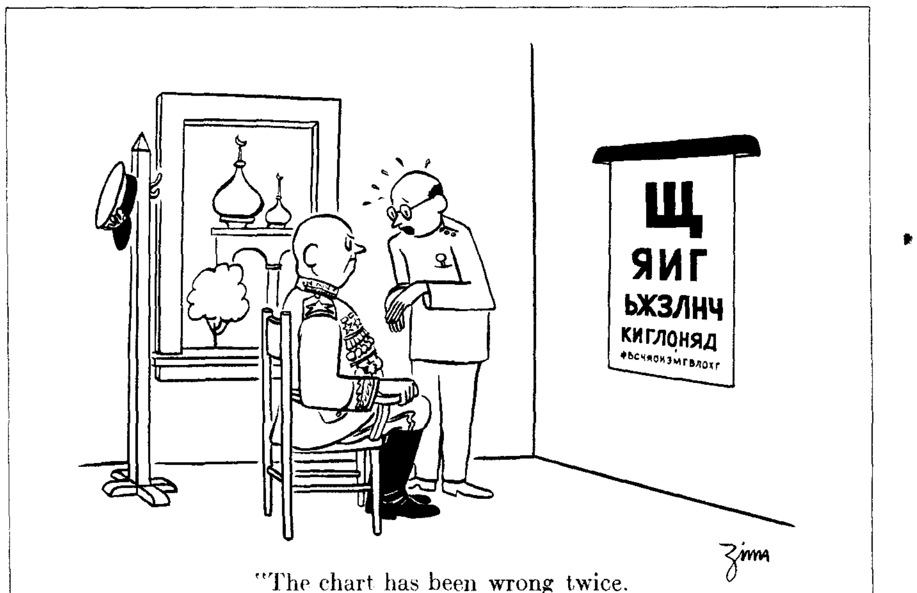
"Because it's expensive." He was about to explain further, but a fellow from WFIL stopped by to talk and brought a blonde named Gloria who sang. At least he said she did. And then another man stopped to discuss a drug account with Derry.

Soon there were ten people at the table, all talking at once. Amid them Eloise sat silent and puzzled. No one spoke to her. Everyone looked at her suspiciously and then asked Derry where Beth was.

Because he was having a good time, Derry thought Eloise was too, until, at ten thirty, she asked: "Couldn't we go somewhere that's less crowded, Derry?"

He took her to the Bellevue-Stratford bar, where they sat alone and listened to a man play old songs on the piano. After a while Eloise asked, "Do you spend all your time in bars?" Her face was very serious.

"For a single guy there aren't many



"The chart has been wrong twice. Marshal, I think you need glasses"

COLLIER'S JOHN ZIMA

other places to go. We could go to my apartment, but you wouldn't like that."

She shook her head. "It wouldn't be nice. But I'd like to hear about your apartment. Tell me about it."

She was a good listener. As he talked, her eyes never left his, though her hands toyed with the glass of lemonade she'd ordered. Mainly her eyes seemed to reflect the way she pictured his apartment. But occasionally something else came into her expression. Why am I with you? Then out of these thoughts she asked, "Will you stay in public relations? It seems such a flashy, transient sort of work."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I'd like to quit and take a boat somewhere and see more of the world. Do you ever want to run away because you're afraid that if you don't do it while you're young, you never will—and you'll miss something?"

"No. What would I find different except some new streets? I would always bring myself along."

It was not a gay evening. Derry and Eloise didn't talk easily. But they kept looking at each other as if they wanted to shut everything else out.

THE following evening he asked her to dinner in town and to the theater again, but she begged him to come to dinner with her family. "You hardly know them," she said. "If we're going to get married, you ought to know them."

The Friedrichs lived in the back of the store in rooms that were piled with bric-a-brac and furniture, and that had to be cleared before anyone could sit down or eat or even move any distance. Friedrich was bald with a gray fringe and a wrinkled alpaca coat. He was vague, did not understand Derry, and said very little. Mrs. Friedrich was a heavier Eloise, with hair in a bun and a fleshier face. Her idea of cordiality was a constant grin and a repetition of: "My gracious me!" Eloise did most of the cooking. Her enthusiasm was unadorned meat and potatoes. With this sort of food amid this sort of litter she was at home and happy. But Derry was depressed.

When the dinner finally ended, Eloise took him to a neighborhood dance to show him off. The dance was in a musty beer hall where many German-Americans gathered to dance the polka to the music of accordions and a bass horn. Derry didn't know the polka, and he didn't like the crowd or the music.

Most of that evening Eloise danced with Hans while Derry sulked in a corner. Afterward, when he walked Eloise home, Derry drew her into a dark place and kissed her savagely. "Don't leave me, darling," he begged her. "Lately you're running away."

She kissed him. "Take me for a drive tomorrow night, and I'll show you I'm not."

But when they had parked the next evening, the silence between the kisses was bitter, and there were no words for what they felt. After two drives they fled back to evenings in town—where Eloise was unhappy. They tried more evenings at the Friedrichs'—where Derry was unhappy. Derry even took her, finally, to his apartment. But there she was nervous as a trapped bird. She didn't like his place. It was too modern.

Derry lost weight. Eloise's face became drawn. A tinge of dark color came under her eyes.

But worst of all was Hans. He couldn't stay away from the Friedrichs'. He would wait with Eloise until Derry came; then he would greet Derry with false heartiness and afterward walk sadly away.

That happened more and more frequently, and then came the night when only Hans was waiting. "Eloise is sick, Mr. Gaitinger," he said. "She can't go with you tonight."

"Sick?" He felt suddenly weak. "What can I do?"

"You can talk to me, please, Mr. Gaitinger. Don't be disturbed. She has only a nervous upset."

Derry stood numbly and waited for Hans to speak.

At last Hans said, "Our world is different from yours, Mr. Gaitinger. It is simpler and slower. It is what Eloise understands. I know she feels for you something she never felt for me, but if you each wanted the same life, if you didn't know inside you that you would tear each other apart, you would be married by now."

Hans sighed. "But you would kill each other. You have invaded each other's life and laid waste to values. It is not a matter of which is better or worse. It is a matter of which is different from what. You know what she is sick of? She is ill from love. She is ill from conflict."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go away. For both of you."

"I can't do that," Derry whispered.

Stolidly, and without hope, Hans pleaded, "Please, Mr. Gaitinger, don't kill the only person I ever cared for."

"Let her tell me to go away."

"She won't. She can't. I asked her to." He shook his head. "But if you go away, you will have her always, as I never will. Those who have known it say great love is like that. If you stay"—he smiled a little—"you must learn the polka and buy a shop and grow accustomed to simple cooking."

Hans was right, for all the pain of knowing it. In the moment of his agony Derry felt sorry for Hans, but he said nothing. He turned and went away. He walked all the way back to his apartment. For much of the way tears blurred his sight.

IN THE bright, clean perfection of his living room he went to his desk. The hideous blue building, the intersection and the antique store were familiar and precious, but they were lost places. He wrote Eloise that he would never forget her but he would never be back. He asked her to understand and to forgive him, and he told her what a wonderful man Hans was. *I was an intruder in your life, my darling,* he wrote at the end. *And I learned there are times when it is unwise to open a door or look across a trolley.*

He sealed the letter and picked up the telephone. Beth wouldn't be at home, but he had to do something to push away the loneliness. To his surprise, she answered. "I've got to talk to somebody," he told her. "For hours and hours. Can you stand it?"

"Is it what I think?"

"The other's all over, if that's what you mean."

"I can stand it."

As he went into the street the misty face with the Puritan cap went before him, still. It would come back forever, as a legend comes back. But it was not of his world.

His world was talking to Beth. As he mailed the letter at a corner in Rittenhouse Square, he realized he hadn't really talked with anyone for two months. He began to walk faster. All he had to do now was take the train to Radnor.

—EDWIN A. PEEPLES

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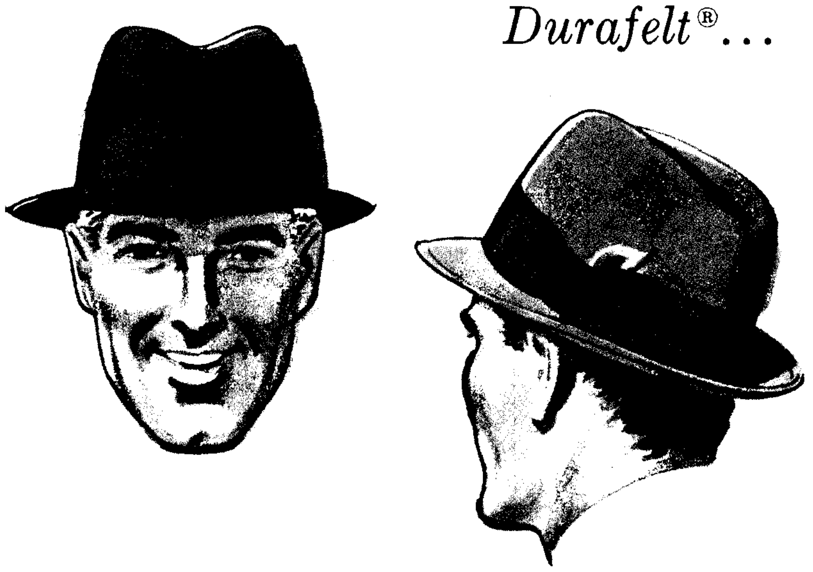

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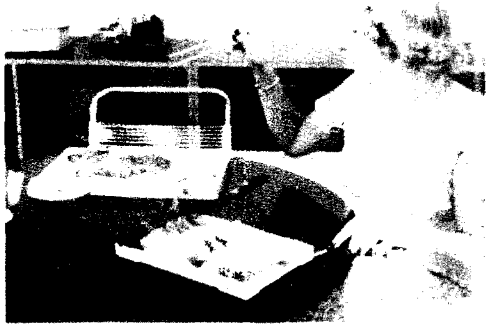
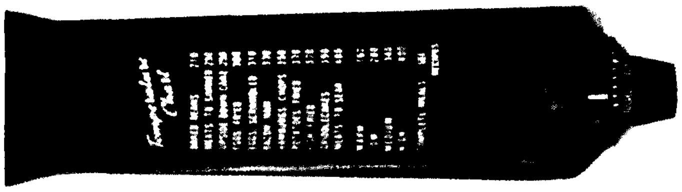


Arlene Francis uses her chopsticks to fix platter of beef and vegetables for sukiyaki

Sizzling Suppers



Peter sprinkles sugar over sizzling tidbits. Supper cooks in 10 minutes

ACTUALLY Arlene Francis can cook. This is not always true of homemaking experts or glamor girls, both of which Miss Francis is. Certainly Arlene does *not* spend the major part of her time whipping up little goodies in her kitchen, but she can and does cook—and she goes about it with her usual flair and snappy good humor. The sizzling sukiyaki dinner pictured here is an example.

Early in 1956, Arlene, who stars on NBC-TV's Home show, spent a week in Japan—visiting Japanese homes and getting a hasty but impressive picture of Oriental family living. One of the things she admired was the family meal, a happy ceremony that frequently involves doing most of the cooking right at the table.

This seemed a sensible idea to her, for her family follows a dizzy schedule peculiar to them. Her husband is Martin Gabel, one of the leads in the Broadway hit, Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? On weekdays, mealtime is the major period they and their nine-year-old son, Peter, have together. Peter, who attends Manhattan's Hunter Elementary School, studies piano, which he likes almost as well as baseball. He claims he can play a classical version of Sixteen Tons, but this we have yet to hear.

Back to the sukiyaki. It's the kind of easygoing meal that's fun for the Gabels. They've all mastered the use of chopsticks and some days Arlene can persuade Martin to help get the sukiyaki fixings ready to cook. This calls for a good sharp knife and a cutting board heavy enough not to skid. (Everything should be slivered thin as a rice cooky.) With an electric skillet substituting for the traditional charcoal brazier the Japanese use, sukiyaki turns out to be the easiest kind of show-off cooking. And delicious, too.

Like all Oriental cooking, sukiyaki is creative and gives the cook a chance to vary the ingredients as she pleases. Fix it as Arlene does—or use chicken or pork, bean curd, slivers of eggplant, cabbage—whatever you like. Serve the quickly cooked sukiyaki with rice, fine noodles or thin spaghetti.

The Gabels sometimes start off a sukiyaki dinner with clear soup, a salad of shredded cucumber and radish—stirred up with vinegar, salt and pepper—and maybe a few cold flaked cooked shrimp. Lots of fragrant tea, rice cookies and kumquats, tangerines or oranges for dessert.

Still, let's be honest about this: Martin Gabel would rather have a good hearty beef goulash any day, so directions for cooking sukiyaki in an electric skillet are quickly followed on the next page by other recipes: beef goulash for Martin Gabel, sole amandine, pepper zucchini and chicken marengo.

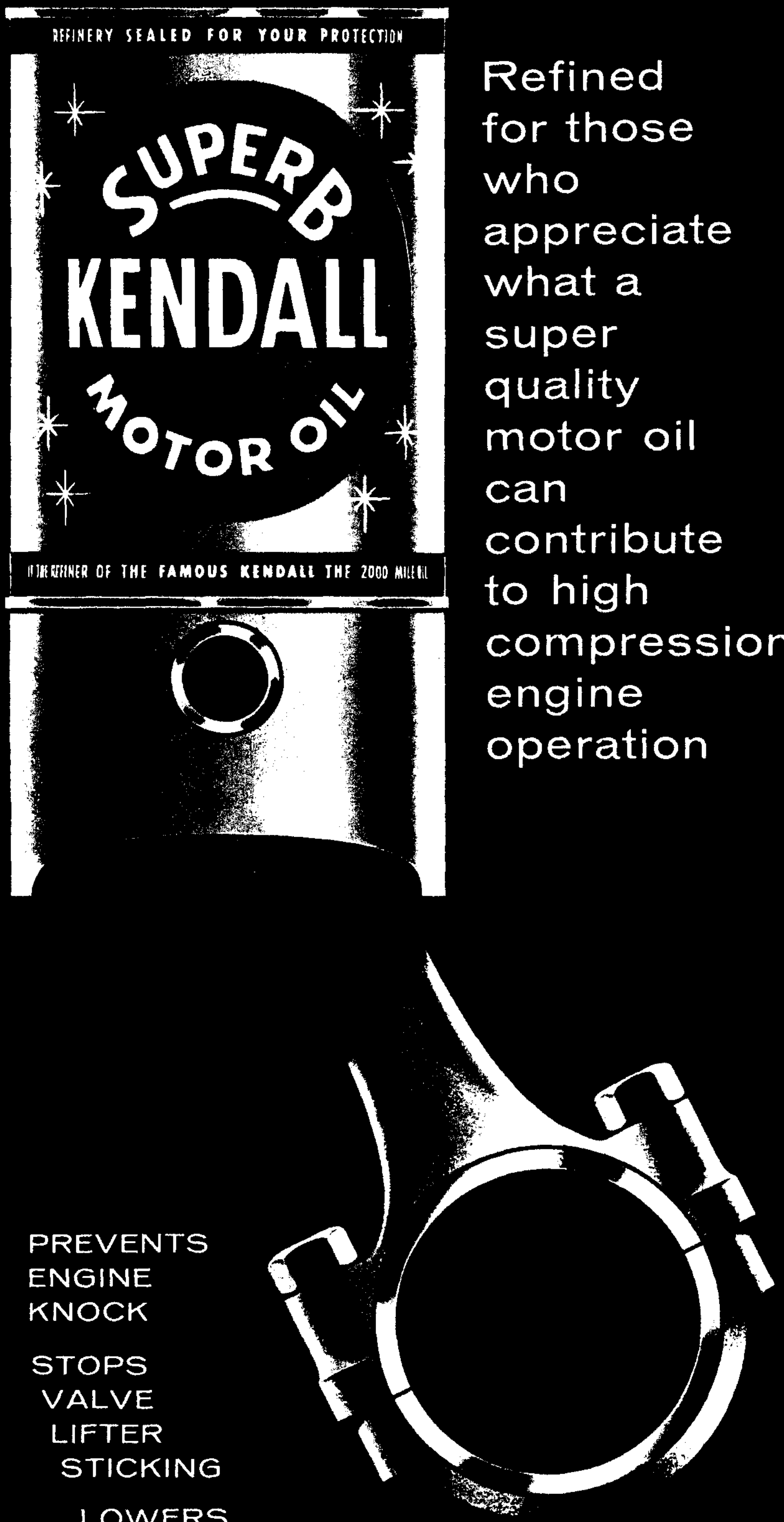
—BARBARA HEWSON

SUKIYAKI

¼ pound beef suet or
4 tablespoons cooking oil
4 cups green celery, cut in ¼-inch diagonal slices
2 sweet onions, sliced thin
1 cup young green onions, cut in 2-inch-long slices
3 cups fresh mushrooms, sliced thin
1 cup bamboo shoots, diced
2 firm, fresh tomatoes, sliced thin
1 can concentrated consommé or 1 beef bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup hot water
½ cup soy sauce
3 tablespoons sugar—more or less, to your taste
1 quart whole young tender spinach leaves—tear the larger ones into bite-size pieces
1 pound sirloin steak, sliced ⅛ inch thick—easier to do if steak is very, very cold

Heat suet or oil in electric skillet set at medium heat. Add all vegetables except spinach and cook for a few minutes, stirring occasionally. We like to sprinkle the tomatoes over the top so they stay crisp. Pour consommé, soy sauce and sugar over the vegetables and stir to cook evenly. Add the spinach and wafer-thin slices of beef. Simmer for 5 minutes and serve hot from the skillet. Serves four people.

And the Gabels gather round the table, Oriental style. Mrs. G. wishes she'd learned how to sit comfortably on low cushions!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Sizzling Suppers (continued)

Four more sizzling suppers that cook up beautifully

SKILLET GOULASH

Tomato-rich goulash is delicious served with buttered broad noodles or macaroni, crackling green salad with a slightly tart oil and vinegar dressing, pumpernickel, cheese, fruit, coffee.

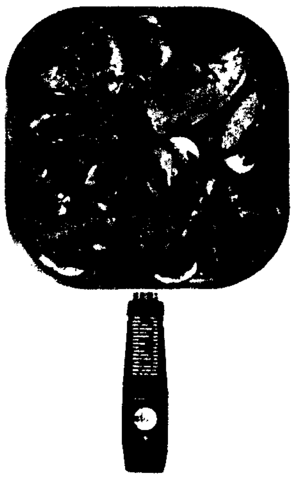
2 pounds beef chuck, cut in 2-inch cubes
1 cup onions, chopped
6 tablespoons fat or cooking oil
1 tablespoon flour
1½ teaspoons salt
1 tablespoon paprika
2 cups consommé, or 2 beef bouillon cubes dissolved in 2 cups of hot water
1 8-ounce can tomato sauce
2 cups peeled fresh tomatoes, chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
*bouquet garni**

Turn skillet to medium heat and sauté beef and onions in hot fat until onions become soft and yellow. Stir in flour, salt and paprika. Stir vigorously with a wooden spoon. Add all remaining ingredients and bring to the boiling point. Cover and simmer at medium heat until the meat is tender—40 to 60 minutes, depending on the steer! Remove bouquet *garni* just before serving. If there's any left, goulash is even better warmed up the next day. Serves 4 people.

* To make a bouquet *garni*, tie these ingredients in a piece of cheesecloth: a stalk of celery and celery leaves cut fine, 1 bay leaf, 2 tablespoons of chopped parsley and a blade of thyme.

CHICKEN MARENGO

This hearty dish—a favorite of Napoleon's, incidentally—takes nicely to broccoli, fresh fruit salad, a dry white wine.



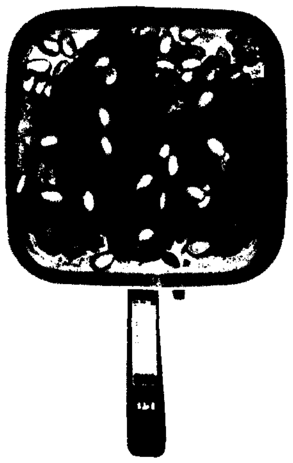
2 broilers, about 2½ pounds each
4 tablespoons olive or cooking oil
2 shallots, diced
1 clove of garlic, minced
1½ cups mushrooms, sliced
6 medium-size tomatoes, sliced
½ cup dry white wine
1 tablespoon cognac

Cut broilers into serving pieces, take the white meat off each side of the breastbone, leave the back as one serving, cut off wings and legs. Fry the broiler pieces in oil over medium high heat in electric skillet. (We like to use tongs when handling tender, succulent broilers.) When all pieces are a golden brown, lower the heat and cook with the cover on skillet for about 10 minutes. Then remove broilers from skillet and add the shallots, garlic, mushrooms and tomatoes. Let these vegetables cook in the oil until the mushrooms are almost done—10 to 15 minutes. Add the wine and brandy. Stir and blend until the liquids are reduced about a third. Return the broiler pieces to the skillet, cover and let simmer gently until you're sure the plumpest pieces are tender. This will take about 15 minutes. Serves four people.

in your new electric skillet or a regular frying pan

SKILLET SOLE AMANDINE

This is a deceptively rich dish, so good mealtime companions for sole amandine are asparagus vinaigrette, French bread or rolls, fresh pineapple in kirsch or Cointreau, and the rest of the dry white wine you opened to make the sauce.



4 fillets of sole or flounder
1 lemon, sliced
flour, salt, pepper
¾ to 1 cup of butter
1 clove of garlic, finely minced
1 small onion, chopped fine
1 cup blanched almonds
¾ to 1 cup of dry white wine
parsley

Rub fillets with cut surfaces of lemon. Dust evenly with flour, salt and pepper—we put fish on paper kitchen towels to do this. Heat ¼ cup butter in electric skillet until foaming and just beginning to turn brown. Sauté fillets until golden brown. Then gently push them to one side of pan and overlap the pieces so they'll stay warm. Add garlic, onion and almonds to the skillet and cook for a few minutes. Slowly add rest of the butter and the wine, a little at a time, and stir frequently with a tablespoon. Arrange fish in the sauce—still in the skillet—and spoon almonds and sauce over each serving. Season with salt and pepper and toss in a handful of tiny curls of parsley. Serve with a broad spatula or pastry server and be gentle; fillets are tender and boneless. You'll want wedges of lemon at the table too. Serves four people.

PEPPER ZUCCHINI

With this skillet supper dish: corned-beef sandwiches on rye bread, hot applesauce topped with ice cream and dusted with cinnamon; milk for everybody, hot coffee for the grownups.

4 or 5 zucchini squashes
4 tablespoons of olive or cooking oil
1 clove of garlic, sliced paper-thin
2 eight-ounce cans of tomato sauce
Worcestershire sauce
½ green pepper
½ red pepper or pimiento
½ teaspoon sweet basil
salt and pepper to taste
mozzarella cheese
paprika

Wash zucchinis and cut in halves lengthwise. Scoop out the center portion with a melon baller or a small spoon. Heat oil in skillet set at frying heat. Add finely sliced clove of garlic and cook zucchini—cut side down—until edges begin to brown. Add tomato sauce and a dash or two of Worcestershire to your taste. Turn zucchinis over, cover and simmer for about fifteen minutes over medium heat. Meanwhile chop green and red peppers, mix with seasonings and slice the mozzarella cheese to fit the hollowed-out servings of zucchini. About five minutes before serving time, fill the zucchini with seasoned peppers and dot with cheese. Cover again until the cheese melts. Sprinkle paprika over the cheese. Serves four people.

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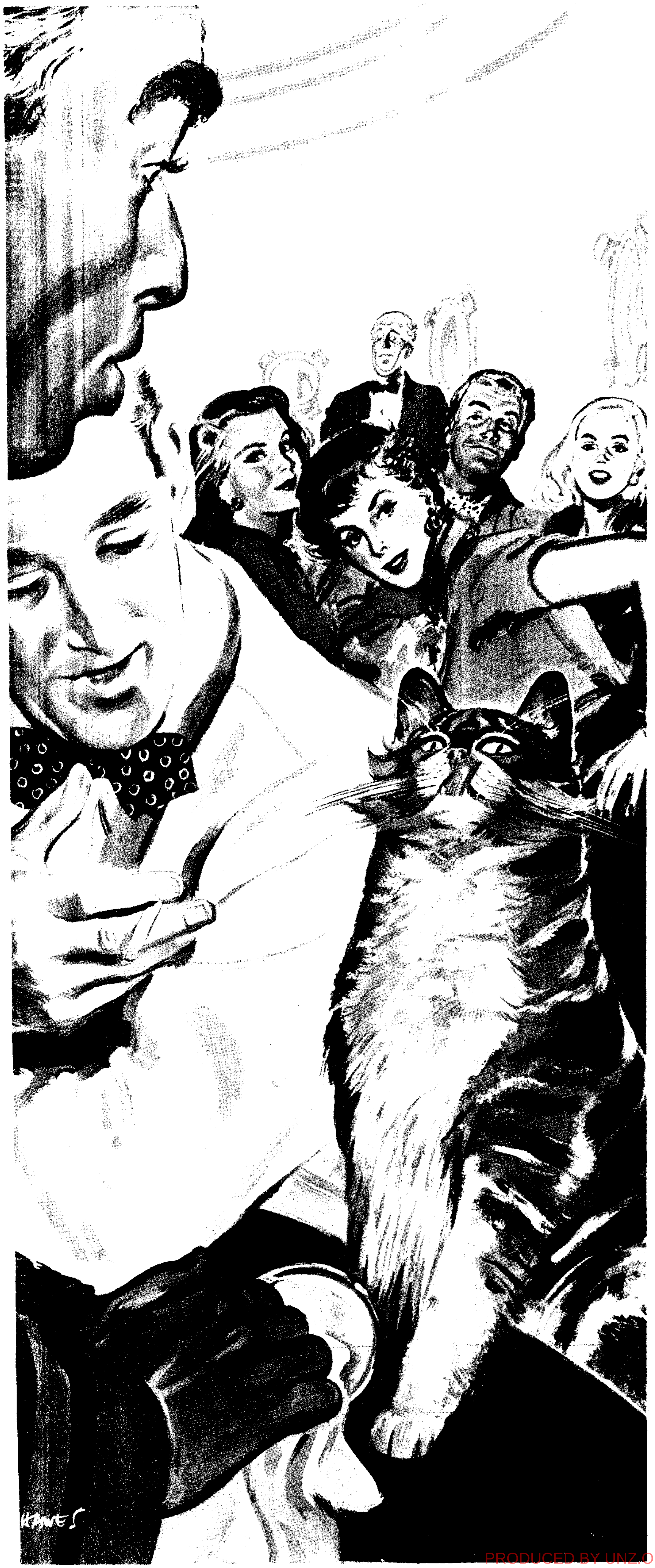

Stowaway

Tim wanted no trouble on this voyage—

his boss was aboard. But so, alas,

was his disreputable pal: Joe, the catalytic cat

By RICHARD STERN

THE luggage was piled at the door. In the center of the living room Lucas, in traveling suit and hat, swung young Thomas up and kissed him. "Now," she said, "you'll be good, very good." Thomas made sounds.

Miss Henderson said, "We'll be a good boy, Mrs. McCoy, and we'll miss Mother, but we'll be brave."

Cook, in the background, nodded vigorously in endorsement.

Tim McCoy patted his pockets foresightedly: steamship tickets, passports, money, traveler's checks, letter of credit, letters of introduction.

Vincent, the McCoy monkey, poked eagerly amongst the luggage, his small hands investigating tags, fastenings, labels. Beside him Joe, the McCoy cat, sat and watched. Joe's stub tail twitched in small angry jerks; his big head was stiffly set, expressing resentment of this change in routine.

"And we'll cable you as soon as we land," Lucas said. She kissed Thomas once more.

"We'll be waiting for word from Mother," Miss Henderson said.

Tim looked at his watch.

The wicker carryall stood by itself, packed with Lucas's shoes and the general overflow from her suitcase. Vincent poked it with his tiny fingers. He frowned, studying the wooden peg that was its latch, pulled at it. It came loose. Vincent squeaked softly. He lifted the lid. He looked at Joe, and Joe stood up, came to investigate. His stub tail ceased its twitching. His whiskers twinked. There was a rich, pleasant aroma of Lucas emanating from the carryall; it was familiar, enticing.

Tim said, "There's the cab. Let's go." He lifted Thomas from Lucas's arms and hugged him. "Behave yourself, bub." He smiled at Miss Henderson, at Cook, and set Thomas down on the floor. "Vacation ho," he said, and bent down to take the handle of the carryall. He saw the hanging wooden peg and fastened it. He

The young man perched himself on the stool next to Joe. His voice was gentle, amused. "What'll it be, cat?" he asked, grinning. "Name it"

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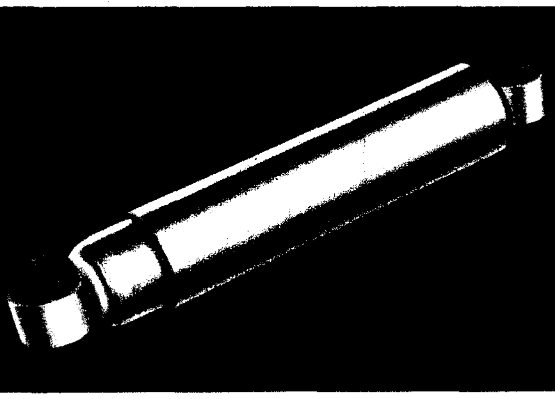

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stood up. "What's in here—rocks?"

Vincent capered excitedly. He waved his arms. He spoke in his high, squeaky voice.

"Okay," Tim said. "I'll remember that, young fellow." He looked around. "Where's Joe?"

"Joe's been sulking all morning," Lucas said. "He's furious at all the confusion."

"All right," Tim said. "Let's go."

ABOARD the great ship, the little man in the white coat said, "I'm George, your cabin steward."

Lucas looked around the stateroom and said, "It isn't like a ship at all. It's—it's like a hotel, or your own home."

"As I've pointed out when I wrote the ads," Tim said. He set the carryall and his coat on the bed. *"A Dawson ship is your floating home—"*

"That's very good," George said. "Your deck chairs are arranged. You're dining at the captain's table—"

"Wait a minute," Tim said. "There's some mistake. I'm not a movie star, or even a senator. I'm—we're just people." On the bed the carryall stirred gently. The ship's whistle sounded; beneath their feet there was the faint trembling of engines.

George said, "Orders from Mrs. Dawson herself. And when Mrs. Dawson gives orders"—he shrugged—"cocktails in Mrs. Dawson's stateroom this evening."

Tim said, "You mean she's aboard?"

"Her stateroom," George said, "is just down the corridor. Also, Mrs. Dawson would like to know if you and Mrs. McCoy play bridge."

"No," Tim said. "Definitely no."

"Tim," Lucas said.

Tim said, "Mrs. D. owns me—on land. When she sneezes, my whole advertising agency jumps. But when I'm on vacation—"

A low rumbling issued from the carryall. Lucas said, "Oh, no!"

George grew pale. The rumbling increased. Lucas said, "Tim!"

There were days, Tim thought, when you couldn't win for losing. Mrs. Dawson was aboard and just down the corridor and issuing instructions, and now this. He undid the latch, flipped up the lid.

Joe's whiskers were briskly curled. His stub tail rose and he spoke once, addressing them in a pleasant tone.

"I wondered where you were," Tim said. "Got a ticket?"

George cleared his throat again and said, "We have a kennel aboard and the purser will make arrangements. Mrs. Dawson's standing orders are—"

"Beat it," Tim said. "Just go away."

Joe's purring had stopped. He tucked his whiskers flat against his cheeks. He lowered his big head and regarded George thoughtfully. George departed.

"Well?" Lucas said.

Joe hopped out of the carryall. He jumped to the floor, strolled across the stateroom. He saw the open port and he lofted himself to it, paused on its ledge and studied the deck outside.

Lucas said, "I can't understand how he got in there, unless Vincent—"

"I'm not sure," Tim said, "that the method makes much difference." He was still brooding over the fact of Mrs. Dawson, thinking of seven days of Mrs. Dawson's domination.

"Well," Lucas said, and then from the corner of her eye she saw the movement, and she turned quickly. "Tim!" Her voice was shrill. "Tim, he's gone!"

The promenade deck was wide and pleasant. Passengers lined the rail watching the shore recede. Other passengers strolled aimlessly, in pairs, groups, singly. To these Joe was polite, speaking pleasantly when spoken to, yielding the right of way. There was an agreeable, unfamiliar salt tang in the air. He savored it.

Lucas reached the deck first. She saw Joe disappearing into an open doorway and she ran after him. Tim loped behind her. They reached the doorway. Joe was gone. Lucas said, "Oh, Tim!"

Tim took a deep breath. "If we jumped right now—"

Lucas stamped her foot. "Do something. Don't just stand there."

Tim nodded. He took her elbow in his hand. "The bar's probably open now. Let's go see."

"But Joe's off by himself, lost—"

"One fact that's sure," Tim said, "is that Joe can take care of himself. He'll turn up. When he's ready." . . .

There was a stairway, broad and sweeping. Joe trotted down it. He came to a vast open area which was lined with shops and filled with people walking slowly. He strolled amongst them, accepting their comments as his due. A page boy in a uniform with silver buttons said, "Hey! Cat. Shoo!" Joe spoke once, contemptuously, and paused to see if the page boy contemplated the use of force. The page boy hesitated. He studied the size of Joe's head, the bulge of the muscles in Joe's shoulders, the look in Joe's eye, and he hurried off. Joe strolled on.

There was an elevator. Joe walked into it, following a large, elderly woman who reeked of lavender. He sat down beside her feet and inhaled her fragrance. When the elevator stopped and the woman stepped out, Joe followed. An important-looking man in a blue uniform bowed and spoke deferentially to the woman, who answered with a word and swept past. Joe followed. The woman reeked magnificently.

They stopped at a stateroom door. The woman knocked, waited, knocked again. There was no answer. Joe lowered his head and sniffed at the crack beneath the door. His whiskers twinked as he recognized the familiar odor of Lucas and Tim. He looked up and chirruped, and the woman looked down, and for a moment there was silence. Then, "George!" the woman said in a loud quarterdeck voice. *"George!"* And the corridor was suddenly filled with people, too many people, bustle, and confusion. Joe trotted away.

IN THE bar Lucas said, "Now, Tim, please be sensible. We have to do something."

"Like what?" He sipped his highball.

"Well," Lucas said. "The purser, I think. Tell him, I mean."

"That Joe has no ticket?"

"Tim!"

"All right." He slid off the stool.

"And the money and the passports and the traveler's checks—shouldn't they go in a safe, or something?"

"I suppose," Tim said. "Wait here."

When the purser had given him a receipt for the valuables, Tim said, "Ah—I have a cat." He hesitated finding the declaration difficult. "We thought he was at home. Then we found he wasn't."

The purser's smile was sympathetic. "That's a shame," he said. *On a Dawson ship the passenger is always to be treated with consideration.* "We have ship-to-shore telephone communication, of course, and if you would like to call your home and see if he has been found—"

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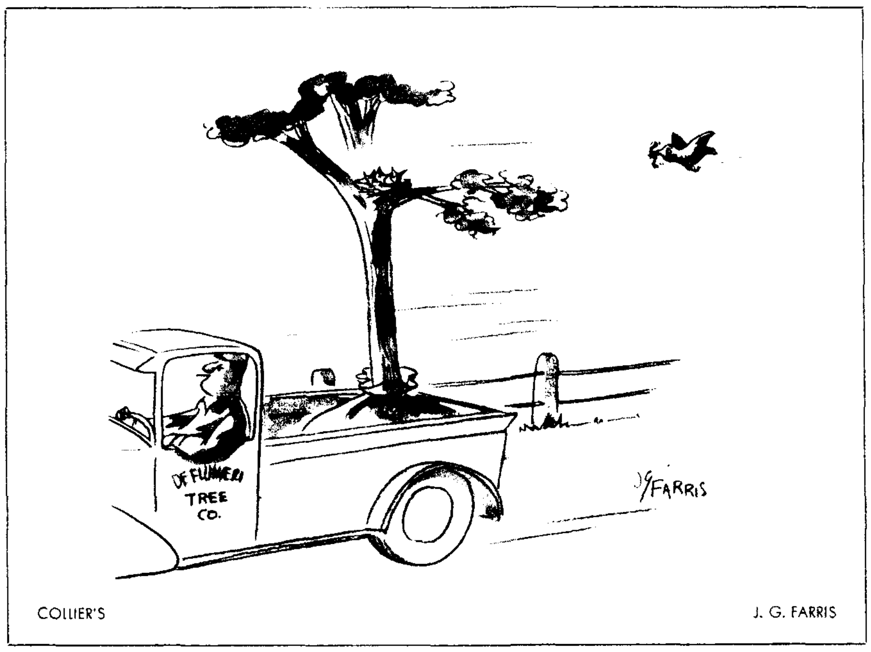


COLLIER'S J. G. FARRIS

"I'm afraid," Tim said, "that we're not quite on the same wave length, you and I."

There was silence. The purser's eyebrows rose; the air of sympathy disappeared. "Am I to understand, sir—"

"I just thought I'd tell you," Tim said. He paused. "He's a big cat, and —ah—he doesn't have much tail, and he's pretty sure of himself, and you might find him in a bar." He paused. "He likes rum." He paused again. "In warm milk, especially, but . . ." He let it trail off there.

The purser nodded slowly, with determined calm.

"Well," Tim said. "There it is. I promised my wife I'd tell you."

"Thank you," the purser said.

"Not at all," Tim said. He started to turn away, stopped and faced the purser again. "He isn't really dangerous. That is, if you treat him with—"

"Respect?" the purser said.

Tim's face brightened. "That's it. You're a cat man?" It was, somehow, easier now. "It's just that he doesn't like to be pushed around." He smiled. "Well, I'm glad I told you."

When Tim got back to the bar, Lucas said, "Well?"

"Nice guy," Tim said. "A cat man."

"Oh," Lucas said, and the relief in her voice was plain. "Then it's all right, isn't it? Isn't it, Tim?" . . .

Joe trotted along the deck. He paused beneath an open port, crouched, lofted himself neatly to the narrow ledge. He looked inside.

The chief steward walked over to the purser's office. "You have anything on a cat?" He paused. "At least, I think it's a cat. Mrs. Dawson called me down to her stateroom. She said it was about the size of an ocelot and it snarled at her."

"I know all about him," the purser said. "Perfectly ordinary cat, nothing at all unusual—likes his rum, hangs out in bars—"

"Are you drunk?" the chief steward said.

The purser shook his head. "I don't think so. On the other hand, I'm not at all sure." He paused. "You'd better have your men work in pairs." . . .

This stairway was narrower, and the woodwork was plain. A sign said: *Tourist Class Only*. Joe trotted on. He followed a narrow passageway, pushed open a swinging door with one big shoulder, and went inside. His nose said that he had arrived.

There were eight young people sitting around a table. One of them said, "Hey, look!" And he reached down to snap his fingers. "Hello, cat. Come join us. Here. Have a peanut."

Joe investigated the gift. He licked some of the salt from it. He spoke his thanks aloud, turned away, crossed the room and hopped onto one of the bar stools. He chirruped to the barman. The young man with the peanut said, "How about that? He wants a drink." He left the table, perched himself on the stool next to Joe. His voice was gentle, amused. "What'll it be, cat? Name it."

THERE were ten people besides George, the steward, in the sitting room of Mrs. Dawson's suite. Mrs. Dawson herself sat in a large chair, a cigarette in an overlong holder in her hand. She pointed the holder at Tim. A diamond bracelet glimmered on her plump wrist. "Well, young man?"

"Hello, Mrs. D," Tim said. He touched Lucas's arm. "My wife."

Mrs. Dawson nodded to Lucas. "Pretty," she said, "and you look sensible." She looked at Tim again. "Bringing wild animals aboard my ship. I won't have it, you hear?"

"I hear," Tim said. He wondered what he was going to do about it.

Mrs. Dawson waved the holder like a baton. "My other guests: Count and Countess Blancken, Admiral and Mrs. Holland Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Peters, and"—her voice altered subtly—"Mr. Melody." She smiled up at Mr. Melody who was tall and sleek, with one eyebrow raised sardonically.

Mr. Melody said, "This monster of yours, Mr. McCoy. He is still at large?"

"You might put it that way," Tim said. He wondered how Mr. Melody would look with a black eye.

"Joe is only a cat," Lucas said. "He got into the luggage by mistake." She was speaking directly to Mrs. Dawson. "He won't cause any trouble, I'm sure, and he'll find us again and—"

Admiral Simmons said, "All ships have cats; keep down rats."

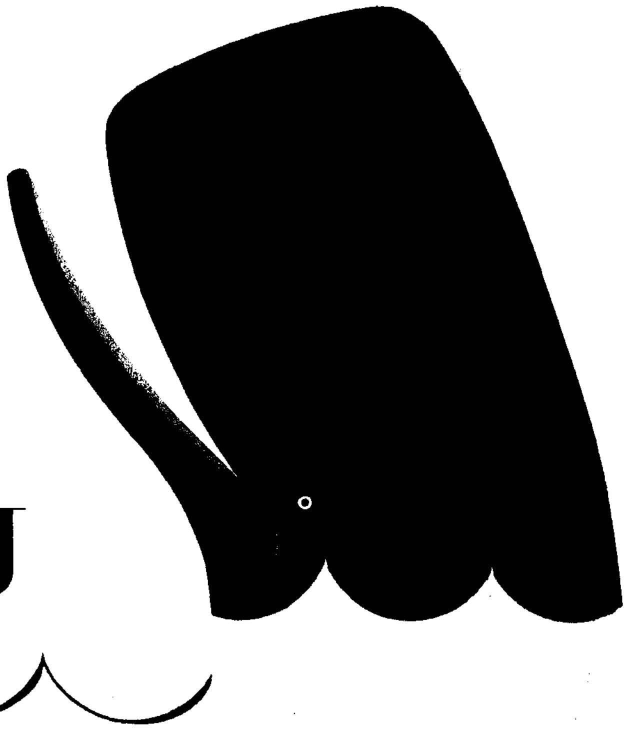
"Rats," said Mrs. Dawson, "are not allowed in the passenger areas of my ships. Neither are cats. I won't have my passengers terrorized. And you, young McCoy, should have known better."

Mr. Melody said, "Some people are allergic to cats, you know. Now I, for example—"

"I read someplace," Lucas said pleasantly, "that people who dislike cats or are afraid of them must have been rats in a previous incarnation. Do you suppose there is anything to it?"

"Bully for you," Admiral Simmons

the big thing



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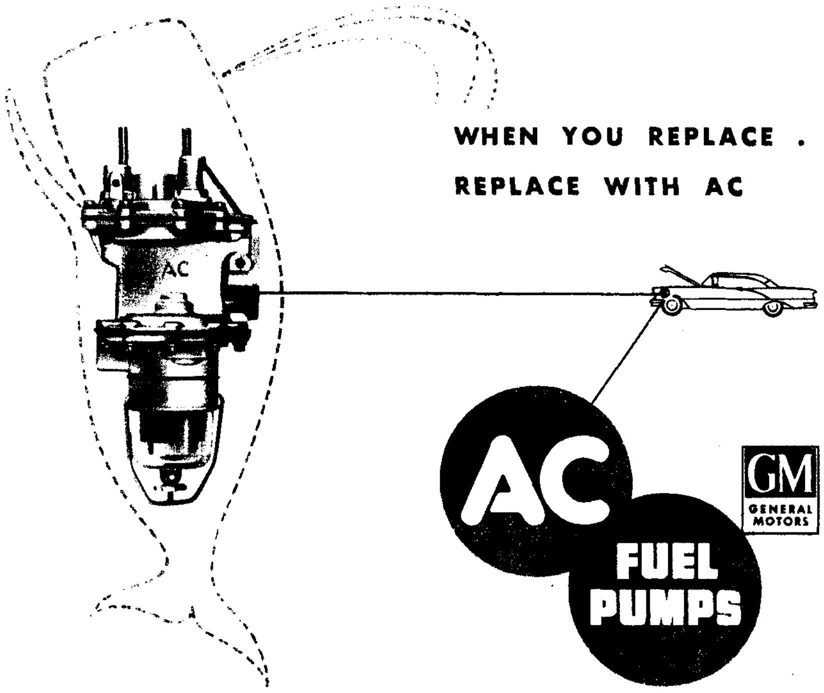

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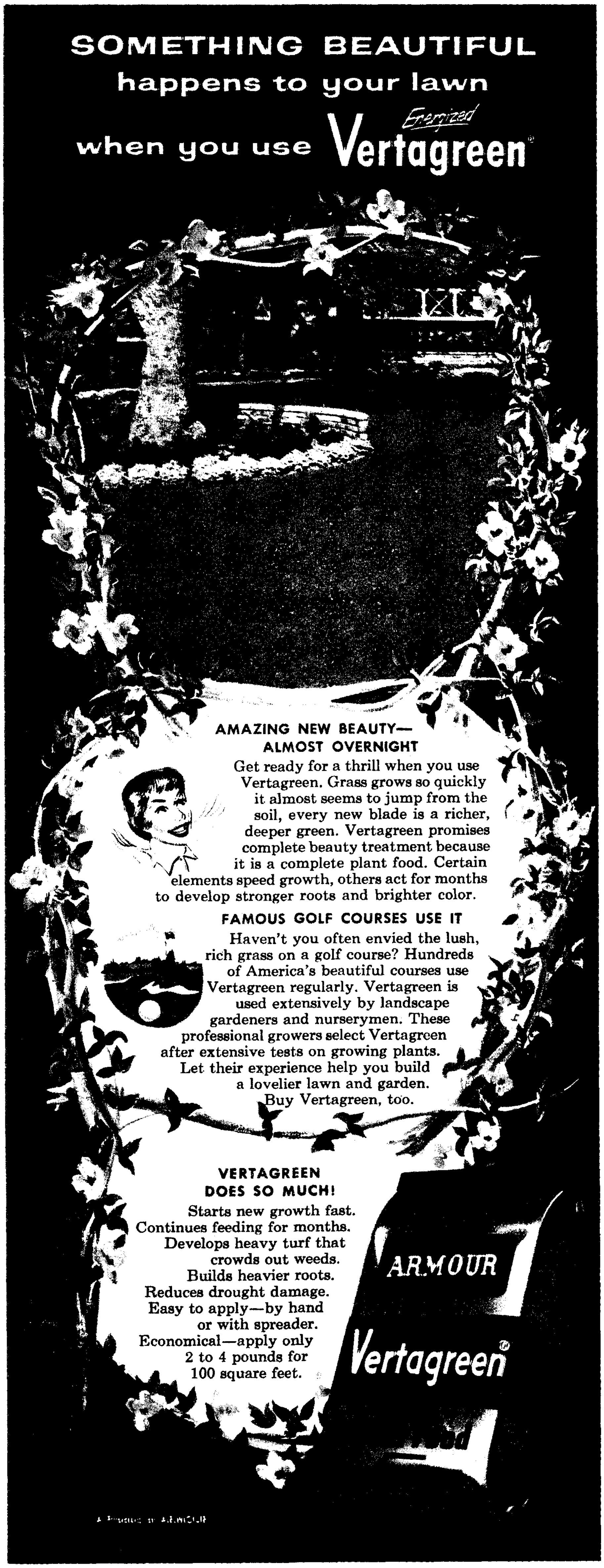
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said. "Direct hit between wind and water." He looked at Mr. Melody.

There was a knock at the door and the chief steward came in. He made a small bow to Mrs. Dawson. "I'm sorry to disturb you, but"—he turned to Tim—"Mr. McCoy? I think that your cat is in the tourist bar."

"Let's go," Tim said.

Admiral Simmons said, "Sorry if this is the end of it. It promised to be an interesting voyage."

THERE were quite a few people in the tourist bar, but Joe was not. At the bar itself the young man who had offered the peanut said to the bartender, "It's your own fault. All he wanted was a drink." He saw the chief steward and Tim come in. "Discrimination, that's what it is. I offered to buy."

Tim said, "What happened?"

"Nothing," the young man said. "The barman tried to chase the cat out. The cat wasn't having any. He growled—you've heard him growl?"

"I have," Tim said.

The young man nodded. He was obviously suppressing delight. "Barman retreated and telephoned for reinforcements." He grinned openly. "The cat looked around at everybody, like Gary Cooper staring down a whole saloon. Nobody moved. The cat sauntered out." He paused. "He's yours? Can I buy you a drink?"

"Not now, thanks," Tim said.

The young man nodded understandingly. "When you find him I'd like to interview him. He's a character."

"I'll keep it in mind," Tim said.

It was later. Lucas and Tim were back in their own stateroom. Lucas said, "You're sure we don't dress for dinner?"

"Not on the first night," Tim said. "Relax. About that part, anyway."

Lucas picked up her hairbrush. "That Mr. Melody—"

"Yes," Tim said. "The old girl has a penchant for young men. She likes to mother them."

Lucas put down the brush. She said slowly, "How important is the Dawson account? To the agency, I mean?"

Tim tried to grin, but it was not a convincing effort. "Important enough. If she decides to change agencies—and she might on no more grounds than this—" He stood up. "Let's walk around the deck, get some air."

"All right," Lucas said. She took Tim's arm. "This was supposed to be a vacation. I'm so sorry, Tim. Joe—"

"It's not his fault," Tim said. "He's just looking around. But I do wish he'd stop before somebody tries to push him around and he gets mad."

HERE, on this part of the deck, it was quiet. Joe sniffed the salt air. From time to time, in memory of the unfriendly treatment in the bar, his tail jerked angrily, his eyes narrowed, he muttered to himself. He was hungry and he was thirsty and he was annoyed. And then his ears cocked forward. The odors and the sounds were unmistakable. He trotted ahead, following a narrow corridor, and turned, at last, into a small room.

There were cages lining the bulkheads. Here was a poodle, there another, and yet a third; a fat Pekingese lay on his stomach; a boxer sat upright. In each cage there was a bowl of water, a plate of food. Joe surveyed the scene.

It was the Pekingese who opened the ball, working himself immediately into a loud frenzy, hurling insults through the mesh. The poodles spoke among themselves. The boxer growled.

Joe studied them all. His stub tail twitched continuously now, and deep in his chest a rumbling growl began. He stalked slowly between the cages. And then he stopped and opened his mouth and let out his full battle cry, a wavering yowl of defiance blending rage and contempt, a sound that echoed from the bulkheads and rolled down the corridor outside.

The Pekingese rose to new heights of shrillness. The poodles clamored. The boxer snarled. Somewhere a door slammed. A man's voice said, "Now. Now. What's all the trouble?"

Joe turned to face the doorway. He saw the man appear, stop short, and then begin to move forward. "Oh," the man said. "I've heard about you. You're a big one, aren't you?"

Joe stayed where he was, his head lowered and his whiskers laid flat against his cheeks, the muscles of his shoulders bunched. Joe's growl rumbled like summer thunder. He made no move to retreat.

The man hesitated. "Now, look—"

Joe moved toward the doorway where the man stood. His eyes, unblinking, did not leave the man's face; his growl sounded fair warning.

"Look here," the man said. "Nobody wants to hurt you. Here's—here's a nice cage. You just hop in and—" He had known from the beginning, he supposed, that it was futile, that eventually, inevitably, the situation would pass from words to action. He was sweating now, and the odor of his nervousness reached the cages. The boxer caught it first and his snarling roar filled the small room. Joe paid no heed. He moved slowly, purposefully, straight for the doorway.

"Well," the man said. "If that's really what you want." His voice had risen above the normal pitch. He stepped aside gingerly. Joe stalked away, down the corridor.

MRS. DAWSON said, "And now he has been down in the kennel, frightening the poor animals half to death." It was after dinner. They sat in the small lounge. She spoke directly to Tim. "I was under the impression that you were a responsible person. An advertising agency is supposed to create good will—"

Lucas said, "Aren't you confusing issues, Mrs. Dawson?" There was a small spot of color in each cheek. "We have a cat, and he came aboard by mistake. He had nothing to do with advertising, or with Tim's responsibility—"

Tim said, "He'll get hungry. He'll come back to our stateroom. He might even be there now."

"Then," Mrs. Dawson said, "why aren't you?"

Admiral Simmons said, "There was some talk of bridge." He looked at Mr. Melody.

"I think I'll beg off tonight," Mr. Melody said. "Unpacking, you know." He smiled at Mrs. Dawson. "With permission?" he said intimately.

"Of course," Mrs. Dawson said. She even smiled. "If you think you must." She tucked a fresh cigarette into the long holder; the diamond bracelet glittered on her wrist.

Admiral Simmons stood up. He said to Lucas, "Tempest in a teapot. Like cats myself. Like to meet yours. Sounds interesting."

Mrs. Dawson glared.

Mr. Melody said, "Good night, all." He saved his special smile for Mrs. Dawson. . . .

Joe trotted along the darkened deck. The ship was large and seemed to be crowded everywhere. It appeared only reasonable that somewhere among all of these people, friendly and otherwise, there would be food and, possibly, drink: warm milk with rum in it, dark rum, laid in with a generous hand. Joe's whiskers twinked pleasurably. And then he stopped short, caught by another odor, the reek of lavender, rich, attractive, certainly worth investigation. He crouched and lofted himself accurately to the ledge of the open port. Small curtains fluttered against his nose. He pushed against them and dropped soundlessly to the carpet. He heard a small noise, saw a tiny light. The room was apparently occupied.

THE small light moved across the room to a dressing table and settled there on a small closed case. A hand came into the beam of light and the case opened; the odor of lavender seemed to flood the room. Joe moved forward, the better to see, to sniff.

The hand closed the case and the beam of light swung back toward the center of the room. It touched Joe, swung past, swung back again and steadied. A voice, falling into the unfriendly category, said, "What are you doing here? Get out!"

Joe reacted automatically. The light was in his eyes. He faced it stubbornly, facing the voice behind it. He lowered his head and laid back his whiskers. His stub tail jerked. The great muscles in his shoulders bunched and deep in his furry chest the growl began, rumbling warningly. He stepped forward.

The voice said, "Get out of the way!" and a foot shot out with sudden, vicious intent. It struck Joe, and the situation was, thereupon, made clear.

Joe picked himself up. He made one sound, frightening in its intensity. He took two running steps forward and launched his attack, putting into it all of the fury and the frustration of the day, all of the pent-up rage at insult and misunderstanding. He went into combat like a highly mobile buzz saw. It was, really, no contest.

The small flashlight dropped to the carpet. The enemy dodged, broke and fled, reached the doorway to the corridor and slid quickly through. The door closed firmly. There was silence.

Joe paced the carpet muttering to himself. His tail jerked in small, angry spasms. He waited, but the enemy did not return. Slowly his fury died away. He returned to the place where the open port had been. It was gone, covered from the inside by the curtain.

It was puzzling. He circled the room like a small lion in a cage, setting his feet down hard. He muttered, and then, with the air of a man who bides his time, he sat down and raised one forepaw and began to pluck at the claws with his teeth. He would wait.

TIM was in his pajamas. Lucas, in bed, said, "I was sure Joe would come back."

"So," said Tim, "was I."

"Unless," Lucas said, and stopped.

"Cut it out," Tim said. And then, "Sorry. I'm jumpy, I guess."

"I know." Her voice was gentle, understanding. "That awful old woman, with her cigarette holder and her diamond bracelet, talking to you, to us, as if we were small, naughty children."

In the corridor there were voices, and then the knock sounded at the door, firm, imperious. Tim crossed the room. He opened the door. Mrs. Dawson, large, imposing, bellicose, said, "Your cat, Mr. McCoy, is in my stateroom. I opened the door and—"

Tim was already in the corridor. Mrs. Dawson swung around and marched after him. Lucas snatched up a robe.

Mr. Melody and George were in the corridor. Tim opened Mrs. Dawson's door, stepped inside and switched on the overhead light. Joe stood up. His whiskers twinked. He spoke distinctly, setting forth the facts. "Okay," Tim said. "Okay." He bent down and scratched hard on the heavy muscles of Joe's shoulders. "It's all right, bub." Joe's purr began, filling the room.

From the door Mrs. Dawson said, "It is not all right."

Mr. Melody said, "After all, McCoy—"

Joe's purr stopped. He looked toward the doorway. His growl began, deep in his chest.

"Relax, bub," Tim said, kneeling beside Joe. Tim picked up the flashlight, and then something else, something small, gleaming. He held them out to Mrs. Dawson. "Joe doesn't carry a flashlight." He paused. "And he isn't much interested in diamond pins."

Mrs. Dawson stared. "My pin—"

"Yes," Tim said, staring down at Joe again. He said, "Let me see, bub. What have you got?" And he lifted the forepaw, and pressed its pad, extending the five hooked claws. He freed the bit of tweed jammed between claw and sheath. He stood up with it in his hand. He spoke slowly, looking straight at Mrs. Dawson. "It would seem that somebody wearing a tweed suit—" He stopped and there was silence. "Cat's claws are sharp. They cut sometimes almost like razors and you don't even feel it. Just under your arm, Mr. Melody, that tear wasn't there at dinner."

Mr. Melody looked down at the tear. Then he looked around, at Mrs. Dawson, at Tim, at Lucas and at George. Tim said, "There isn't any place to run, Mr. Melody. Not on a ship."

IT WAS later. Mrs. Dawson sat in a large chair. Lucas was on the sofa; Tim leaned against the wall. Joe approached Mrs. Dawson's chair, sniffed at Mrs. Dawson's ankles. They reeked pleasantly. Mrs. Dawson bore the investigation with stoicism. She appeared shaken. "Simon Melody," she said. "He was such a pleasant boy. And to turn out to be a thief—my jewels right there in his stateroom!"

"Yes," Tim said. He wished that he were not watching the old woman's disintegration. He looked at Lucas and saw that she was wishing the same. He said, "I think we'll be getting along, Mrs. D. Come on, Joe."

"No." The voice was high and unsteady. She took a deep breath. She looked down at Joe. He watched her warily. She looked again at Tim. "He likes rum, I understand? That's why he went to the tourist bar?"

"Rum in warm milk," Lucas said. "We'll—"

"Punch that bell," Mrs. Dawson ordered.

Tim hid his smile. "It's a little late, Mrs. D. He can wait till—"

"This is my ship, isn't it?" Mrs. Dawson said, the air of command fully returned. "I'll run it the way I see fit. You hear, young McCoy?"

"I hear," Tim said. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Lucas wink as she pressed the button.

"*Your* job is advertising," Mrs. Dawson said. She looked down at Joe. "You're quite a beast, aren't you?"

The voice, Joe decided, fell into the friendly category. Out of politeness he purred.

—RICHARD STERN

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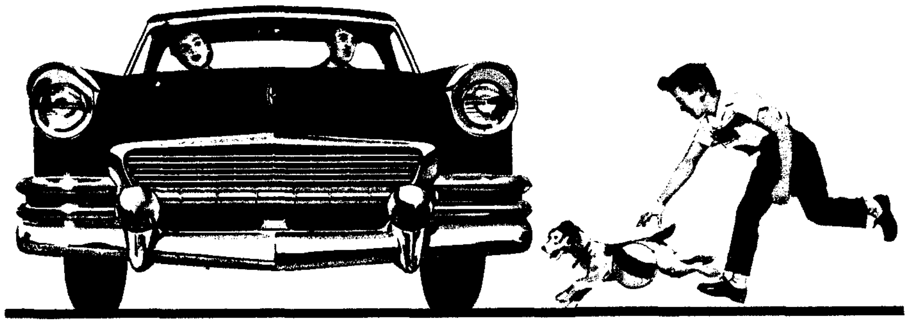

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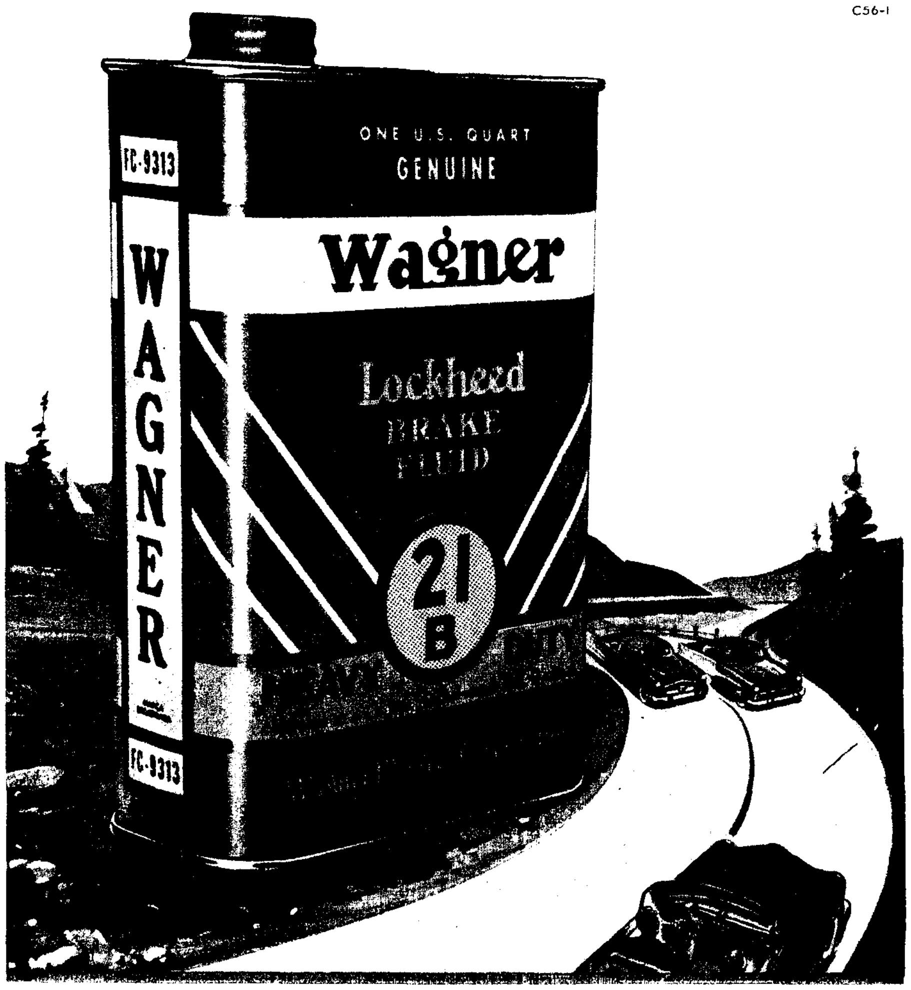

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Every fish on a fly

You can bring in the finest game fish in the world with a fly rod, says this expert. His record proves it

IN THIS world of ours, there are a few fortunate souls who earn their keep at occupations so unlike the usual concept of "work" that people remark in wonder: "And they get paid for it, too?"

Among the handful so happily employed you must certainly include a rugged, fifty-four-year-old gentleman named Joseph Brooks, of Islamorada, Florida. Joe is a professional sports fisherman—a job to make most of America's 43,000,000 other anglers drool in envy. His matchless grace and incredible accuracy in handling a fly rod, which requires the ultimate in angling skill, have led many to call him "the world's best fly fisherman." As a result, tackle manufacturers pay him well to test and use their wares, and editors ask him to write profitable, advice-filled articles and books about his angling experiences.

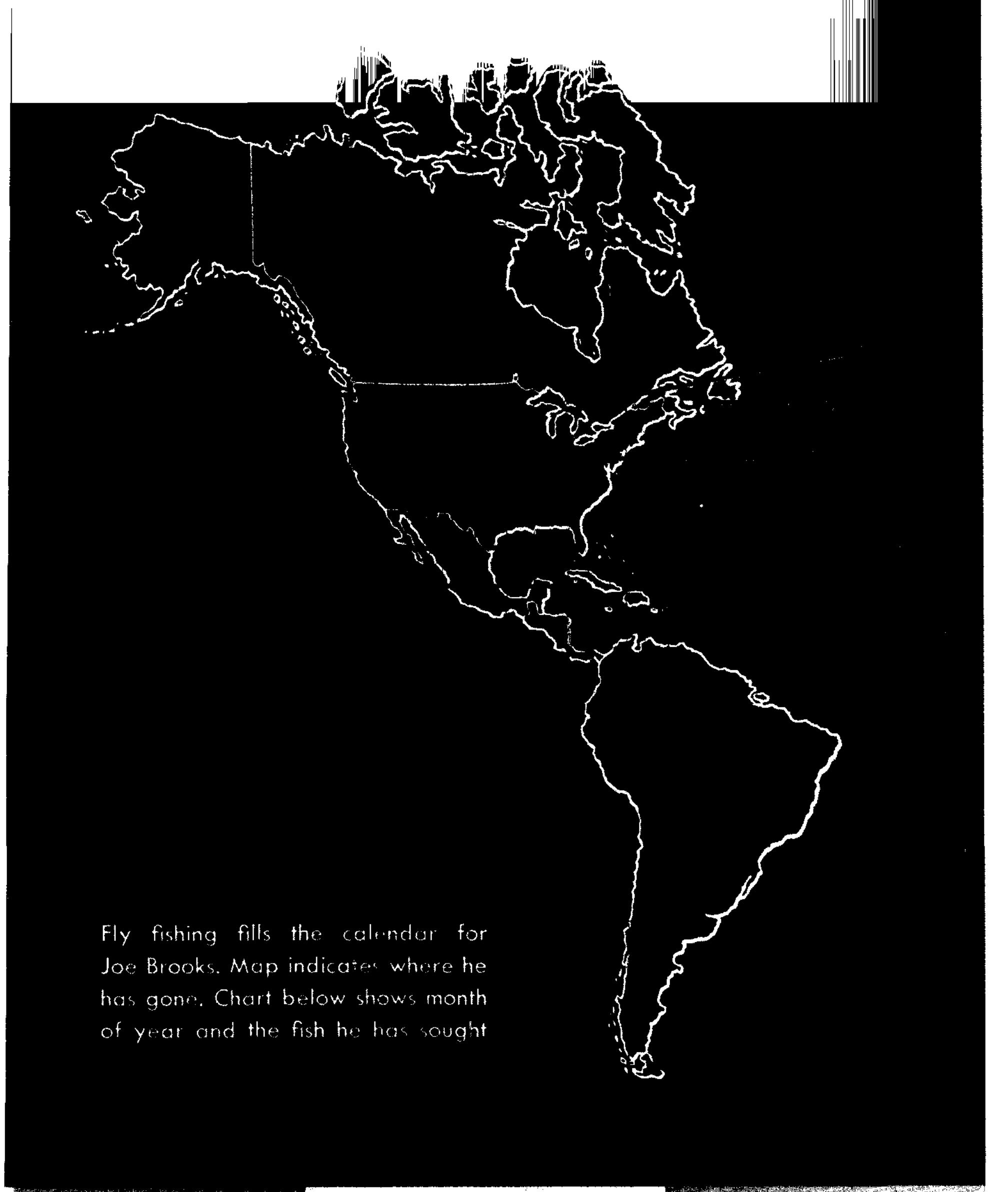
Brooks gathers his material by traveling some 75,000 miles a year fishing in the most exclusive places for the most exciting fish. If the Atlantic salmon are running in Newfoundland . . . if the bonefish are roaming the tide flats off Cuba's Isle of Pines . . . if the striped bass are in at Cape Cod . . . if Argentina's giant trout are in season . . . if the arctic charr are migrating in Alaska . . . if the tarpon are on the move in Florida—Joe Brooks is likely to be there. His itinerary over the years reads like the travels of an advance scout for a tourist agency.

Twenty-odd years ago, when Joe abandoned the insurance business to become a professional angler, skeptics called him foolish to stake his fishing future exclusively on his fly rod. They claimed that only certain kinds of fish would take a fly. Brooks has proved them wrong by landing every popular fresh-water game fish and 61 species of salt-water fish on his flies. Along the way, he has set some notable records. He has caught three of the six permits—a giant relative of the pompano—ever taken with flies. He was the first ever to catch a flying fish on a fly. His 29½-pound striped bass, his 14-pound barracuda and his 18½-pound brown trout are conceded to be trophy catches for fly tackle. "Any fish that can be taken on the surface with a hook and line," says Brooks proudly, "will hit an artificial fly."

Joe also vehemently disputes the theory that fishing has declined. "The stocking program and conservation measures have meant better fishing today than we generally had 25 years ago—and it's getting even better. You know," he adds longingly, "I'd love to have this job of mine fifty years from now."

—CURT GOWDY

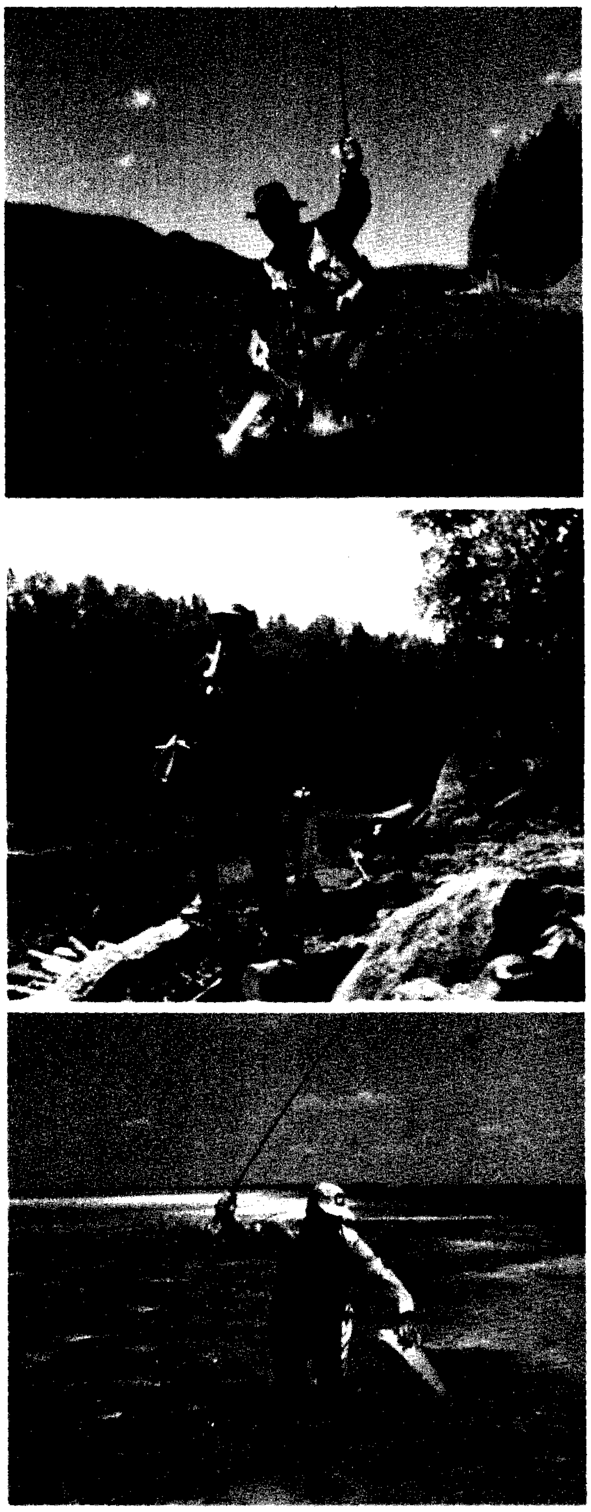
Joe Brooks, who has been called "the world's best fly fisherman," displays 18½-pound brown trout he caught in Argentina. It's rated biggest ever landed on fly tackle



Fly fishing fills the calendar for Joe Brooks. Map indicates where he has gone. Chart below shows month of year and the fish he has sought

MONTH	LOCATION	FISH
1. JANUARY	BAHAMAS	BONEFISH
2. FEBRUARY	ARGENTINA	BROWN TROUT
3. MARCH	CUBA	PERMIT
4. APRIL	BERMUDA	SNAPPERS
5. MAY	FLORIDA KEYS	TARPON
6. JUNE	NEWFOUNDLAND	ATLANTIC SALMON
7. JULY	ONTARIO	SMALLMOUTH BASS
8. AUGUST	MONTANA	RAINBOW TROUT
9. SEPTEMBER	ALASKA	GRAYLING
10. OCTOBER	CHESAPEAKE BAY	STRIPED BASS
11. NOVEMBER	FLORIDA	LARGEMOUTH BASS
12. DECEMBER	PANAMA	SNOOK

. . . Leading the life he loves



Angling wizard Joe Brooks (top to bot.) nets rainbow trout in Big Moose Lake, Montana: comes ashore with two Atlantic salmon in Newfoundland, and lands a bonefish off Bahamas. Some tested fly-fishing tips from Brooks: Every fisherman should go after brown trout from time to time to sharpen his eyes. It's the most suspicious species around, requiring so much skill to catch that everything else seems easy by comparison . . . The longer your leader the better your chance of getting fish . . . When a bonefish strikes, raise rod high overhead and let fish take the line. Its initial run may last 700 feet, but then the fish wearies and is ready to be reeled in . . . Don't be too eager to set hook. More fish are lost through overanxiousness than for any other cause

BENSON on the Farm Issue

continued from page 27

commodities are said to have a "fair" relationship with the prices of other goods. If, for example, the money received for a bale of cotton will buy as many shoes, suits, chairs, etc., as it bought in a period of fair price relationships—usually 1910 to 1914—cotton is at parity.)

Previously laws had been enacted setting price supports between 52 and 75 per cent of parity. But the World War II measure—the Steagall Amendment—set the support level at 90 per cent, and it was to be in effect for as long as the war should last and for two full years after it was over.

In 1948 a Republican-led Congress, and in 1949 a Democrat-led Congress—more than two full years after the war ended—passed legislation providing for an end to the rigid wartime supports and the gradual adoption of flexible, or variable, supports.

But before the new laws could take effect, certain self-styled friends of the farmer seized upon the issue as a political opportunity, claiming that we need rigid 90 per cent of parity supports to keep farm prices and income steady. Amendments were passed continuing high rigid supports on the basic commodities (corn, cotton, wheat, rice, tobacco and peanuts) through the 1954 crops.

When the Republican administration took office in 1953, we were bound by law to support these crops at 90 per cent through 1954. And we have done so.

But President Eisenhower had pledged to study this entire question, and we have also done this.

ONE OF OUR FIRST ACTS in the Department of Agriculture was to get under way the most comprehensive study of the entire price support question ever made. More than 60 different survey groups, 500 farm leaders, the agricultural colleges and research institutions, a great many producer, processor and trade groups, the national farm organizations, congressmen, the bipartisan National Agricultural Advisory Commission and thousands of individual farmers, all contributed their ideas. We listened to anyone who volunteered a suggestion.

The sentiment of these groups favored flexible rather than rigid supports. Upon this foundation the Agricultural Act of 1954 was built; it provided that price supports should gradually become flexible, beginning with 1955 crops.

Certainly, flexible supports make more sense than rigid supports in peacetime. Rigid supports attempt to hold prices at a given level of parity regardless of supplies, market conditions or national needs. Flexible supports, on the other hand, are adjustable to market conditions, and go up or down in reverse ratio to supplies. No industry in this country could continue to operate profitably in peacetime under the rigidity imposed upon agriculture by the wartime programs.

Surely, history has proved that rigid supports are not a dependable way to protect farm prices or farm income. For two decades we have had mandatory supports on a selected group of commodities. For almost the entire period, farm commodities that were not supported have had a price advantage over those which were supported.

Nor do rigid price supports serve consumers by providing true abundance. Look at the bulging stocks of farm commodities taken off the market and now under loan or in government hands. A government warehouse is not a market. What good do consumers get out of mountains of stored-up and deteriorating wheat and corn? We must have reserves, of course; but these accumulations are far beyond reasonable reserves.

And look at the cost. We have had to raise the borrowing authority of the Commodity Credit Corporation from $6,750,000,000 in 1953 to $12,000,000,000 in 1955 to make good on our inherited price support obligations.

On January 9th of this year President Eisenhower sent to the Congress a Special Message on Agriculture. It contained the administration's recommendations for building solidly on the sound, basic farm program enacted in 1954.

The nine-point administration program (see box on opposite page) is a sound, logical attack on our most urgent problem, the surplus. It strikes at both sides of the price-cost squeeze.

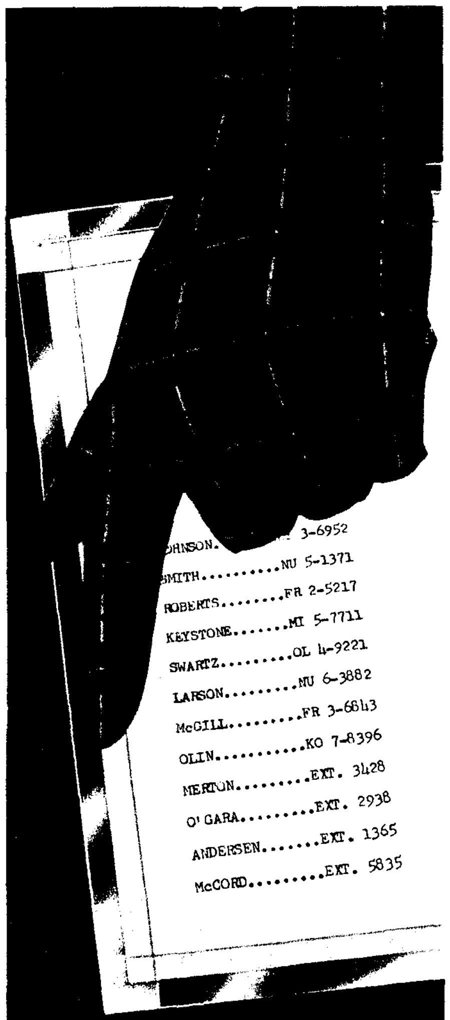
Its number one point is the Soil Bank, which has two parts. Part one is an acreage reserve. It calls for a voluntary and temporary cut in production of the crops now in greatest surplus—wheat, cotton, corn and rice.

Say a farmer has an allotment of 100 acres of wheat. He might choose to plant only 80 acres. The other 20 he puts into the acreage reserve. He agrees not to graze or to harvest any other crop from these acres.

For placing these acres in the reserve the farmer gets a certificate, the value of which will be high enough to make participation in the program worth while. He can present his certificate to the Commodity Credit Corporation for cash payment or he can redeem it in wheat at a specified rate. The choice is his.

The second part of the soil-bank proposal is a conservation reserve.

This also is a voluntary program. Farmers will be asked to contract with the government to shift land out of cultivated crops and into forage or trees and, where feasible, to ponds and reservoirs. The farmer will be paid a fair



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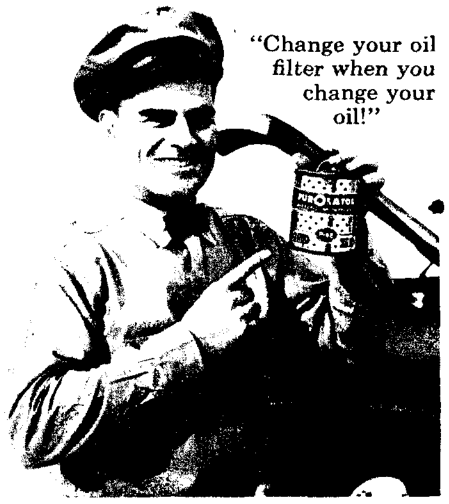
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PurOlator OIL FILTERS

share of the cost of establishing the forage or tree cover—up to a specified maximum amount per acre that will vary for different regions. Further, as the farmer reorganizes his farm along these soil-conserving lines, the government will provide annual payments for a period of years related to the length of time needed to establish the new use of the land.

Will this nine-point program help agriculture *now*—this year of 1956? Will it mean better prices, more income, greater economic security?

The answer is: Definitely yes.

How much more?

Let's do a little figuring. First, let's take what would definitely be added income—the refunded tax for gasoline used on farms, point nine in our program. About half the total of the gasoline tax paid by farmers would be refunded, and this is estimated at $60,000,000. That would be a net addition to farm income.

Now, let's take the acreage reserve. This represents *assured* income. Even though crops might fail, the co-operating farmer would still receive a certificate based on normal net yields from the reserve acres. It would have a cash value. These certificates should be available as soon after the planting season as compliance can be checked, thus providing *immediate* income.

But the biggest effect on farm prices and income should result from a new buoyancy in the market place. We estimate that farm prices right now might be 10 to 15 per cent higher if we did not have the surpluses. Of course the full effect of the new program on prices would not be felt immediately. But a new vigor and zest in markets would be reflected this year in both prices and incomes.

Some of the special commodity provisions we (*Continued on page* 76)

The Administration Farm Program

Here is Secretary of Agriculture Benson's program to aid the farmers, summarized especially for Collier's. These proposals became the basic administration farm program, which was set forth in the Special Message on Agriculture sent by President Eisenhower to Congress on January 9, 1956.

1. A Soil Bank, which will increase farm income, lower surplus stocks, cut excess production, reduce storage costs, and conserve soil, water and timber resources.

2. Recommendations to help move Commodity Credit Corporation stocks of surplus farm products out of the front door while the Soil Bank reduces what comes in the back door. We expect to barter more of our surpluses for nonperishable materials important to national defense. We will have a special administrator to co-ordinate all our efforts to move surpluses.

3. Strengthened commodity programs for individual products such as corn, wheat, cotton, rice and dairy products. For example, our special school-milk program made 450,000,000 additional half pints of milk available to school children last year. This year we have expanded it.

4. A dollar limit on price supports to enable our family farms to compete better with huge corporation-type units.

5. A rural-development program for 1,500,000 farm families with incomes of less than $1,000 a year. This is a co-operative effort with the states to provide these families more opportunity to make a living both on the farm and in off-farm jobs. They need better educational opportunities, credit and technical assistance.

6. A Great Plains program which will help promote a more stable economy in the area between the prairies of the Midwest and the Rocky Mountains.

7. Research increases to help us find new crops, new markets and new uses for our agricultural abundance.

8. Credit facilities which, expanded and strengthened, will aid agriculture in its transition from war to peace. With farm cash costs of operation about three times as high today as before the war, farmers just starting out particularly need adequate credit.

9. The gasoline tax, now paid by farmers to the federal government, would be refunded on purchases of gasoline used on farms.

There's a warm welcome ahead when you *telephone ahead*

When you're going to visit out-of-town friends, make your plans before you leave—by telephone.

That way you can settle all the details of your trip—how you're coming, when you'll arrive, how long you'll be able to stay.

It's a thoughtful, considerate thing to do. And it will help you enjoy your visit that much more.

Telephoning is quick. Easy. Personal. And wherever you call, you'll find the cost is low. Why not try it today?

LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh . . . . . . 45¢
Birmingham to St. Louis . . . . . . 85¢
Chicago to Buffalo . . . . 95¢
Milwaukee to New York $1.20
San Francisco to Washington, D.C. . $2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal excise tax.

Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Mrs. Kennedy's Five Pounds of Sugar

–and why she can't always have it shipped by the most efficient form of transportation

Ding-ding-ding! The cash register at the checkout counter is busy ringing up Mrs. Kennedy's groceries. A sack of flour – three cans of peaches – five pounds of sugar –

There's more than food included in every price the cash register rings up. There are distributing costs–*including freight transportation.* Everything Mrs. Kennedy buys – whether it's sugar or a new suite of furniture – must be shipped to her home town by freight. So it's Mrs. Kennedy who pays the freight bill when the cash register rings.

It is to keep Mrs. Kennedy's freight bill – and *yours*–as low as possible that a Cabinet Committee appointed by the President recommended that our national transportation policy be revised. If the whole business seems remote to you, maybe it will become more meaningful if we tell you the story of Mrs. Kennedy's five pounds of sugar.

* * * * *

Let's say that Mrs. Kennedy lives in St. Louis. A good deal of the sugar sold in St. Louis comes from New Orleans, where it is refined. Between New Orleans and St. Louis, there are three ways of shipping that sugar – by truck, by barge on the Mississippi River, and by railroad.

Let us assume further that the railroads between New Orleans and St. Louis find that, due to increased operating efficiencies they can reduce their freight rates on sugar and still make a profit. Obviously, the reduced rate on sugar should benefit everyone involved – the sugar producers, the grocery stores, and finally, the hundreds of thousands of consumers in the St. Louis area like Mrs. Kennedy.

But the proposed rate reduction is never put through. In this imaginary but representative case, the application for the reduced rate may be held up for months and then finally denied by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The railroads are forced to charge a higher rate than would otherwise be necessary. The reason, taken from many ICC decisions, is that the reduced railroad rate would "adversely affect" the competing forms of transportation.

In short, in cases of this kind, government regulation shields the other forms of transportation from railroad competition – *at the expense of Mrs. Kennedy.*

It is precisely this kind of situation which is at the heart of the Cabinet Committee's recommendations for revision of our national transportation policy.

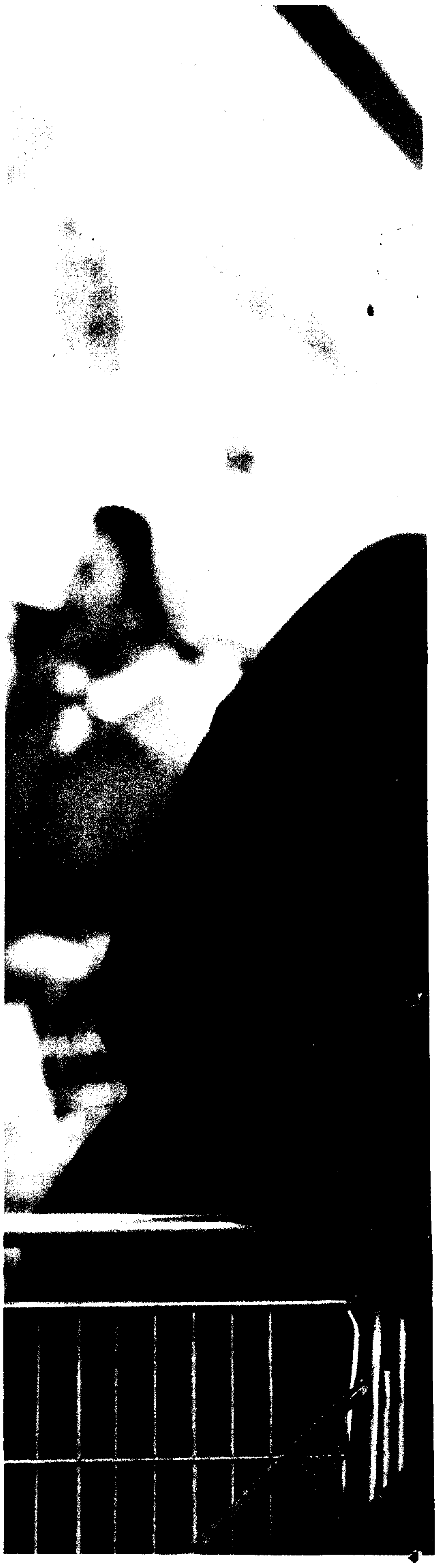
The Cabinet Committee was appointed by the President of the United States to make a "comprehensive review of over-all Federal transportation policies . . . and submit recommendations." The Committee consisted of five members of the President's Cabinet and two other high government officials – men of such outstanding national stature that any suggestion that they would consider only one side of a case is absurd.

The report of the Cabinet Committee was unanimously approved by its members after intensive study, during which the views of all forms of transportation were given full consideration. Among its key findings and recommendations are:

- That government regulation of rates, as presently applied, frequently denies the public the benefits of the most efficient form of transportation – with consequent heavy financial loss to the entire nation.
- That, in the public interest, no freight rate should be kept higher than would otherwise be necessary, merely to shield some other form of transportation from the effects of fair competition.

The Cabinet Committee recommendations would apply with equal force to every form of transportation, and would give no preferential treatment either to railroads or their competitors.

The Cabinet Committee recommendations, if enacted, would by no means end rate regulation. The Interstate Commerce Commission would still have power to deny proposed rates which would be



above a reasonable maximum or below a reasonable minimum, or below cost, or unjustly discriminatory. Shippers and the public would continue to be fully protected by the ICC against abuses of any kind – including any possibility of a return to transportation "rate wars."

Each and every kind of freight would continue to "pay its way" on the railroads, which would not be permitted to carry some freight at a loss that

Extra Fine
Granulated
Pure
Sugar
5 Pounds Net Wt.

would have to be made up on other traffic. Such a practice would be contrary to the laws of economics, of common sense, and of the United States government.

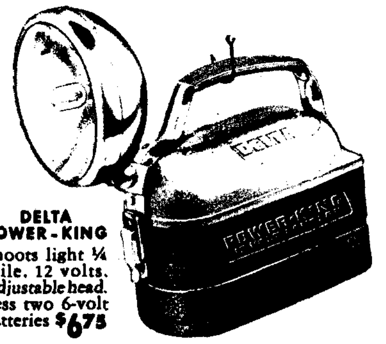
There would be the widest opportunity for all forms of transportation to grow and prosper. Each form of transportation has its own natural market — because each has certain definite advantages over the others. Cabinet Committee recommendations would allow *transportation management* the right to offer the most efficient service possible — and *shippers and the public* the right to choose. Thus, the principal factor in determining the "fair share" of traffic for each type of carrier would be competition, rather than regulation.

The growing public support for the principles embodied in the Committee's report results from the recognition that they concern not transportation alone, but the vital interests of every one of us. In short, Mrs. Kennedy's five pounds of sugar are *your* five pounds of sugar — and they represent everything else you buy as well.

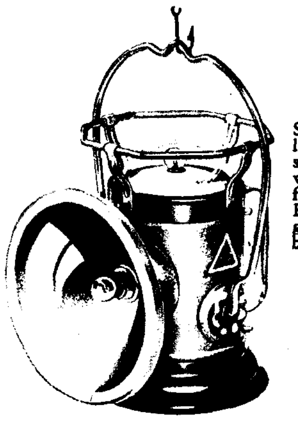
★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For additional information on the Cabinet Committee report and how it affects the American consumer, write for the booklet, "Why Not Let Competition Work?"

Association of American Railroads 938 TRANSPORTATION BUILDING, WASHINGTON 6, D. C.



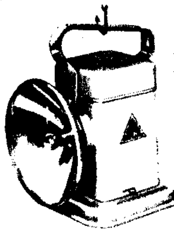
DELTA POWER-KING
Shoots light ¼ mile. 12 volts. Adjustable head. Less two 6-volt batteries $6.75



DELTA POWERlite
Shoots brilliant 800-foot spotlite and widespread floodlite. Handy. Rugged. Less 6V battery $5.25

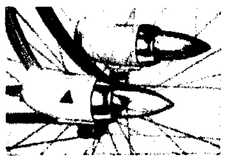
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
Fishin' Lights

DELTA POWERay
Lightweight, low-price 6-volt lantern. Rugged. Less 6V battery..... $2.98



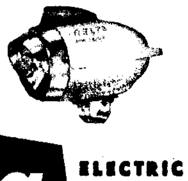
DELTA FLASHING POWERlite
Flashing red light, top. 800-foot spotlite, side. Less 6V battery.... $6.95

Here are a few of the famous Delta electric lanterns. Look 'em over carefully. Notice all the great fishin' features. Then consider the features you can't see: non-tarnishing reflectors—heavy-gauge metal construction — positive, sure-fire switches — long battery life — perfect light patterns—brilliant beams. Don't take chances. Insist on Delta!

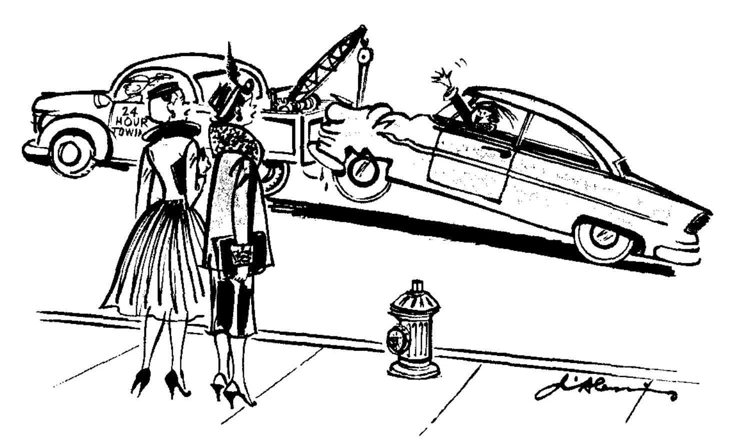


DELUXE SAFETYLITES
Bomb-shaped bike lights. One red lens, one green. Less two 1¼" batteries..... $3.00

SUPER ROCKET-RAY
Unique bike light. Red top ornament. Amber lens reflector button. Less two 1¼" batteries $2.50



Delta ELECTRIC COMPANY Marion, Ind.
ORIGINATOR AND WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF ELECTRIC LANTERNS AND ELECTRICAL BICYCLE ACCESSORIES



"Can't stop now, girls. I'll phone you tonight and tell you all about it"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

(*Continued from page* 73) have recommended would also have both immediate and long-time effects. Among these are increased pork purchases, the expanded special school-milk program, higher support prices for soybeans and flaxseed in 1956, exemption of durum wheat from marketing quotas, and exemption from marketing quotas where the entire production of wheat is used for feed, food or seed on the farm where it is produced.

On this last point, let me note that I shall continue to fight against provisions in the law which penalize a farmer for feeding his own excess wheat to his own livestock. For many years farmers in the South have grown a little wheat to improve their diets and provide chicken feed. Now the law forbids them to use their excess allotment wheat on their own farms. This is not only unjust, it is plain silly.

On other provisions too, the law has overstepped the limits of common sense. A filling-station operator in a Southern state, for example, planted a few rows of cotton as an attraction to Northern tourists. He put up signs: "Help yourself to souvenirs." He was not selling cotton; he was in no sense in the cotton market. He was not adding an ounce of cotton to commercial supplies. Yet he was fined for planting cotton illegally because he had no cotton acreage allotment.

However, these are minor matters which need regulation but are dwarfed by our over-all farm plan which can *this year* be a billion-dollar-plus program, paid for partly in the form of commodities which the government already owns. It will reduce by many millions of dollars the storage costs on government-held surpluses. In about eight years the carrying costs on a bushel of wheat equal the value of the wheat. If through this program we could work off 200,000,000 bushels of wheat and 2,000,000 bales of cotton each year for the next three years, the savings in carrying costs alone on Commodity Credit Corporation inventory would be about $400,000,000.

In 1953 when I became Secretary and surveyed the patchwork price support program I had inherited and was expected to administer for the welfare of agriculture and the nation, I thought of the words of the Master as related by Mark: *"No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment: else the new piece that filled it up taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse."*

THE AGRICULTURAL ACT of 1954 was *not* patchwork. It was, and remains, a sober, bipartisan attempt to work out a sound program. But no program can work effectively carrying on its back the massive surpluses this country has accumulated.

It has been proposed recently—I hope not seriously—that we take our agricultural surpluses out to sea and dump them. Such an offense against a bountiful Providence could not be tolerated. There are only two other alternatives: to sell or give the surpluses away overseas, or to move them somehow into the domestic market. Both these courses are fraught with difficulties. There simply is no easy way to unload surpluses.

The 83d Republican Congress passed the Agricultural Trade Development and Assistance Act of 1954 to give us a more effective surplus-disposal tool, and we have used it, and other measures, with far more success than most people know.

Since July 1, 1953, as I mentioned earlier, we have moved out of government storage and into use commodities that cost over $4,000,000,000. Without these effective disposal operations, the CCC inventory of farm commodities would now be more than $10,000,000,000, instead of $6,100,000,000.

And we have disposed of these surpluses, not during a time of great world demand for agricultural commodities, but during a period when agricultural production in most countries was relatively high.

Last summer I appointed a full-time general sales manager to co-ordinate and push all CCC commodity disposal operations. (And I am appointing an agricultural surplus disposal administrator to speed up activities in this entire field.) We will emphasize sales for dollars, and we hope to boost these sales considerably through good, old-fashioned American salesman-

We're so sure you'll like it—

your first pack's on us

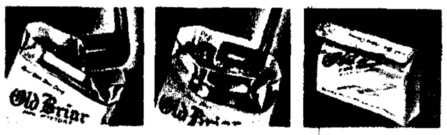
WE'RE so sure you'll like Old Briar—so certain you'll relish this rare and aromatic mixture — we'll treat you to your first pack just to prove it.

Here's all you do. Buy a pack of Old Briar at your dealer's. Enjoy this mellow blend of Burley, Southern Maryland, Flue-Cured and Latakia—right down to the last puff. Then—send the empty pouch to United States Tobacco Company and we'll return your fifteen cents.*

So get a pack of Old Briar today. Have yourself a grand smoke—on us.

Exclusive of local taxes. Offer expires December 31, 1956.

Mister, You Said a Pipeful



Opens wide to let you dip — *Fills without a single slip* — *Folds down neatly till smoked completely*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
Dept. A, 630 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N.Y.

ship. But there will be no slackening of our efforts to move our surpluses into all available outlets, while making sure as required by law that government surpluses will not be thrown on the market here at home and upset regular sales by agricultural producers and processors.

As for exports, we are pushing, and we will continue to push, an aggressive sales policy with all the vigor we can command; but we will not unduly disrupt world markets for other free nations. We will not "dump" our surpluses abroad.

Our Foreign Agricultural Service and its attachés are doing a fine job of building up export trade. But world trade is extremely complex. One of our representatives went to the Philippines to look into possibilities for selling more American wheat and flour. He went to the villages and little towns, into the bakeshops and homes, asking people about their use of wheat, bread, rolls and baked goods.

In one village he found an elderly grandmother baking bread in a rather smoky little kitchen. "Do you eat bread regularly?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said, "we eat bread when we can't get rice. We want to get back to rice as soon as we can."

It isn't only salesmanship that is needed. We need educational work, too, so that people will recognize that both rice and wheat are good.

ALTHOUGH THE ROAD is difficult and long, we are making progress. Agricultural exports were up 7 per cent in fiscal 1955 over 1954, and 11 per cent over 1953. In the first five months of fiscal 1956, farm exports were 4 per cent higher than the year before.

There is no substitute for sales. The business that does the best job of marketing forges ahead. The beef and poultry industries have shown that aggressive merchandising can get results. We ate more eggs and broilers per person in 1954 and 1955 than ever before in our history. We ate more beef per person than in any other of the past 50 years.

Marketing, however, is more than promotion. In Florida during recent years, bumper crops of citrus fruits have been harvested. Such harvests a few years ago would have plunged growers into gloom. Now, however, bumper crops are sold on the natural markets or safely stored in cans to keep until customers buy them. What brought about this amazing change? A new market created by agricultural research—the thriving and fast-growing frozen concentrate industry. It now takes more than half of the entire Florida orange crop for frozen juice.

Research has recently come out with orange powder. You add water and you get a tasty, nutritious juice. No refrigeration is needed. Powdered tomato juice has also been developed. And science is close to a satisfactory frozen whole-milk concentrate, and even a whole-milk powder.

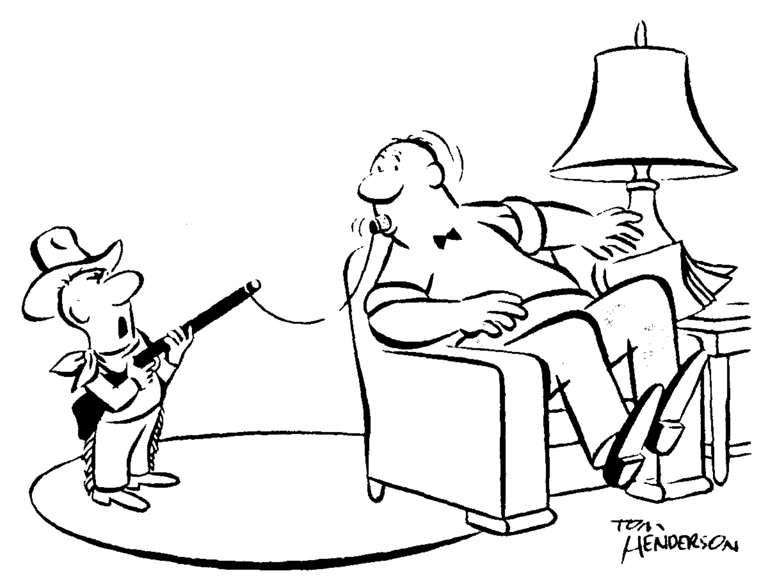
We must push research into consumer preferences and desires.

Many American women spend far more on artificial beauty aids than they do for milk. Now, please understand that I'm all for beauty. But I happen to believe that a pint of milk a day is itself a mighty fundamental beauty aid. I'd like to see the balance a little more favorable to agriculture.

The small white turkey today accounts for a large and growing proportion of turkey sales because it gives housewives what they want. On the other hand, cotton lost most of its tire-cord market to rayon and nylon because it was outresearched and outpromoted by two new competitors.

We have in this country a fast-growing market of almost 3,000,000 new customers a year. It is a market that has been only partly tapped by agriculture. It is a responsive market. But it is a market that needs to be educated to the value of good nutrition—that needs to be stimulated—that needs to be sold.

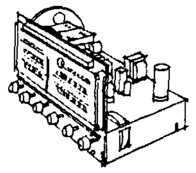
We know that the worst-fed member of most families is the teen-age girl;



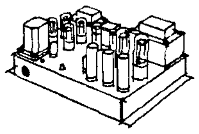
"That'll be enough of your talk, stranger!"

COLLIER'S TOM HENDERSON

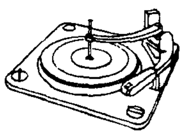
Magnavox High Fidelity custom-engineered in fine furniture



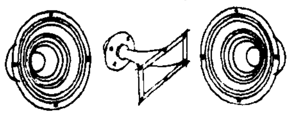
New AM-FM tuner utilizes 16 tubes (including amplifier, rectifiers and precision tuning eye). Record compensation switch.



20 watt balanced amplifier with dual output transformers, for undistorted, full-range high fidelity reproduction.



Precision multi-speed automatic intermix changer. Patented Pianissimo pickup. Diamond stylus.



Two 12" bass speakers with heavy 24 oz. magnets plus a wide-angle high-frequency horn.

True Magnavox High Fidelity discovers hidden treasures in all your records. For only Magnavox brings you perfected sound reproduction throughout the entire audible frequency range.

Today's brilliant recordings demand today's magnificent Magnavox. Only then will you hear each performance as it *really* was played—without distortion and not masked by lingering, "boomy" bass notes or shrill, exaggerated "highs".

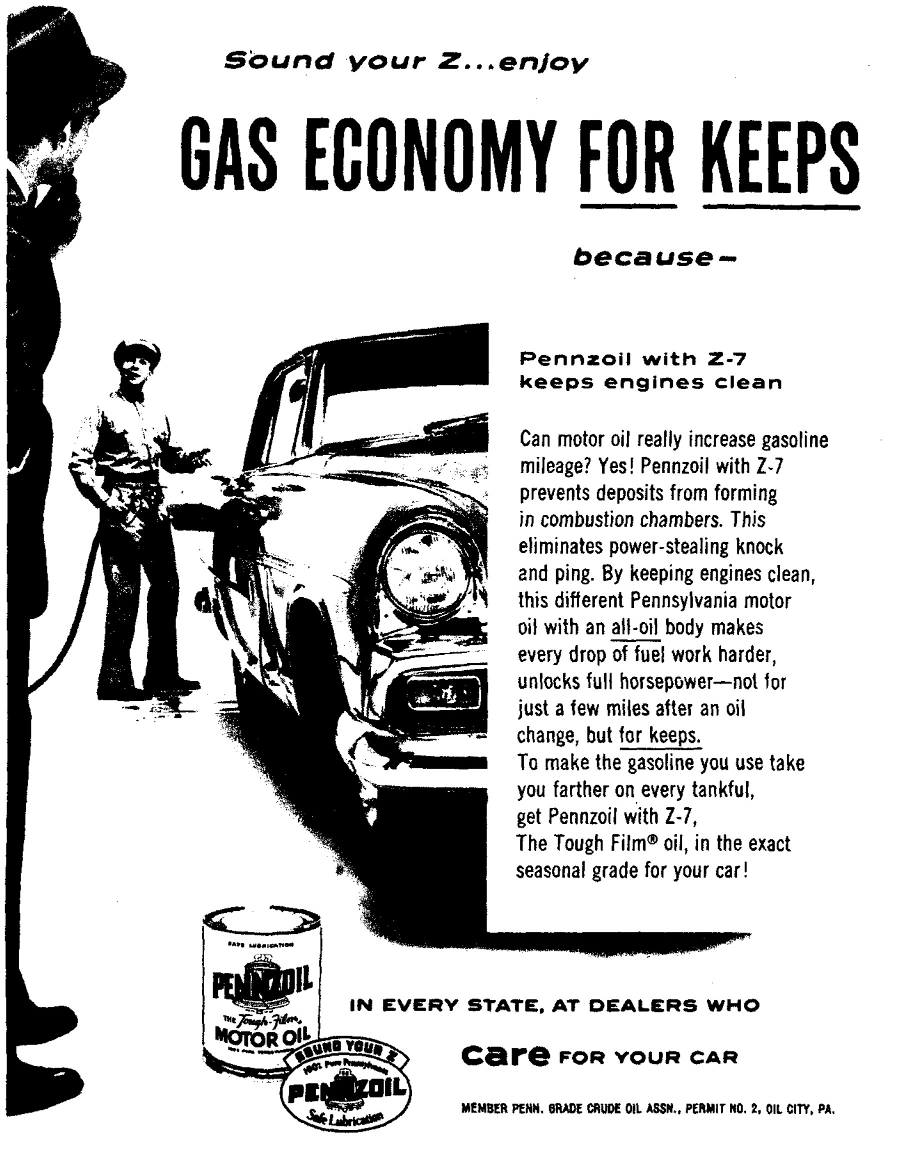
Ask to hear one of your favorite recordings on a Magnavox today. For more complete information on High Fidelity write for free booklet "For Your Finest Hours". Address: The Magnavox Company, Dept. 70C, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

The Provincial Serenade, above, in warm-hued cherry acoustical cabinet, $395. High Fidelity table models priced from only $99.50. Magnavox instruments are sold directly through dealers carefully selected for their ability to give you service and satisfaction. One is near you. It's worth finding his name in the yellow pages of your telephone book.

Prices subject to change without notice

the magnificent Magnavox

high fidelity • television • radio-phonographs


Sound your Z...enjoy

GAS ECONOMY FOR KEEPS

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Pennzoil with Z-7 keeps engines clean

Can motor oil really increase gasoline mileage? Yes! Pennzoil with Z-7 prevents deposits from forming in combustion chambers. This eliminates power-stealing knock and ping. By keeping engines clean, this different Pennsylvania motor oil with an all-oil body makes every drop of fuel work harder, unlocks full horsepower—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps.

To make the gasoline you use take you farther on every tankful, get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough Film® oil, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO **care** FOR YOUR CAR

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SAY, PAL HOW CAN I GET A BETTER INJECTOR BLADE?
BEFORE YOU SAY INJECTOR BLADES SAY "PAL"! THEY COST LESS, TOO!
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Say **"PAL"**—it's the injector blade that's hollow ground —get **20** for only **59¢**

Fits all injector razors perfectly

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Also, for Double and Single Edge Blades...say "PAL"!

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the best-fed is the baby. We know that where the budget is somewhat strained, the wife tends to skimp on her own diet. We know that in families that are generally well supplied with protein, the homemaker is often low or on the border line in protein consumption. We know that many homemakers—even though women have the reputation of being salad eaters—could improve their health, their beauty and their figures by eating more fruits and vegetables.

RESEARCH IS A VITAL TOOL in this attempt to improve markets, lower costs and provide quality products. In the three years before we took office, the budget for agricultural research *decreased* by nearly $2,000,000. Since the Eisenhower administration came into office, research appropriations to aid farmers have increased by nearly $27,000,000. And the President's program calls for another 25 per cent increase in funds for agricultural research.

Farm problems cannot be resolved by one program method, such as price supports alone. We are following through on these other programs:

In the past two years farmers and ranchers have applied more soil conservation practices than in any previous two years in history.

We have developed a program for upstream protection of watersheds, to conserve soil and water and help prevent floods.

We have given independence to the Farm Credit Administration and provided for farmer control of this agency—something farmers have wanted for years.

Under this administration we have had the biggest expansion of grain storage facilities in all history. We have helped farmers take advantage of the storage-loan program.

The rural-electrification program now provides more power to farm and rural families at lower costs than ever before. The rural-telephone program is being expanded at a record rate.

We extended Social Security coverage to more than 5,000,000 farm families and farm workers.

The school-lunch program has been expanded and the special school-milk program was started in which nearly 9,000,000 children took part in 1954-'55.

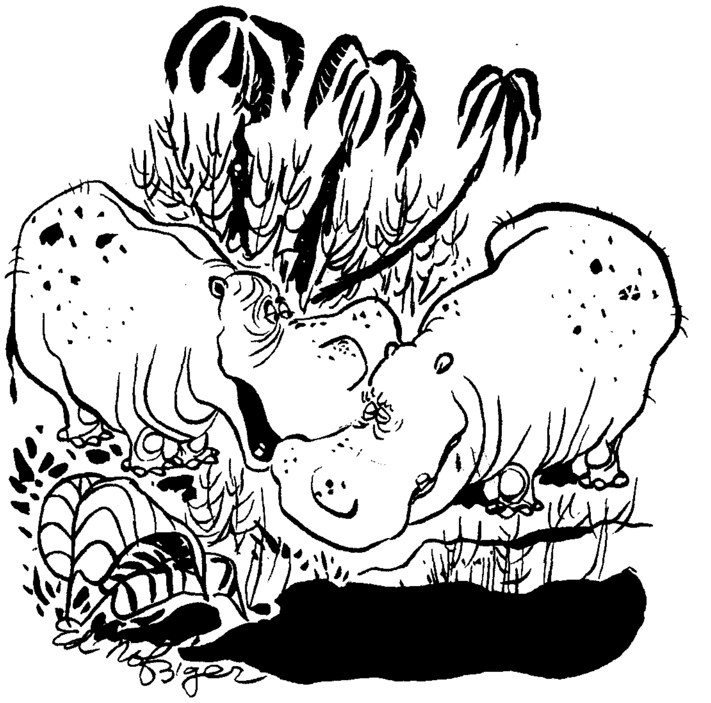
Now I have had people tell me: "Yes, your program is right in theory, but as a practical matter, it's poor politics." I firmly believe that what is right is good politics.

It is my firm belief that God guided the founding fathers of this nation to establish a constitutional form of government in which the freedom and dignity of the individual are paramount. It is my conviction that this is a land of destiny with a God-given purpose to perform.

To fulfill that destiny, we must be strong—strong socially, economically and, above all, spiritually strong. America must be spiritually sound if our free way of life is to endure. There is no other way.

It is my responsibility to take leadership in recommending programs and policies that in my best judgment will serve the best interests of farmers and all our people. I cannot be false to that responsibility. I love this country. I will never recommend any program that in my judgment will weaken our American way of life—so help me God.

And so I say: I would rather be right than Secretary of Agriculture. But I believe it is possible to be both. THE END



"Has anyone ever told you you're beautiful?"

COLLIER'S ED NOFZIGER

BRANNAN on the Farm Issue

continued from page 27

promise to farmers, and has reversed a federal farm policy based on twenty years of remarkably successful experience in the Roosevelt and Truman administrations.

The impact of this reversal upon our farmers is mirrored in the chilly figures published by the President's Council of Economic Advisers: Between 1952 and 1955, the annual net farm income fell over 26 per cent—from $14,900,000,000 to $10,770,000,000—although the output of farmers increased by 8 per cent. Department of Agriculture reports show that during these same three years and as a result of this decline in income, farmers' indebtedness almost doubled. The value of their inventories of equipment and supplies decreased $7,000,000,000.

Yet, in the same period, corporate profits after taxes climbed 32 per cent, stockholders' incomes 10 per cent and stock prices 33 per cent.

Abandonment of the American farmer to the inexorable law of supply and demand and the forces which manipulate the market to their own ends account for this national economic freak. These are the same forces that broke most of the farmers in the late 1920s and broke the nation soon thereafter.

THESE FORCES WERE UNLEASHED in 1953 by implementation of the so-called "flexible" price support theory, to replace the full parity support program which was the objective of the Democrats. The relative merit of these two conflicting methods has been, and will continue to be, a raging political issue. To understand it at all, one must understand the terms used.

Parity is the formula by which the relationship between the selling price of farm crops and their cost of production in a base period is reflected to a current date. The parity ratio of prices of all farm crops stood at 100 in October, 1952. It has steadily declined to 80 per cent in December, 1955.

An overly simplified definition might go like this: if a bushel of wheat sold for enough to buy a work shirt in 1939 (or whatever the base period) it should sell for enough to buy a work shirt now. As the price of fertilizer, machinery, gasoline and other commodities farmers must buy goes up, the parity formula dictates that the price of the farm crops produced through use of these commodities shall go up. If costs go down, the parity price also goes down.

Hence, the parity formula is not "rigid." It is truly flexible in relation to costs of production.

Neither is parity high. By its very definition, parity means fair and equitable. One hundred per cent of parity is 100 per cent of fair. No farm crop, except wool (106 per cent), is supported at higher than 90 per cent of parity. Major farm commodities such as cattle and hogs have never been supported.

"High rigid" is a totally deceptive phrase—a Republican shibboleth used interchangeably with phrases like "creeping socialism," "regimentation," "dream world," and many others you've heard which have no real meaning.

This confusion over price supports is compounded by confusion over farm surpluses. The price support mechanism was not intended to and cannot control production.

Yet much of the confusion about price supports and surpluses was created by the Republican party's introduction of the "flexible price support" proposal. Its proponents start with the premise that surpluses of farm products have been created by the price support program they erroneously describe as "high rigid." Thus, it follows, they contend, that government supports must be withdrawn or reduced to whatever lower levels are necessary to discourage production.

They also maintain that lower prices to farmers will result in cheaper food for consumers, and because the amount which may be borrowed is reduced, government costs will likewise go down.

Let's consider the first point—that by reducing support prices we can reduce production. Our own history reveals the absurdity of this notion. Between 1929 and 1932, the price of wheat, along with most other agricultural products, dropped drastically, until in 1932 it reached the all-time low of 25 cents a bushel at the farm in many parts of the country. Yet, in 1932, American farmers planted more acres to wheat than they had planted in any previous year in our history. Total plantings of all agricultural products during these same years followed a similar pattern. Farmers planted frantically in the hope of holding up total income by having more to sell.

Some may argue that the experience of the Hoover days was not typical. To them I say, examine the record of what's happened to agricultural output since the Eisenhower administration decided to cut production of price-supported crops by lowering the level of support.

In March, 1954, the price support on milk was reduced from 90 to 75 per cent of parity, but by the end of 1955 the annual production of milk had increased by 9 per cent. At the same time, the price to consumers had advanced 1½ cents to 2 cents a quart, and the government's costs and losses have amounted to several hundred million dollars.

In the same year, the price floor for oats, barley, grain sorghums, soybeans and several other crops was lowered by 20 per cent below the 1952 levels. However, the annual production of these *(Continued on page 82)*

Some spark plugs are designed for low speeds . . .
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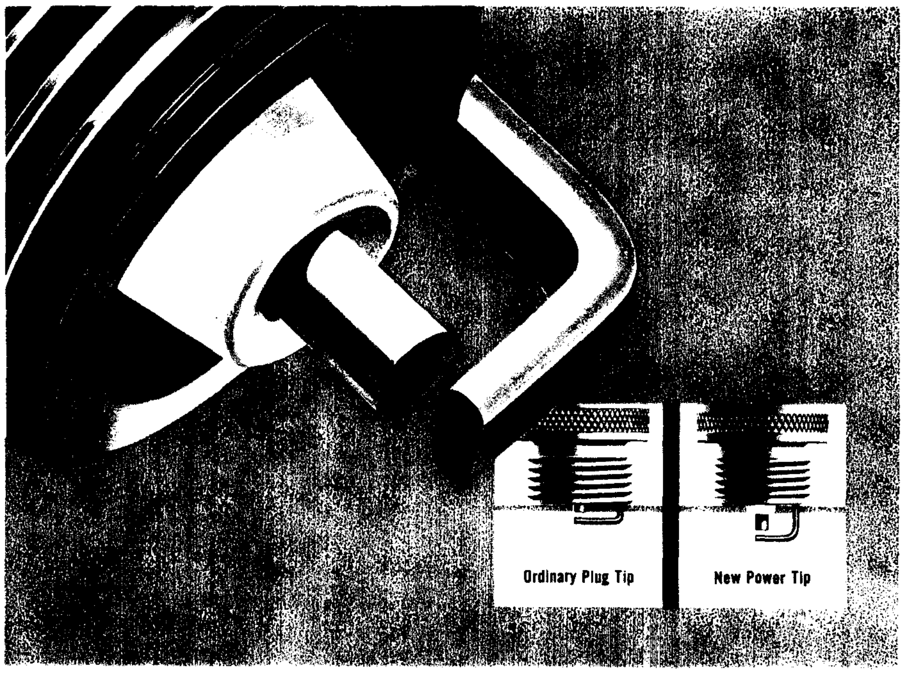

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Up until now, you have had no choice but to use conventional type spark plugs in a modern overhead-valve engine. But what present day engines really need is a new design spark plug that can operate efficiently at *both* high and low speeds.

Now there is such a plug!

It's the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip. The power tip extends down into the heart of the combustion chamber for more even and complete ignition of the fuel mixture. Let Power Tip "fire up" *your* car's engine to deliver top performance and economy *at all speeds.*

IS YOUR CAR LISTED HERE? If so, you need the Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip, as proved by actual road tests at all speeds. It fits all these cars with overhead-valve engines using 14 mm. plugs. So see your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plugs with Power Tip for these fine cars . . . Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, DeSoto, Dodge, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Plymouth, Pontiac and Studebaker.

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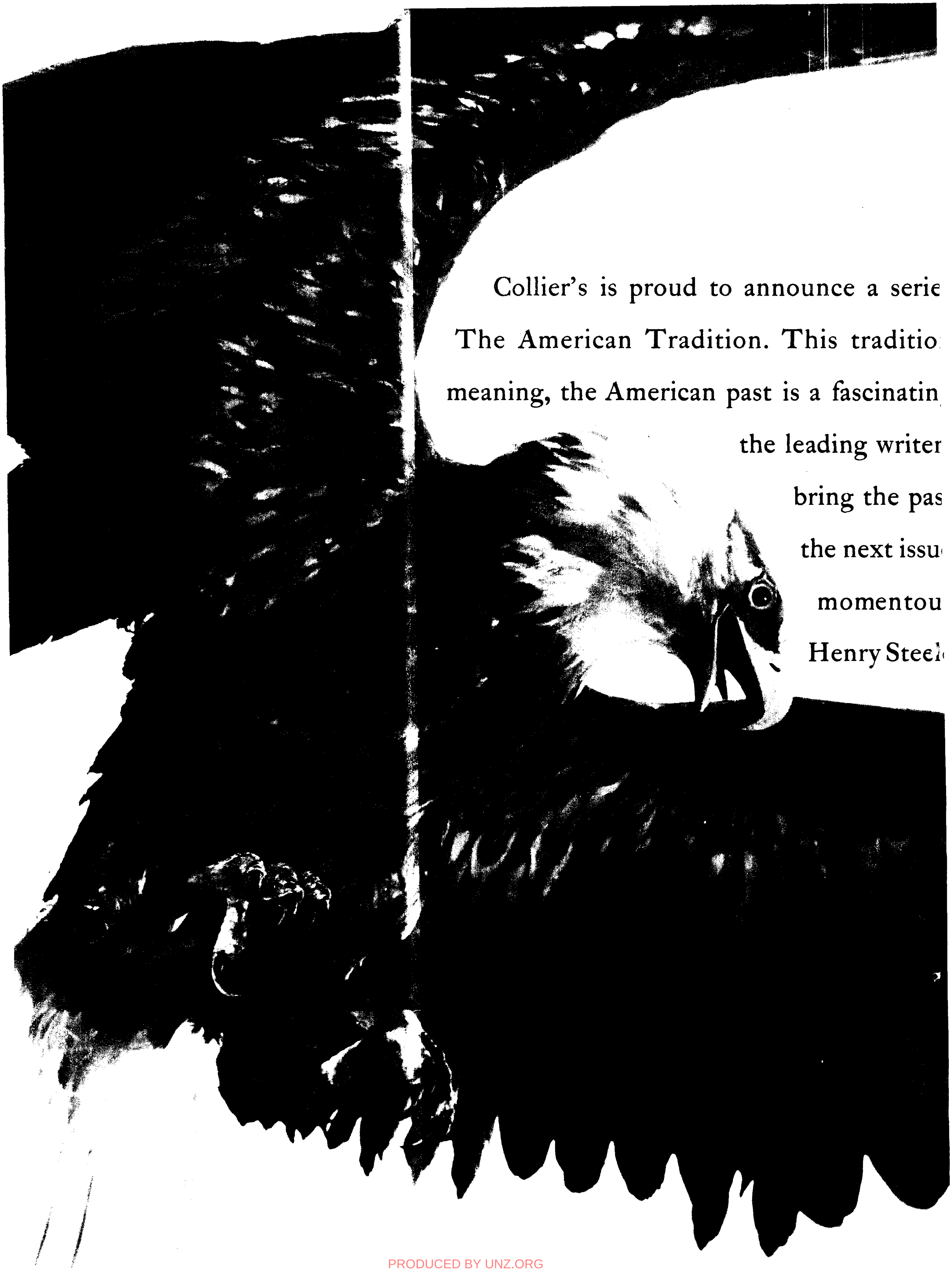

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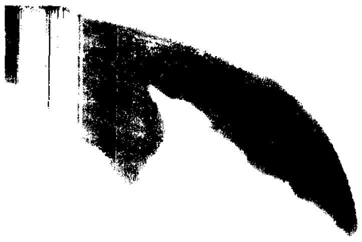
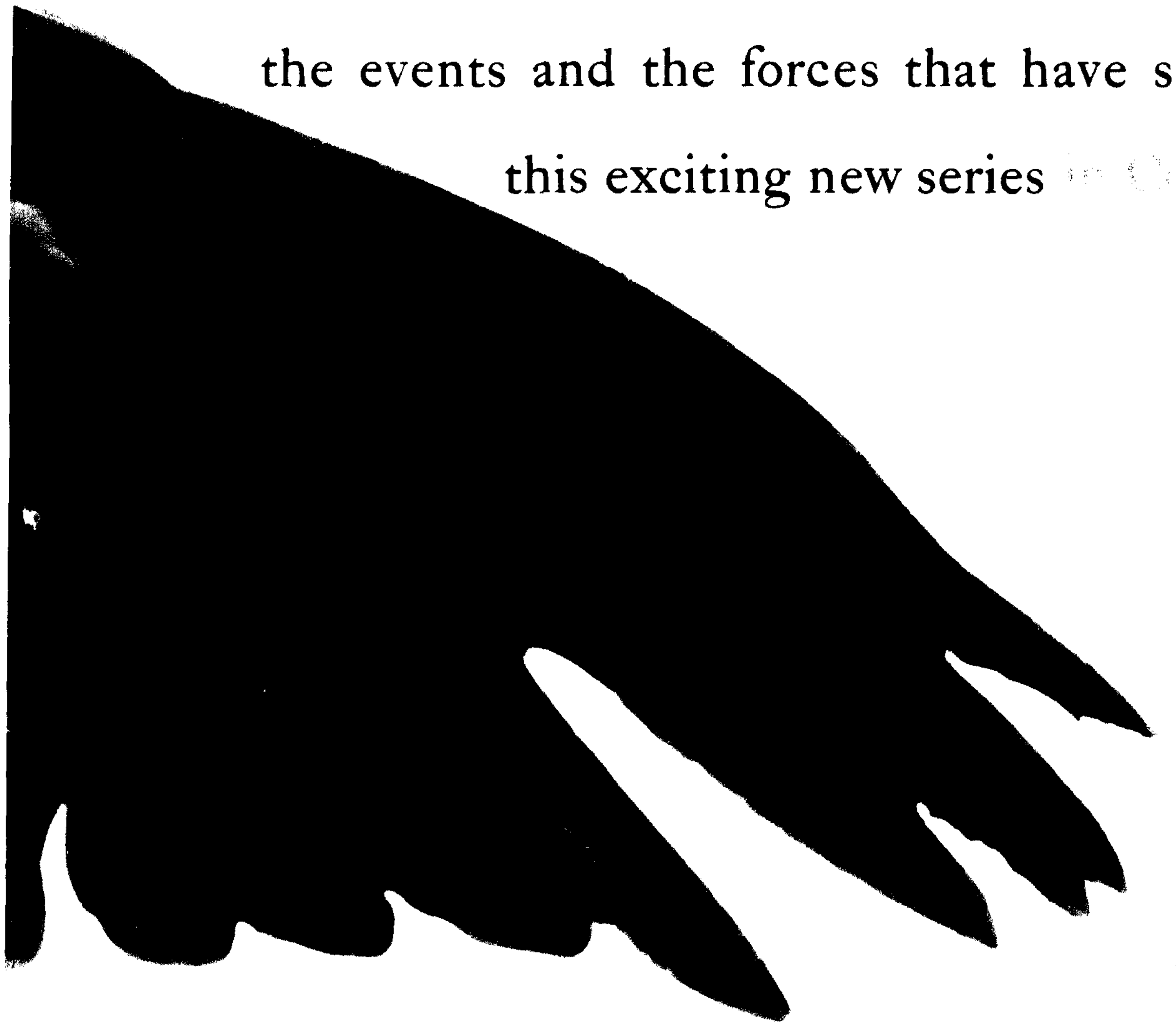
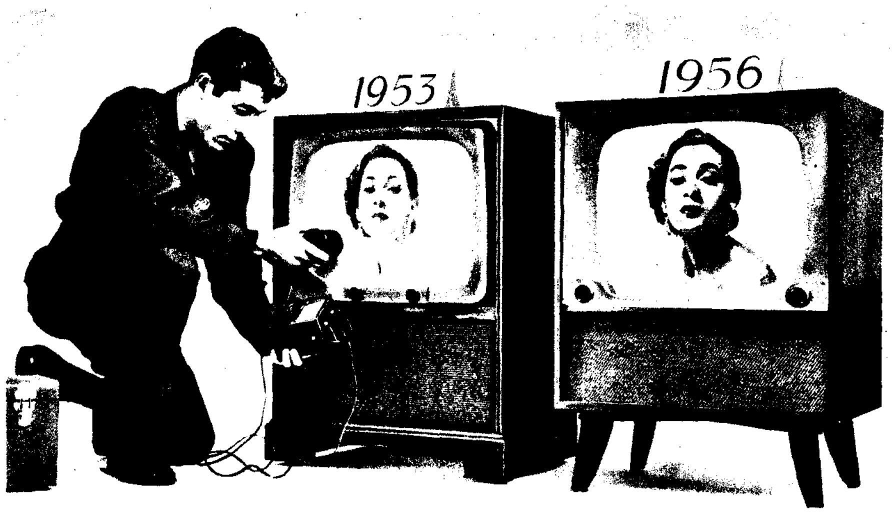


articles that recreates the most significant chapters of your story, for glittering with pageantry and possessed of enormous ey to the American present. To tell this story, Collier's has enlisted our land... men whose imagination and learning ive in all its romance and significance. Beginning in hilip Van Doren Stern writes about Abraham Lincoln's sit to Richmond. In the months to come, James D. Horan, ommager, J. Frank Dobie, Wallace Stegner, Walter Edmonds, Karl Schriftgiesser and many others will write of the men, the events and the forces that have shaped America. Read this exciting new series in Collier's...starting next issue!

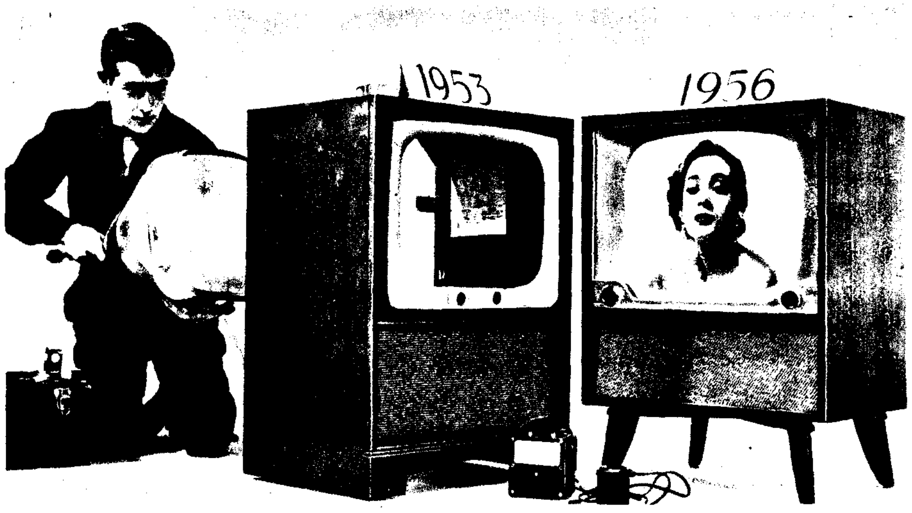


IT'S A SCIENTIFIC FACT! **3 out of every 5 television sets now in use have *light-deficient* pictures that can be raised to 1956 set performance with new General Electric Tubes.**

3-year-old TV with new G-E tubes beats a 1956 model in "light-meter picture test"



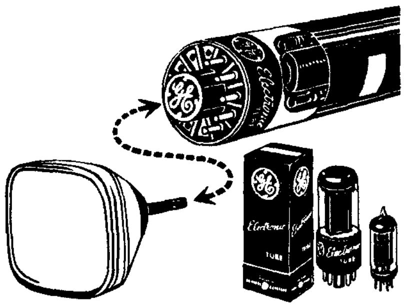
ELECTRONIC LIGHT METER recently tested two TV sets equipped with ordinary tubes, with studio camera focused on still picture for uniformity. Proved up to 60% of the brightness and 50% of picture contrast were lost on the 1953 TV set.



SERVICE TECHNICIAN installs a new "100 Series" G-E Aluminized Tube in the '53 set—tests receiving tubes, replaces weak ones with new General Electric Service-Designed tubes. Now same light meter proves the 3-year-old set outperforms the 1956 television with its non-aluminized picture tube.

Look for the RED SEAL—symbol of quality

A G-E Aluminized Picture Tube with the easy-to-identify red seal can give your TV 1956 performance. Enjoy "Daylight Power" viewing—*shades up* by day—*lights on* at night. Your neighborhood TV service technician can arrange convenient payment terms for a complete overhaul of every TV and radio you own. Ask for his low-cost "Tune-Up Special" today. *General Electric Company, Tube Dept., Schenectady, N. Y.*



Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

166-1A3

(*Continued from page* 79) commodities in 1955 increased by 30 per cent or more above the annual production. Indeed, the increase for barley was 71 per cent and for grain sorghums 73 per cent over the 1952 output. And again government costs rose sharply because of the doubling of the storage rates paid by the government on an increased volume of grain.

What about the second point? Have reduced support prices benefited the consumer? The answer is: Hardly at all. Indeed, while farmers' net returns were plunging down 26 per cent, the consumer food prices have eased off less than 3 per cent. The explanation for this anomalous condition is quite simple: although farmer income has declined, the prices charged by packers and wholesalers have not. The farmer's share of the consumer's retail food dollar has shrunk to 38 cents, the smallest share he has received since the 1930s. (As recently as 1952, his share was 51 cents.) Yet the last quarter of 1955 was the most profitable in recent years for food processors.

By comparing the cost of operating the farm price support program before and after Inauguration Day, 1953, one sees another explanation for the continuance of high consumer food prices. The increases in costs since the Republicans took over have been alarming. The Department of Agriculture's figures show that the cost of supporting the price of corn, cotton, wheat, peanuts, rice, tobacco, barley, oats, rye and dairy products from 1938, the date of the adoption of the law, through 1952, was $168,800,000. In startling contrast, the Eisenhower administration has spent $918,900,000 in three years to maintain a lower price floor under the same commodities.

THIS ENORMOUS DIFFERENCE is due partly to the voluntary increases in the rates paid for the storage of government grain—from 5.7 cents per bushel in 1952 to 11 cents in 1954—and corresponding increases in storage payment for other products. And the effect of these rate increases was greatly sharpened by the administration's failure to push government stocks for sale in the normal world markets, or to utilize them for domestic programs such as school lunch.

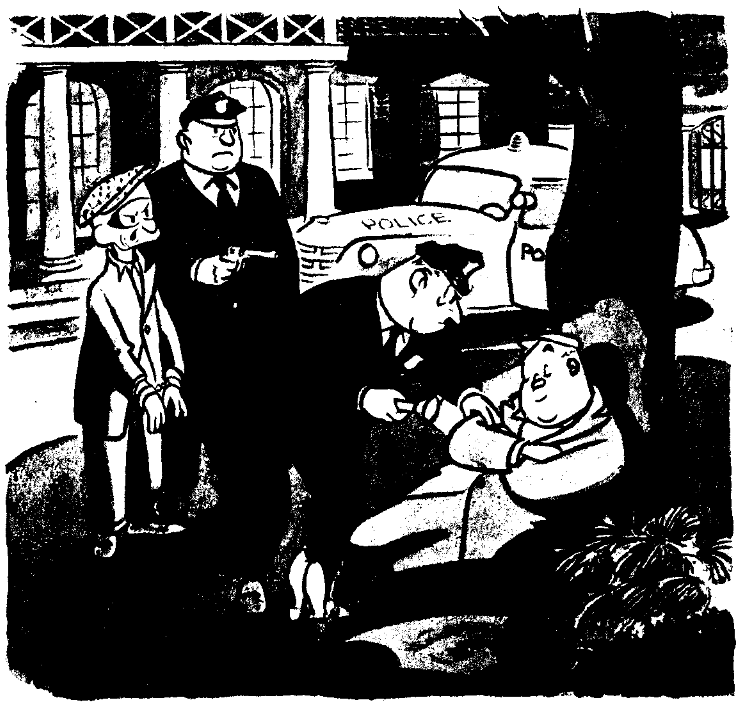
But why, ask many people, does agriculture need protection? Is it different from other basic industries? Yes, it is. It cannot be operated like any other industrial enterprise, and no other is so vulnerable.

The sheer geography of our agriculture makes it impossible for farmers either to organize and thereby control the marketing of any important crop, or to strike against the food processors.

Nor can the farmer afford to speculate when his crop is ready for market. It almost always represents his full year's work—his investment of labor, capital and what he could borrow—and he must get his money out of it promptly to stay in business. Rare is the farmer who can store his harvest and take a chance on what that crop will be worth four or five months later. Moreover, not all crops are storable. Some are highly perishable. But in any case, the harvesttime supply reaching the market far exceeds the immediate demand, and is, in fact, the supply for a whole year.

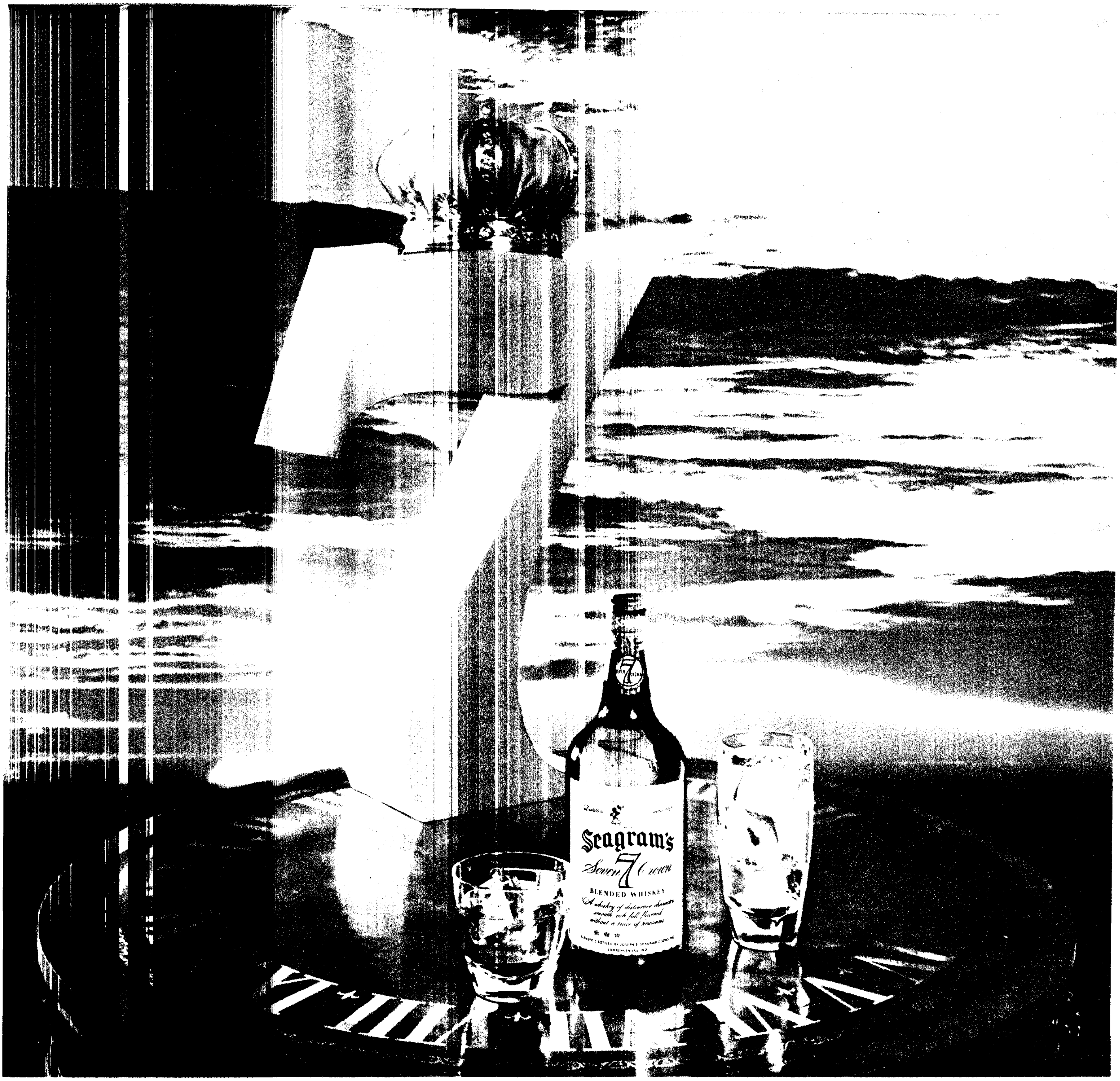
Why not just grow enough food, so that supply would match demand and thus maintain farm prices at fair levels, as our heavy industries do? Obviously farms are not like factories. An acre planted to wheat gives only lim-

BUTCH



"Yeah, he's my lookout man. You can tell him for me he's fired!"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS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BLENDED WHISKEY

It's good to have a social drink
at the end of the day. It's best if it's made with
Seagram's 7 Crown...American whiskey at its finest.

Say [illegible] and be [illegible]

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

The Early Christians NEVER SAW THE BIBLE!

For 60 years or more after the death of Christ, the New Testament was only in the process of being written.

It was obviously, therefore, not available for the instruction and conversion of those who wished to be Christians. Indeed, millions of them became members of Christ's Church... and thousands died martyrs to their faith... before the writings of the New Testament were completed.

There was, in fact, no determination until the fourth century as to which writings were to be accepted as inspired. This was done by the Catholic Church when Pope Damasus, in the year 382, caused the list of inspired Scriptures to be drawn up, and the Council of Carthage 15 years later proclaimed the canon of Sacred Scripture.

But even then there was no mass circulation of the Bible, for all copies had to be made by hand. A general distribution became possible only with the invention of printing in the fifteenth century.

If Christ had intended a book to be the sole authority for His teaching, would He have allowed centuries to pass... and hundreds of millions to die ...before making it available? If the very souls of men depended upon this book, would He not have worked a miracle of multiplication as He did with the loaves and fishes?

Catholics, of course, share with other Christians a deep reverence for Holy Scripture. And it would be strange indeed if this were not so, for the Catholic Church is the custodian and preserver of the Bible and Christianity's official witness to its inspired authorship. But for Catholics, the rule of faith is as it was for St. Paul: "... the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (I Timothy, 3:15).

Jesus, as all Christians know, wrote nothing. Nor did He instruct the Apostles to do so. But He did command them to teach, and He gave them divine authority to do so..."As the Father has sent me, I also send you" (John 20:21); and "He who hears you, hears me; and he who rejects you, rejects me" (Luke 10:16). And we know from the New Testament itself, that the Apostles ordained successors to carry on their teaching.

Some say that Holy Scripture is clear, complete and the only infallible source of God's truth. But John the Apostle reminds us that if all the things Christ did were to be written, "not even the world itself could hold the books that would have to be written."

If you love the Bible, and want to know more about its origin, history and authority, write today for a free pamphlet. It will be sent without cost or obligation... in a plain wrapper... and nobody will call on you. Just ask for Pamphlet No. C-13.

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Now! Get rid of Athletes Foot ...and block its return!

Quinsana Powder heals raw, red cracks between toes, painlessly!

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Quinsana's gentle powder-action goes to work instantly, *painlessly* . . . even in raw, red cracks between toes. Its germ killing powder barrier soothes as it protects. Peeling, maddening itch disappears. Hot, tired, aching feet become cool and comfortable again! Your feet feel wonderful! *At all drug counters* 50¢ *tax free.*

MENNEN QUINSANA

ited assurance of the normal yield next fall. We can't end a drought. We can't prevent floods or the heartbreaking hailstorm that may strike a bountiful field the day before harvest is to begin. We can't fully control insects and plant disease.

Suppose the nation's wheat farmers planted what seemed to be just enough acres to supply America's needs, plus exports, plus seed for next year's crop. And suppose then we suffered a crop failure resulting in a national wheat shortage. The effect on the domestic economy of such a scarcity would be catastrophic, and relations with our foreign neighbors would be seriously prejudiced.

The person hit the hardest in such a circumstance would be the consumer. The only assurance of reasonable prices for the American consumer lies in a continuing abundance of supply. Whenever a scarcity of food occurs—as it usually does during a war—prices shoot up, black markets flourish, and controls such as OPA, food stamps and ration books result.

Thus, it isn't difficult to understand why no Congress has ever given serious thought to repealing our basic farm price support legislation since its enactment in 1938. Except for the short-lived Republican Congress which in 1948 threatened to cripple the law by tampering with its grain storage provisions, and the most recent and equally short-lived Republican Congress with its so-called flexible price support amendment of 1954, every Congress has attempted to improve the law and make it more workable.

BRIEFLY, HERE IS HOW federal price supports have worked up to now for the producers of storable crops such as cotton and corn:

If the farmer finds the price offered on the open market at harvesttime less than the government support level as fixed by the parity formula, he may borrow 100 per cent of the government's support price. The farmer signs a note drawing interest at 3½ per cent and pledges his crop as collateral.

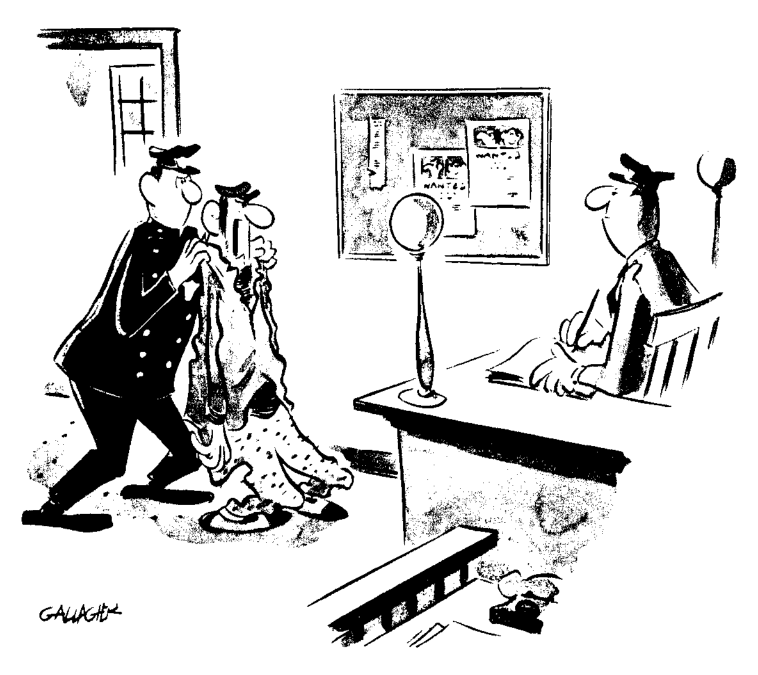
Once this crop is under loan, the farmer has until the next harvest to redeem. This he will do if the market price goes up to the point where he can profit by paying back the borrowed money plus interest and storage charges and then selling the crop or feeding it to his own hogs or cattle. If he doesn't redeem it before the next harvest, the farmer surrenders the collateral (his crop) to the government and his note is canceled.

Perishable commodities like milk are bought in the form of butter, cheese or dry milk at the support price. The government then holds these products for resale, if necessary, to the trade during the low-producing seasons. It may also distribute surplus dairy products to schools and charitable institutions.

The men who framed this farm program anticipated surpluses. And they furnished the Secretary of Agriculture with a device for releasing the government from excessive costs whenever genuine surpluses of a price-supported crop developed.

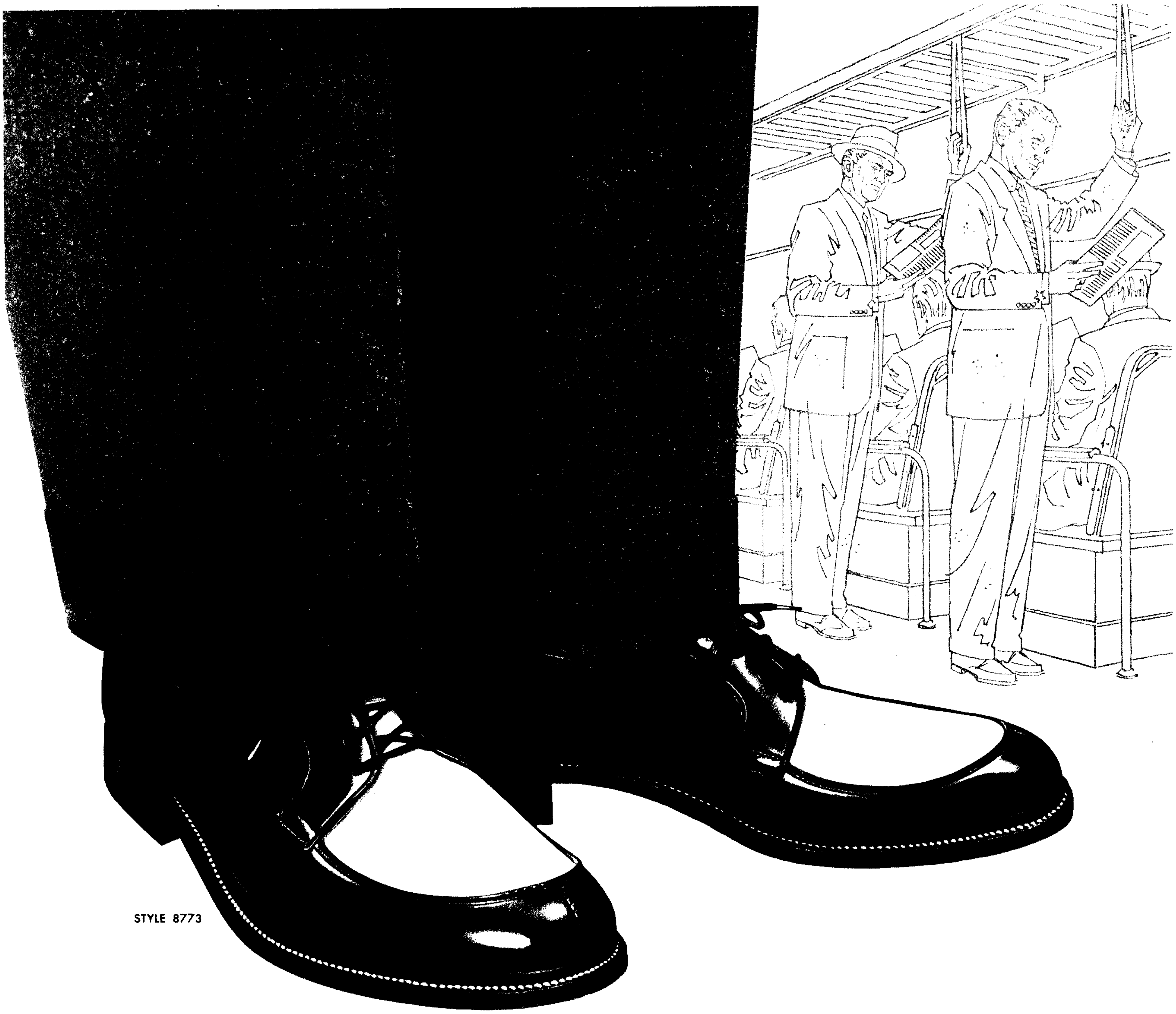
Whenever the Secretary has felt that a surplus of a price-supported crop has accumulated, he has been authorized to schedule a referendum in which all growers of that commodity are invited to vote to decide whether they will accept production and marketing controls—in the form of acreage allotments and marketing quotas—with continued price support, or whether they will raise and market their crops free of any restrictions and without price supports.

In most cases, farmers have overwhelmingly elected to cut production



"You can't do this to me! Don't think for one minute that you're dealing with the average, run-of-the-mill-type goon!"

COLLIER'S JOHN GALLAGHER



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A 20-minute bus ride in a standing position seems to abuse a man's feet more than two hours of walking. Yet the happy standee shown above weathers sudden stops and abrupt turns completely relaxed and comfortable. He is standing in Johnsonian Guide-Steps, shoes designed to fit the feet in action, whether the shoes are moving or not! Think this is unusual? Not when you consider that more than 30 years of research and hundreds of thousands of foot measurements went into their design. You'll find Johnsonian Guide-Steps' price is unusual, too . . . only $\$9^{95}$ to $\$12^{95}$

Drop us a line . . . we'll send your dealer's name and a booklet that tells all about the years of research behind the Guide-Step principle.

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and maintain the floor under prices. Excellent use has been made of this authority by the government and tobacco growers after our export markets were substantially lost following World War II. Production has been reduced almost 50 per cent with minimum damage to farmers and nominal expense to the government.

The decision of the present administration to rely upon lowered prices to reduce production of supported crops and to make only halfhearted use of this production- and marketing-controls authority accounts in major part for the current turmoil.

IT MAY SEEM IMPRUDENT for me again to offer suggestions on how best to solve the current farm problem. In 1949, I was called upon, as Secretary of Agriculture, to offer suggestions for improving and readapting our farm programs for greater effectiveness in a prospective peacetime era, and, you may recall, my views were termed "nuts," "stupid," "socialistic" and "moral bankruptcy" among other things, by the Republican hierarchy. Yet the two most controversial of these suggestions have now been embraced by the Eisenhower administration. Perhaps this is why I again venture to offer proposals which I believe can do most to repair effectively the gross damage wrought these past three years.

Let me, however, make it clear that the present deplorable farm situation need not have happened. It was preventable by prompt, aggressive and sympathetic application of the laws and administrative policies that during the 20 previous years had lifted farmers along with the rest of our people out of the great depression.

Twice during the Truman administration there was a greater annual production of hogs than in *1955*. Yet on neither occasion did the price fall to such disastrous levels. Nor did the cost to the government of the remedial action taken on these occasions remotely approach the sums now being spent totally ineffectively.

The first two points of my nine-point farm program (see box on these two pages)—ending flexible price supports and starting production payments—are all-essential, and indeed the third point—revitalizing the Farmers Home Administration credit program—is dependent upon them. There is little use in loaning farmers funds to produce crops for a market controlled by the flexible price support theory; they probably will never earn enough to pay back such a loan.

Points five, six and seven indicate constructive methods of disposing of our surplus crops. Giving school children a free pint of milk a day is in effect an expansion of the school-lunch program and would not only wipe out the unreal but highly publicized "dairy surplus" immediately, but would call for an increase in annual milk production equal to twice this so-called surplus.

The use of our food supplies to implement foreign policy, point seven, is obvious when we note that Communism has made its greatest gains in areas of poverty, starvation and distress. We ship billions of dollars abroad in

The Brannan

Here are Mr. Brannan's proposals for solving current farm problems, outlined especially for Collier's by the former Secretary of Agriculture in President Truman's Cabinet:

1. The theory of flexible price supports should be permanently stricken from the law and 100 per cent of parity for the commodities which contribute substantially to farm income re-established as the objective of our farm price support programs. The administration of this and related commodity programs should be returned to democratically elected farmer committeemen.

2. Full and early authorization of the production payment method for the support of dairy products, beef, pork and other perishable commodities is again recommended.

3. A revitalization of the Farmers Home Administration credit program should be promptly instituted.

4. A limit should be fixed on the amount of federal funds which can be loaned to one farm enterprise for price support purposes, so that industrial-type farming will not be aided by public funds.

Oil and filter both need changing too!

arm Program

5. The federal government should be authorized to initiate a program giving every school child through the twelfth grade a free pint of milk each day—this to be done as soon as our available supply permits. This would end the unreal "dairy surplus."

6. The Secretary of Agriculture should be authorized to sell surplus foods to those of our senior citizens and others forced by low incomes to live on a substandard diet. These foods should be sold at prices they can afford.

7. Our government should greatly expand the use of our abundant food supplies to encourage and support free peoples everywhere.

8. The conservation acreage reserve proposals, flatly rejected until recently by President Eisenhower's administration, should be promptly instituted.

9. The Department of Agriculture, in co-operation with local and federal civil-defense authorities, should examine the possibility of storing essential food reserves in or close to our towns and cities in the event of enemy attack.

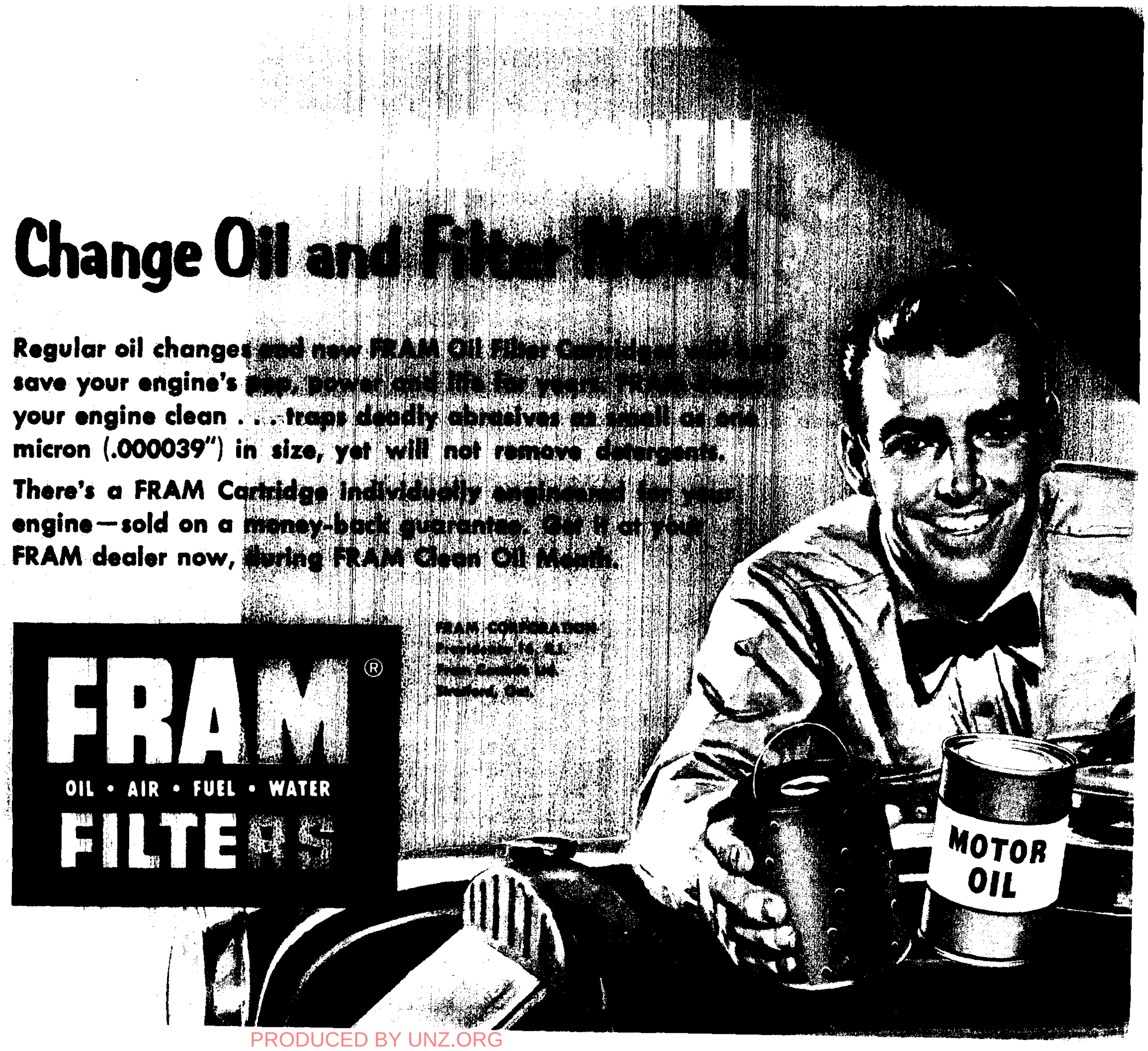
military equipment to resist the spread of Communism, and we give millions of dollars and loan additional millions for industrial improvements in friendly nations to strengthen the cause of freedom and world peace. Certainly, we must continue these encouragements to free peoples. But our food supplies are even more powerful weapons in resisting the ideological inroads of Communism. While we cannot feed all the hungry people in the world, we can show them that American bounty will be shared to the fullest extent possible, and—more important—we can give them real hope that they can learn to use their land to eliminate starvation and malnutrition.

Another vital program—the conservation acreage reserve—can be safely established when we have produced more of a particular food commodity than we can use at home or to fight Communism abroad. Congress should be authorized to lease presently "unneeded" acres from farmers. These rentals should assure the farmer of an income from this land no lower than the value of its historic annual average production at the equivalent of 90 per cent of parity. The lease should recognize the interest of tenants and require the observance of all sound soil conservation practices. For the only public interest which could justify and support such rental payments would be the preservation and improvement of the fertility of those lands for future use. Perhaps some of these lands should revert to timber if that should be disclosed to be their most efficient use. This country continues to cut its timber twice as fast as replacement trees are growing.

IT IS TO BE NOTED that conservation acreage reserve is an entirely different concept from the "acreage reserve" portion of the recent "soil bank" proposal of the Eisenhower administration. Its purpose is conservation of resources against the day when our ever-expanding population will come to depend upon these lands for a high standard of living. The "soil bank" proposal contemplates voluntary participation by farmers in reducing production. The inducement to the farmer for reducing production is to give him the current market value of the crop as established by the law of supply and demand or by the flexible theory of price supports. Using "the surplus to reduce the surplus" is an empty phrase which will neither result in decreasing the alleged surplus, provide food for consumers at reasonable prices, nor stop the many thousands of farm liquidations now in the making. It is comparable to cutting both wages and hours at the same time because the factory worker increased his output per man-hour.

Let nobody deny the need for continuing an adequately broad farm program. I mean, specifically, one with a reasonable assurance to the farmer of an opportunity to earn a fair return on his unique contribution. Until we have such a program, a major group of our finest and most necessary citizens will have to live on a standard beneath the rest of the population, many in acute distress, many ruined and forcibly detached from their way of life. This could bring disaster to all of us, as in fact such a situation was the forerunner and a weighty cause of the disaster that struck our country in the 1930s.

THE END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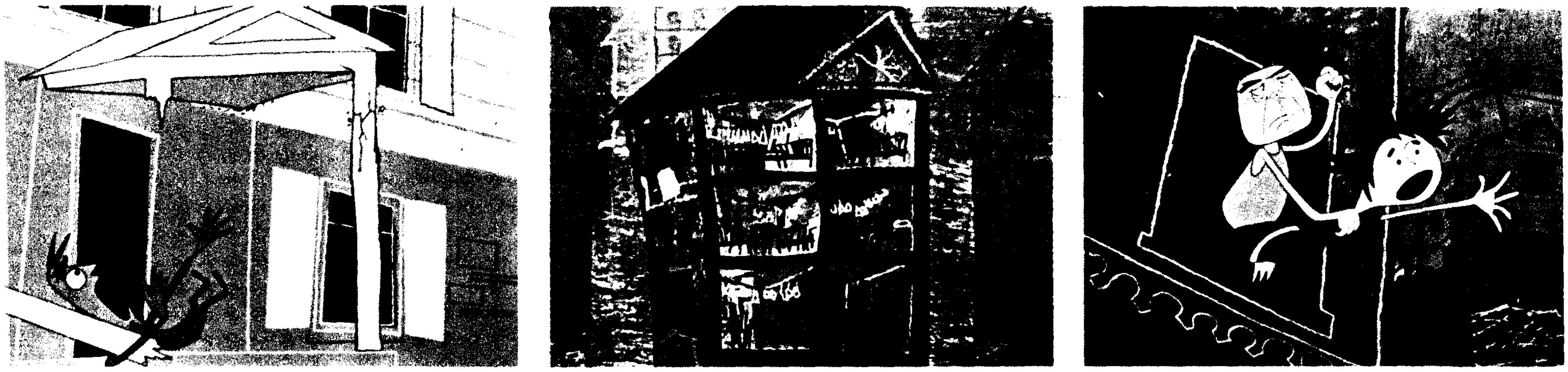
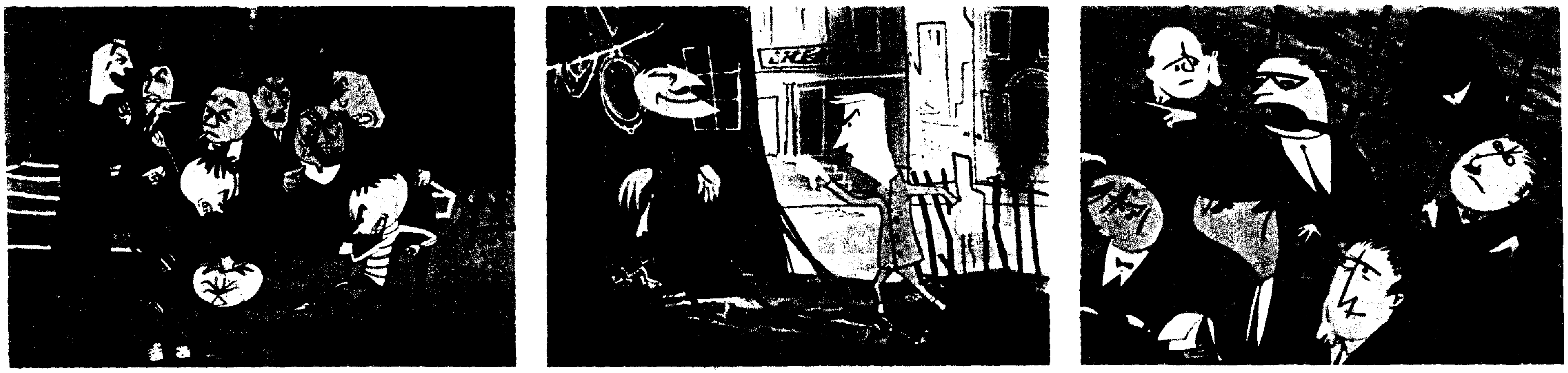
ACTION VS. SLUMS

AT RIGHT is one of the Devil's most valued workmen. He's a project supervisor in the Division of Urban Destruction, and nothing makes him happier than to have folks let their houses and neighborhoods slowly fall apart until a beautiful residential area becomes a slum. It may take a generation, but it's worth waiting for, this sinister fellow believes.

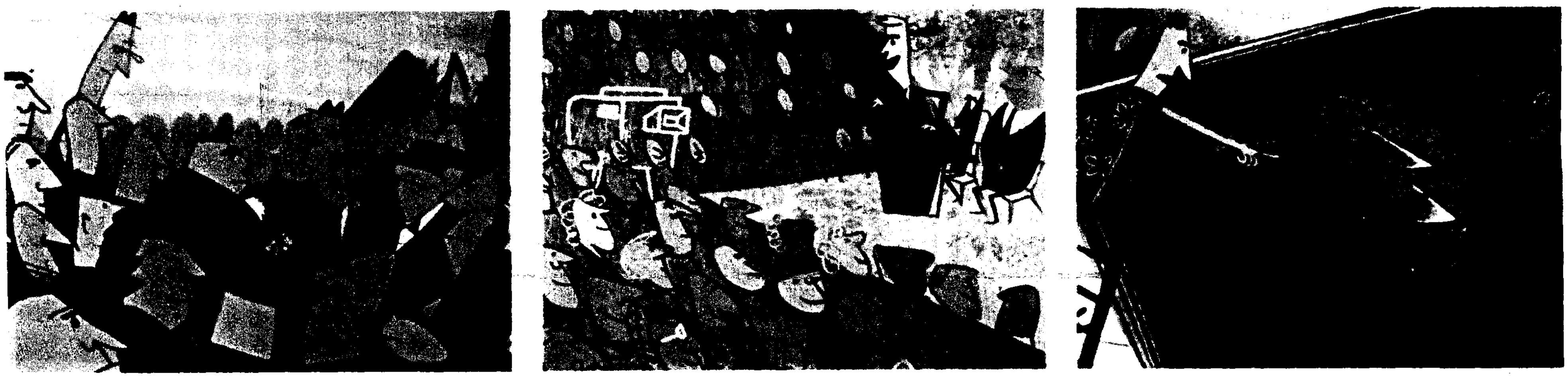
That's the theme of "Man of Action," an animated color cartoon produced by Transfilm for ACTION, The American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods, and contributed as a public service by the Continental Can Company. The cartoon is a key tool in the drive of the national citizens' organization to stop the deterioration of America's homes and neighborhoods. Man of Action is available on free loan and can be obtained by writing to Dept. C-4, Association Films Inc., 347 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



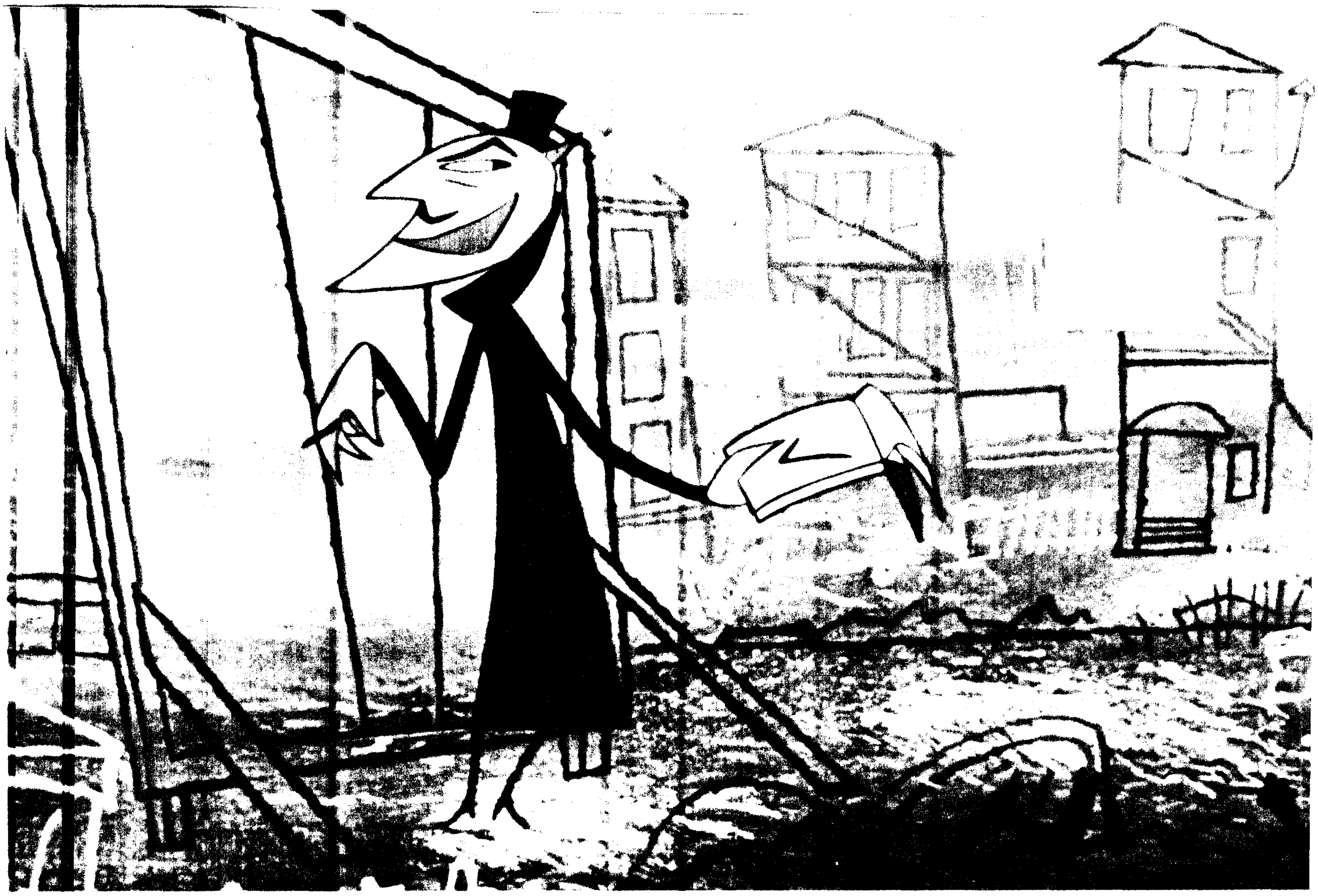
HERO'S HOUSE, NEGLECTED, CAN LEAD TO SLUM AREAS AND CONDITIONS LIKE THESE THAT THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE SHOWS IN TOUR.



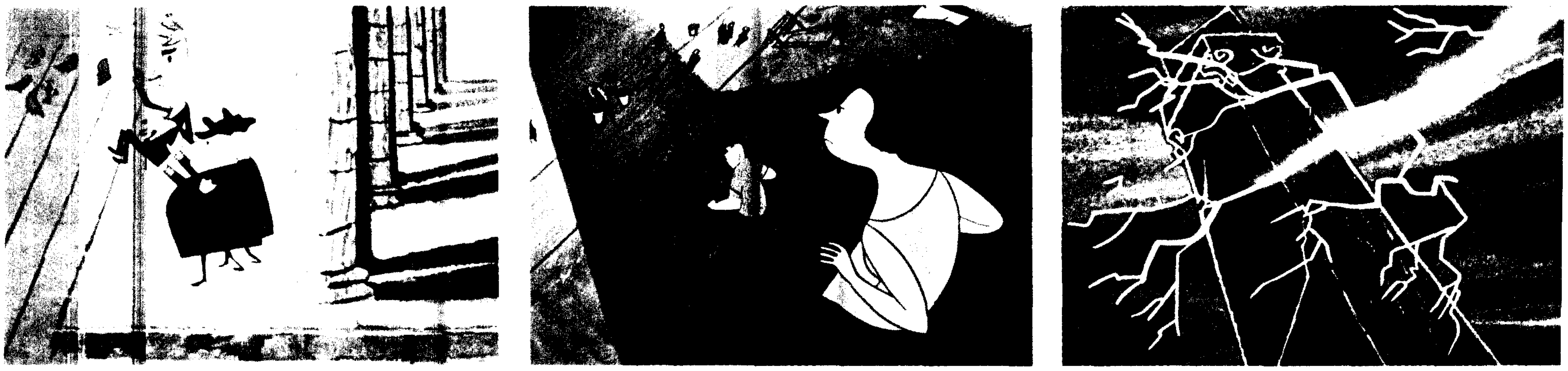
ALARMED, OUR BOY STEALS DEVIL'S NOTEBOOK REVEALING FUTURE SLUM CATASTROPHES AND GOES TO FIGHT CITY HALL.



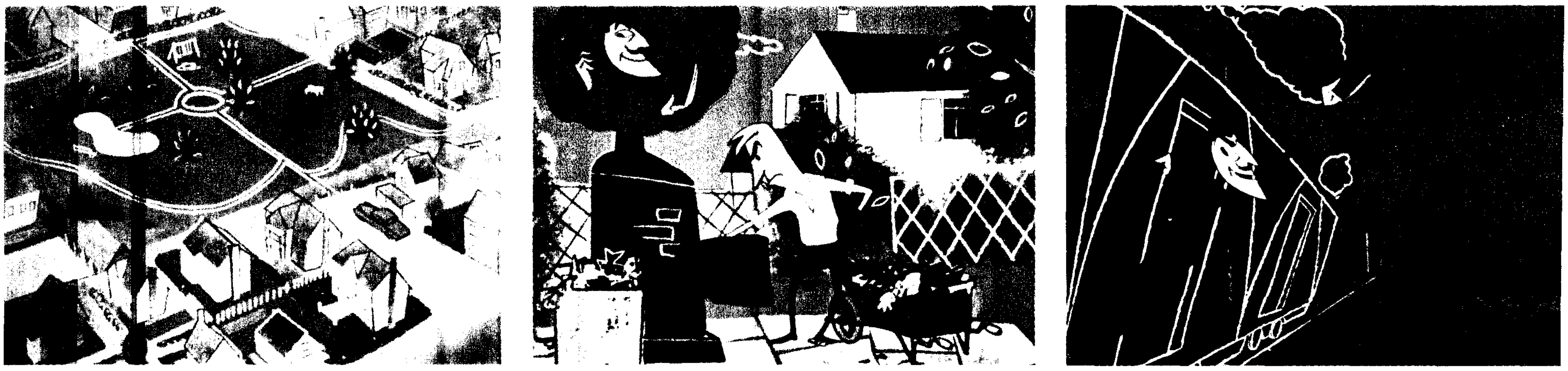
CHIMNEY FALLEN, OFFICIALS APOLOGIZE. COMMITTEES FORM TO CATCH HOUSING TROUBLE SPOTS. DEVIL KEEPS POPPING UP.



"WE DON'T [illegible] TO DESTROY," HE GLOATS. "PEOPLE DO IT FOR US, AND IT'S ALL PREDICTED RIGHT HERE IN MY NOTEBOOK"



HE LOSES. NOTEBOOK FORETELLS COLLAPSE OF BIG CHIMNEY IN HOGAN'S ALLEY. HERO RUNS TO WARN INHABITANTS



ACTION WORKS, AND NEIGHBORHOODS IMPROVE. HERO BURNS NOTEBOOK, BUT THE VILLAIN FLEES—PERHAPS TO YOUR TOWN

Charles sat in front, his wrists handcuffed. Tommy said, "We're almost to Webb's Landing." Lora said sullenly, "Look, you told me that an hour ago!"

TERROR AT WEBB'S LANDING

By FRANK HARVEY

The tense wait for the ransom money had made the two kidnapers violent. Charles knew he had to outwit them—or he'd never leave the swamp alive

THE sun had set but the sky was still pink with afterglow, and the live-oak jungle to the west of Daytona Beach looked like something snipped out of black paper with sharp scissors. Charles Capehart Morrison II, who would be seventeen years old tomorrow, was sneaking a cigarette behind the thick hedge on the lawn of the house his mother had rented for the month. And he was watching Diane coming down the beach.

He did not know Diane's last name. All he knew was that she was staying at a nearby tourist court, had a terrific shape, brown hair braided in two pigtails, a cute little snub nose and a soft-looking mouth. Diane was always surrounded by a ring of craggy-jawed lifeguard types, and she didn't know Charles Capehart Morrison II was alive.

Now, as Charles watched Diane kick up bright skitters of spray as she moved through the tidewash, he felt he couldn't stand it. He wanted to pick up something and break it, or yell with all his might, or get in a car and drive a hundred miles an hour.

Beyond the hedge Charles could hear Tracy, the family chauffeur, working in the garage. Tracy was working silently except for an occasional clink of the wrench, not singing, as he usually did. Tracy had a rich velvety voice when he sang, and he had been with the Morrisons three months, somewhat longer than most chauffeurs lasted. Charles knew why Tracy wasn't singing this evening and he felt a stab of vicious happiness. This afternoon Charles had tried to get Tracy to buy him a fifth of whisky; Tracy had refused and Charles had threatened to get him fired. Not that he really intended to, but he had talked mean and tough, as if he meant it. And he *could* get Tracy fired, if he wanted to. Charles could wrap his mother around his finger.

He heard the screen door at the side of the house open and slam, and he quickly flipped his half-smoked cigarette toward the beach. Normally he might have gone on smoking until his mother arrived, just to see how she'd react, but tonight, with his birthday coming up, he was thinking about his big deal.

Charles had been working on the deal ever since he and his mother had said good-by to his father in Morristown, New Jersey, three weeks ago. He had laid the groundwork very carefully, pointing out that it had been more than a year since his suspension from Bradytown Academy, and that, after all, the headmaster had taken him back. He dropped in the fact that he hadn't teased for a single present since the motorboat. Then he mentioned the Commando, very casually, almost as an afterthought. He did not say anything about the car's speed or horsepower. Instead, he concentrated on its artistic appearance. The car had a flame-red plastic body, airplane-type pants on the front wheels, white

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leather upholstery, and fins on the rear fenders. The price was $5,100.

Now, on the eve of his seventeenth birthday, all the groundwork had been pretty well laid. He'd been through phase one, where his mother said no, definitely no!; phase two, where he badgered her until she went to bed with a sick headache; and phase three, where he gave her the silent treatment. Now he was in the warm, mellow, closing phase, and he could almost feel the keys to the Commando jingling in his pocket.

The Money Machine, of course, would kick up a rumpus—but Charles's mother could handle that. The Money Machine was his father, a pretty rough old character, when you came right down to it. You couldn't slip any quick deals past him. For a guy who spent all his time down in Wall Street baling up money, he knew an amazing lot. . . .

"Charles! Oh, Charley!"

Charles got up from behind the hedge. His mother was standing on the lawn looking at the beach. She was forty-six, but she looked like a girl. She was slim and smoothly tanned and wore a simple white dress. Her one concession to age was a faint blue tint in her smartly clipped poodle cut.

Charles made a low wolf whistle, which he had been rehearsing mentally for this moment as a sort of kickoff for the closing phase of the Commando deal. "Cool," he said appreciatively.

His mother smiled. "Oh—you're over there, Charley."

He walked over to her, grinning. "Got a kiss for a real gone kid?"

She smiled, and he pecked at her cheek, holding his breath so she wouldn't smell the cigarette. As he drew away he caught sight of Diane, looking tiny and isolated, far down the beach. There was a quick pinch in his stomach. Maybe, if he started walking now, he could catch up with her and somehow get into a conversation. Or maybe she'd decide to go for a dip and be taken with a cramp, and he could save her.

Charles had been a lifeguard at camp for two summers, and in prep school he'd been captain of the swimming team. Even the coach at the academy, who hated him and had got him suspended, had said Charles was a crackajack swimmer. But, heck—Charles didn't need the coach to tell him he could swim. He could swim.

"I'm driving up to the Bath and Tennis Club," Charles's mother said. "Anything I can bring you?"

Charles grinned. "Not from the B and T," he said, "unless they happen to have a Commando lying around."

His mother started to frown, then smiled at him. Charles smiled back. The campaign had clicked.

AS SOON as his mother left, Charles trotted down to the beach. Haze had crept in from the sea, and the beach was luminous in the fading light.

By the time Charles passed Judge Byrd's cottages, it was dark, but the beach was almost as familiar to him at night as it was in the daytime. He took runs after supper, sometimes down as far as the north turn of the NASCAR race track. Sometimes he didn't get back until after midnight. His mother had objected at first, but of course it hadn't done any good.

Charles kept watching for Diane in the glow from the headlights on passing cars, but he did not see the girl. Probably some rich handsome guy in a convertible had picked her up.

A car passed him, rolling slowly toward the inlet. Charles watched the beach in front of its headlights, but without hope. Diane was gone. He wouldn't see her tonight.

Ahead of him the car's taillights glowed brighter suddenly and the car slowed. Charles glanced through the rear window. A woman was driving and she was alone. As Charles watched her, her head silhouetted in the window, she suddenly sagged to the right, pulled herself erect, then sagged again. The car stopped.

Charles hesitated. All his life he'd been taught to stay away from strange automobiles. It was part of the training every rich kid had drilled into him from the day he was born.

He walked past the car, looking out of the corner of his eye, and listening. Nothing happened. He stopped and looked back. He could see nothing but the blaze of the headlights. Maybe the woman in the car was really sick. He hesitated, then turned and trotted back. It was a woman, all right, although he couldn't see her very well in the dim light of the dashboard. He said, "Hello. Hello in there . . ."

The woman did not answer. She acted rather drunk but Charles could not smell any liquor. There was a queer smell in the car that he couldn't quite place, very faint. She tried to reach her throat with one hand. The hand seemed very heavy. It fumbled a moment and fell back into her lap. This woman was sick all right. Charles twisted the door handle and got in, pushing the woman across the seat. "Just take it easy," he said. "I'll have you in the hospital in five minutes."

"Hospital," the woman said. "Yes . . ."

He slammed the door and was reaching for the starter button when he heard a faint sound behind him. He started to turn. An arm went around his neck and locked. A man's voice said, "Okay, Lora—give it to him."

A rag full of ether suddenly shut the air away from his mouth and nose. He fought it frantically, holding his breath, but the arm was like a vise. Then he had to breathe and he took in great lungfuls of the ether fumes.

A woman's voice said, "I thought we'd need the gun . . . I thought the little slob was going to pass us by . . ."

His face was pressed against something scratchy. It was dark and he felt horribly sick at his stomach. Somewhere a radio was playing. He tried to speak but something held his mouth tightly shut. Then he realized where he was: on the floor in the back of a moving car. His mouth was taped, his legs were fastened together and his wrists were handcuffed behind his back.

Suddenly a man's voice said, "Come on, Lora—come *on!*"

A woman's voice said, "We're doing forty, honey."

"I know we're doing forty. The speed limit's fifty."

"Tommy. Please. We can't get picked up now."

"They'll be throwing up a roadblock any minute," the man said.

"We checked all through that, honey," the woman said patiently. "We know this kid walks on the beach at night. Nobody ever checks up. Relax, sweetie."

"Don't call me sweetie."

"I'm sorry," the woman said.

THERE was a ridge in the middle of the car floor, running from front to back. It was the drive-shaft housing. It cut into Charles's side whenever the car went over a bump.

"Tommy," the woman said. "Let's run through it one more time."

"Run through what?"

"The phone call."

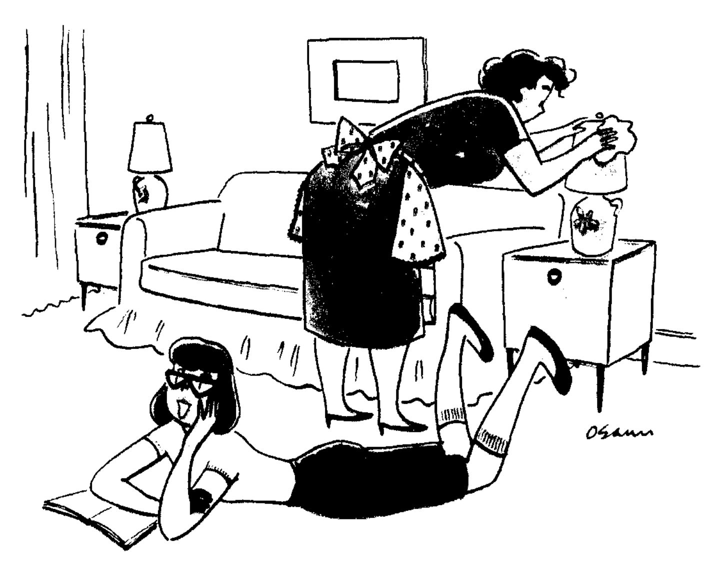
The man said, "Look—you think I'm a moron or something?"

"Please, honey. It's terribly important. You know that."

"All right. All *right!*"

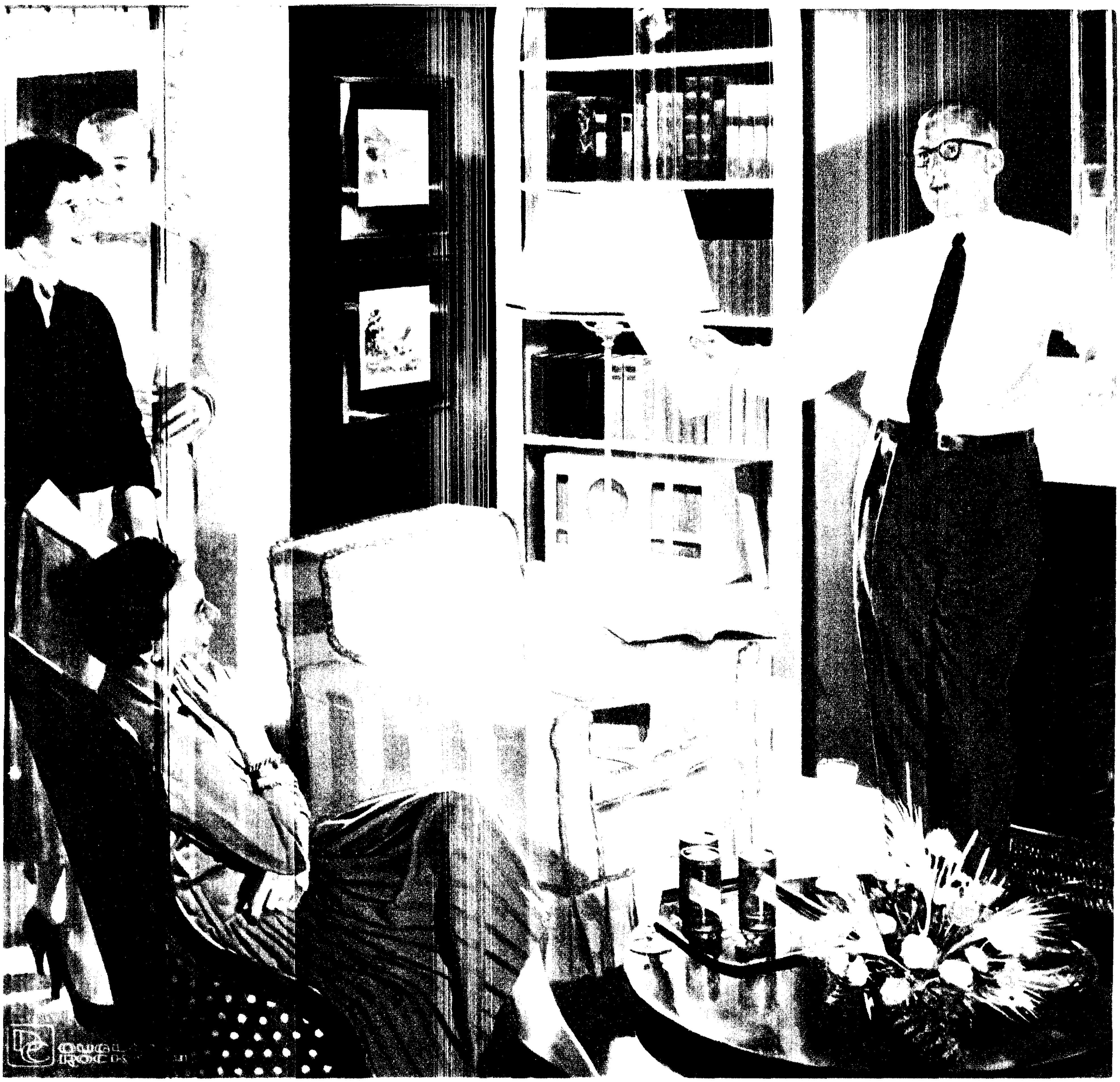
There was a pause. Then Charles heard the man's voice, grudging and angry: "I call from a pay phone in some drugstore. I tell the kid's mother right off the bat that we've got him and we're not kidding. If she calls the cops at any time she won't get back a kid, she'll get a corpse. Then I give her the details. Three hundred thousand dollars in twenties, and no runs of serial numbers. She puts the money in a barracks bag and drives up Alternate Route One from Daytona Beach at eleven o'clock this coming Friday night. She comes alone and she holds her speed at forty-five. She follows the ocean to the pier at Flagler Beach, turns left and goes across to Bunnell, and back down U.S. One to Daytona. It's around fifty miles. Should take about an hour. She drives with her dimmers on and she has a red flashlight strapped inside the wind-

TIZZY



"I'm glad I was born in April. My birthstone is a diamond"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN



"Dad Rehearses His Speech," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 119 in the series "Home Life in America"

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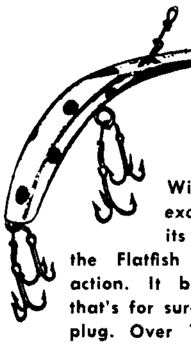

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Free literature, pictures describing these mobile homes—Your name on a card will bring it.

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Vagabond mobile home

VAGABOND COACH MFG. CO., Dept. D-5, New Hudson, Michigan

shield on the right side. It's lighted—so we know who's coming."

"Fine, Tommy. Go ahead."

"I show a red light," the man said. "I flash it low on the side of the road. When the kid's mother sees it she slows down, drops out the cash, and keeps going. If there's any other traffic on the road we don't show our light—she drives back home and we try again the next night. We keep trying until we can make the pickup without traffic. If there's any funny business—anyone with her in the car—we kill the kid."

The woman said, "And don't forget. Make it tough."

"Don't worry," Tommy said.

One of them turned up the volume on the car radio and a girl's voice was singing an oldie, one of Charles's favorites, but now he scarcely heard it. For a while it was dark; then swatches of light flared into the car from overhead and Charles knew they were in a town.

The car stopped and Charles saw the red reflection of a stop light. A girl's voice, right beside the car, said gaily: "Oh, no you don't, Peggy Johnson. He's my date . . ." Charles screamed against the tape; a muffled mooing sound came out. The stop light turned green and the car moved forward. Charles heard the man say, "Take the next left, Lora."

A hand reached back and tightened on Charles's throat, pinning his head savagely to the floor. Red mists accumulated like smoke in his head. They grew steadily darker and went through brown into deep black . . .

THE next morning Lora Matthews was fixing her nails in front of the mirror on the dressing table. She felt good. Tommy had made the phone call last night. He'd talked to the kid's mother and he'd put it to her straight. There was no fear of that woman running to the police. Lora held up her hands. I do have pretty hands, she thought.

Tommy Snyder had noticed her hands that first night when he brought her home from Dave French's Hacienda—the night she'd won $6,100 at blackjack. Tommy had said, "Mrs. Matthews, you have the hands of a model." Tommy was Dave French's floor manager, which was a nice name for bouncer. He'd driven her back to her hotel with the $6,100—just to make sure nobody molested her on the way. It was one of the services of the club.

Tommy looked like Marlon Brando in the movies and he had a trick of looking at you as if he just might suddenly pick up a beer bottle and smash you across the face with it. It made Lora go all hot inside when Tommy looked at her that way.

Lora was thirty-four. Before her divorce she had been married to a butler. They'd been a "couple" on a rich broker's estate in Connecticut. Lora hated the rich. She thought they were slobs, all of them. The broker and his wife had pulled some pretty rare deals—they turned the thermostat down on the furnace when they went out on a winter evening, they drained the swimming pool during vacation, and after a party they poured out any champagne that was left so the servants wouldn't get a taste for it.

Lora's husband just shrugged off those things. But they bothered Lora.

She didn't think it was stealing to take her employer's things out of the attic of the guesthouse, where they were in storage, and sell them in New York. It was just payment for the oil burner and the champagne and the swimming pool and all the rest of it. And so the detective came as a complete surprise. Lora was selling a vase at the time. The man was going to give her forty dollars for it. The vase cost Lora more than forty dollars. It cost her three years in a women's penitentiary. They proved she'd been stealing consistently over a period of months, and her employers hired a smart tough lawyer and insisted on the maximum penalty. The rich had kicked Lora Matthews when they had a chance. In prison, Lora vowed that someday she was going to kick back.

SEEING that item in the Daytona Beach paper about Mrs. Morrison and her son—coupled with the fact that Lora had pretty well run through the $6,100—made Lora think about the kidnaping. The idea had appalled her a little at first but she had got used to it—and she had plenty pushing her. One thing was Tommy: she was nuts about Tommy. And Tommy liked her—Lora could tell.

Tommy also liked money. He mentioned the bar on Coquina Drive on their second date. He told her how he could buy in for $5,000, run it himself, and bring a lot of the gang from the Hacienda over. In two years he'd be smoking dollar cigars and raking in the cash. And Lora would be right there to help him spend it.

Such Language!

Now, here's an observation
Of mine which isn't much,
But when I get my Irish up
I often get in Dutch.

—EDWARD A. LAWRENCE

Tommy didn't come right out and ask Lora for a loan, but she knew he thought she had most of the $6,100 she'd won at the Hacienda. That was what made it so tough. She didn't have most of the $6,100, and she did not intend for Tommy to find it out.

She built up the mention of the kidnaping very carefully. She got Tommy a little drunk and then she told him how strong, tough, smart and capable he was. Finally she said it was a shame that a man of Tommy's ability should have to fool around a place like the Hacienda—or any cheap bar—when he could be handling big money.

Then she casually mentioned the kidnaping, and Tommy balked. He didn't want any part of anything like that, he said, but by two thirty in the morning they were in Lora's apartment making plans. Lora knew of a cabin for rent on the road to New Smyrna, very isolated. They could go there and sign up for two weeks as Mr. and Mrs. Snyder, tourists from New York. They could stay in the cottage a while and let the landlord, who lived half a mile away on the highway, get used to seeing them come and go. They could spend enough time to case the Morrison house and the habits of the kid and his mother and the servants . . .

Finally Tommy said, "How much did you say we could get?"

"Three hundred thousand."

"Give me another drink," Tommy said. "For three hundred thousand I'd roller-skate through hell barefoot."

Lora gave him the drink. Then she gave him a kiss. The next day Tommy quit his job at the Hacienda and bought a secondhand car, and they rented the cottage on the New Smyrna road. . . .

Now, sitting in that cottage, Lora capped the bottle of nail polish and put it in the dresser drawer. She did not notice the tapping at the door at first because the radio was playing dance music. When the music stopped, the tapping came quite clearly.

Lora sat perfectly still until the announcer was through with the commercial and the music had started again. Then she ran to the clothes closet, grabbed the .38 off the hat shelf and stuck it into the pocket of her housecoat. Then she ran back into the living room and stood behind the closed door.

"Yes?" she called. "Who's there?"

"Mr. Ellis," a quavery voice said. "The landlord, Mrs. Snyder."

"Mr. Ellis," Lora called out. "You caught me in the bathtub."

"I'm sorry," the voice said.

There was a pause in the radio music. Lora gripped the gun. If the kid made one of his mooing sounds right at this moment . . .

"I hate to bother you, Mrs. Snyder," the old man called. "I know you're on vacation, but my brother-in-law is coming tomorrow from De Land to help me put the shingles back on the roof—the ones the hurricane tore off last year. It won't take long, ma'am."

From the bedroom Lora heard the squeak of bedsprings and a heavy thud. The radio was blaring loudly again, however, and she was reasonably sure the old man hadn't noticed it. But she had to get rid of him now, very fast, before the music stopped. She called, "All right, Mr. Ellis. Tomorrow will be just fine."

"All right," the old man said. "We'll be here at two—if my brother-in-law gets in from De Land. I hope I haven't bothered you."

Lora's fingers tightened on the gun. Keep talking, Granddad, she thought, and wind up with a bullet in you!

"'By, Mr. Ellis," she called. "I've got to run now."

The song on the radio was in its last chorus. Lora ran across the room, jerked the bedroom door open and knelt down beside the gangling boy who lay gagged on the floor beside the bed. She pressed the muzzle of the .38 against his right cheek, and whispered, "Make a sound, buster. Go ahead!"

THE boy's eyes glared up at her. The announcer's hearty gabbling stopped and the music began again. Lora waited, then whispered to the boy, "I'm going to tell you something, junior. I wouldn't mind killing you. If you try any more tricks like rolling off that bed, you get it. Clear?"

The boy's head bobbed up and down, with difficulty, and she could see the tears in his eyes. She went out, closed the door behind her, and went to look out the bathroom window at the back stoop. The old man had gone.

After the redheaded woman left him, Charles Morrison lay thinking about her eyes. They'd been hot and crazy-looking. She hadn't been kidding when she said she wouldn't mind killing him.

Suddenly Charles couldn't hold it in any longer. He began to cry the way he'd cried when he was a little kid. He shook all over, and made whimpering sounds. He did not hear the car drive in. The first he knew that the man named Tommy had come home was the sound of the woman's voice, calling, "Honey, what kept you so long?"

The man's voice was louder than it had been last night, and not so tense.

"We're in, baby. We've got it made."

There was a pause. Then the woman said sharply, "You've been drinking!"

The sound of her voice made Charles shiver. "Carl Hall got drunk," she went on, her voice flat and quiet. "Carl Hall and Bonnie Heady were doing fine until Hall went into that bar in St. Louis and got drunk."

"I'm not drunk, Lora," Tommy insisted. "I tell you it's in the bag. The kid's mother hasn't made a peep. There's nothing in the papers. Everything's quiet in town."

"Don't drink again, Tommy. Not till after the pickup. Understand?"

"Listen, who are you trying to tell—" The man's voice broke off short, and then he spoke again, his voice low: "Put that gun down, baby."

"I love you, Tommy," the woman said. "But I'm not winding up like Bonnie Heady. Not for you or anyone. Is that clear?"

"Sure, baby. Sure, it's clear."

"While you were out living it up," Lora said, "I had a caller." And she told Tommy about the landlord wanting to repair the roof. "We can't have the kid here in the house while they're working," she went on. "The walls are so thin you can hear a pin drop anywhere in the house."

"I'll go over," Tommy said. "I'll tell the old guy not to disturb us."

"You can't. It would look funny, after me telling him to come. It would be something he'd remember later. We can't do anything that anybody will remember later. Once the lid comes off this deal they'll be looking for us in every state of the Union. And don't forget—once we take the kid across a state line the FBI gets into the act."

Irritation was back in the man's voice when he spoke: "So we don't take the kid across any state lines, just keep it between us and the cracker Florida cops. Is that what you have in mind?"

There was a pause. Then the woman said, almost casually, "You might say that's what I have in mind, Tommy. We'll have to get rid of the kid."

The man said instantly, "Look, Lora, we agreed there'd be none of that."

"We agreed you wouldn't drink—"

"Never mind my drinking. I don't go for murdering kids in cold blood. I like dough, but not that well."

"You don't have to do it," Lora said. "I'll take care of it."

"Don't be a fool!" Tommy said. "If you mention that once more—"

"Okay, honey—sorry," Lora said soothingly. But Charles did not think she sounded convinced.

CHARLES heard footsteps then. The door to his room opened and the man called Tommy stood there. His shoulders filled the doorway. He wore a pale-yellow sport shirt and white slacks. His forearms were tanned and corded with muscles. He said, "Hey, the kid rolled off the bed."

Charles saw the redheaded woman squeeze into the doorway beside the man. He hadn't realized how little she was. She barely reached the man's shoulder. She said, "Junior, here, is a smart little operator. He's the type that rolls off beds when people are around to hear him. But we had a little heart-to-heart talk and he's promised to be a good boy from now on."

Tommy bent and propped Charles against the bed. The woman, standing in the doorway with her hands behind her, said, "I've been thinking, Tommy. With those two old geezers coming here tomorrow, this joint is getting crowded. We've got to get out of here."

"We can't get out of here," Tommy said. "There's no place to go."

Lora looked at him. She said, "I'll take the kid in the car. I'll head south and hole up and wait. You make the pickup. When you've got the money you can join me."

Charles wanted to scream. He wanted to yell to Tommy that if Lora got him in the car alone, it wouldn't be just kidnaping—it would be murder.

Tommy said, "I need the car for the pickup." He looked at Lora. "Besides, I don't trust you with the kid."

Lora sneered. "What's the matter? Getting soft, Tommy?"

Charles saw the big man flex his fingers, lightly. The woman saw it too. She swung an arm out from behind her and pointed her ice pick toward him. "Take it easy, Tommy," she said.

Tommy looked at Lora steadily. Then he said, "Look. You pointed a gun at me a little while ago. Now you got that ice pick. I'm telling you something. Put it down. I'm a big dumb guy maybe, but I mean what I say."

The woman's eyes narrowed and Charles thought for an instant she was going to spring at the man. Then, very slowly, she lowered the pick. Tommy said. "Gimme it. Handle first."

Lora handed him the pick. "Don't push me around," Tommy said. He laid the pick on the dresser. "There is one place we can go," he said. "It's over back of Palatka. Dave French took some of the New York crowd in there fishing one time and asked me to come along to help. It's called the Oklawaha swamp, and it's a hell of a place. Used to be a stand of cypress. Now it's a thick jungle."

"Honey," Lora said, and her voice was low, almost pleading, "how can we live in a swamp?"

"There's an old hermit back there. Name of Webb. He sells bait to fishermen. We could stay in his shack."

"How would we get there?"

"We'd drive as far as we could, then take the boat. I remember there's a boat back there on one of the feeder streams. It's a community deal. Anyone who goes in uses the boat and then brings it back to the same spot."

"Suppose somebody is already using the boat."

"It's a chance we'd have to take—but it's not a big one. People don't go in there very often." Tommy rubbed his hand over his mouth. "The more I think about it, the better I like it," he said. "After we pick up the dough we can burn the old man's boat, row out of the swamp in the community boat and take off. The old guy and the kid would be stuck. By the time somebody found them we'd be safe."

"All right," Lora said. "But what about the landlord?"

"I'll go over as soon as it's dark," Tommy said. "I'll pay him off and tell him I got a wire from New York. They want me back there right away. I'm real blue about it too." Tommy winked. Lora winked back.

AFTER dark Lora cooked eggs and bacon on the hot plate and made coffee. Tommy and Lora ate. Charles was lying on the living-room floor now, and they didn't offer him anything to eat but he didn't mind. The smell of the food made him feel sick.

Lora washed the dishes and Tommy went out to the landlord's house. When he was gone, Lora went into the bed-

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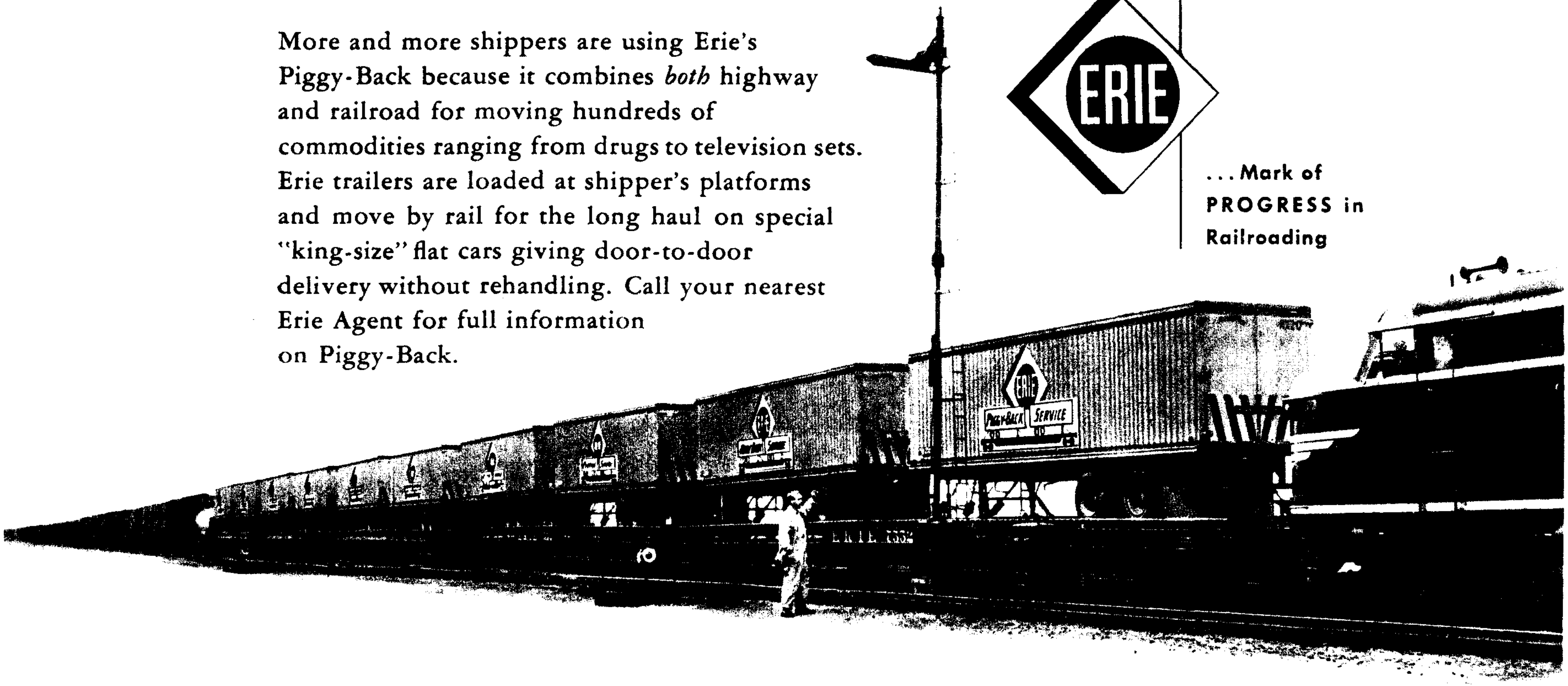

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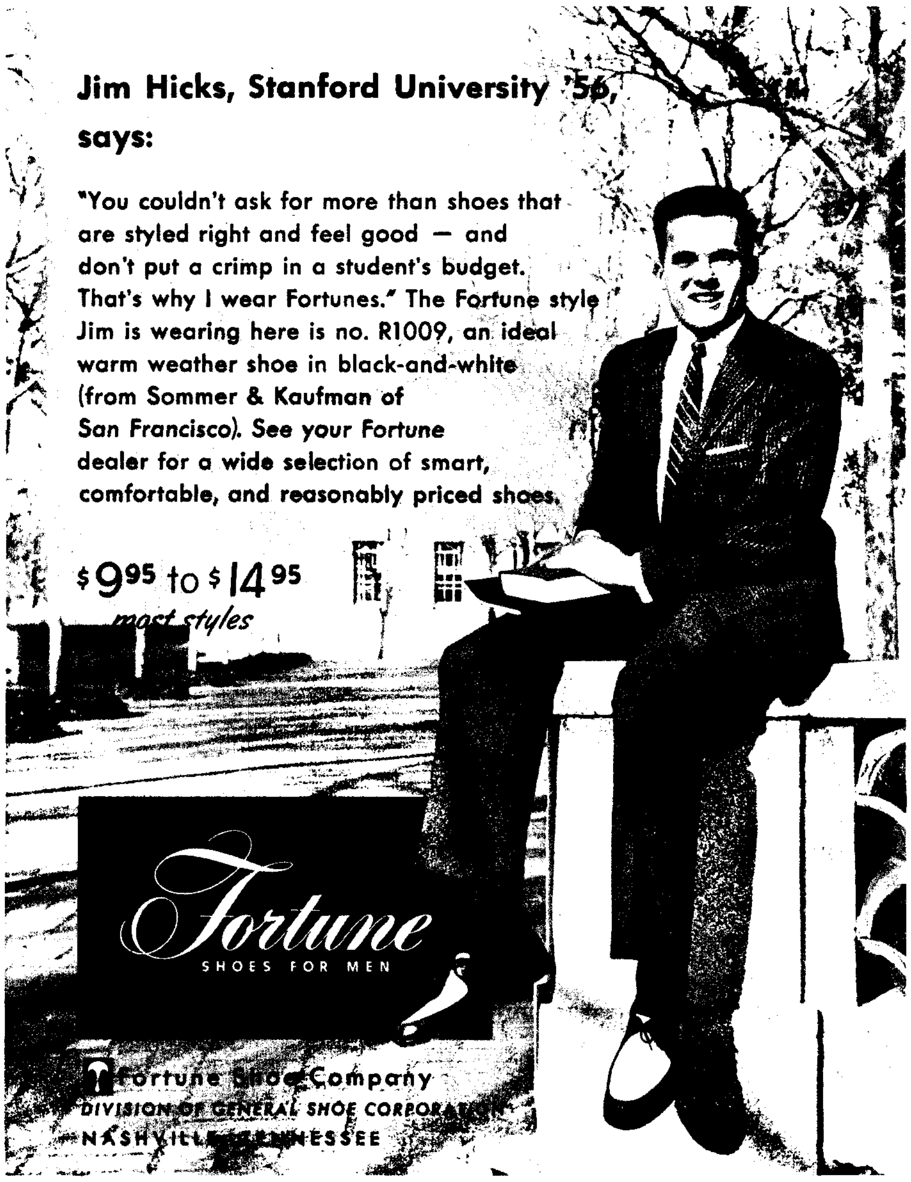
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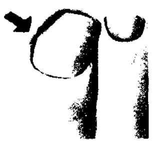
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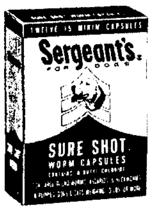
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room and Charles heard her rummaging around in a closet. The door was ajar. Charles saw Lora take out a large coil of wire and put it into a suitcase. Next she put in a small plastic object that he did not recognize. Then she put in a .38 revolver, packed some clothes over the lot, closed the bag and locked it. Charles could see a .38 lying on top of the radio. That meant there were two. Charles wondered if Tommy knew that Lora had a gun of her own.

Finally Tommy came back, grinning. It was all set, he said. The landlord was even looking forward to having them in his cabin when they came to Florida for their vacation next year.

"How about that?" Tommy said.

He packed his clothes while Lora double-checked the cabin to make sure they hadn't left any evidence. Then Tommy took Charles out to the car, put him on the floor of the back seat and tucked a blanket over him. When they drove past the landlord's cottage, both Lora and Tommy leaned out and waved and shouted good-by. It was all very friendly and normal.

AFTER a very long time, Tommy turned off the smooth road onto a rough surface and drove very carefully and slowly. Vegetation of some kind scraped the car on both sides. Even traveling in low gear, dead slow, the car bucked on its springs and at times Charles could hear the gurgle of water around the wheels.

Finally Tommy stopped the car. The weeds were too high in front, he said; he couldn't see where he was going. In the morning it would be a cinch. In the morning they'd find the boat without any trouble. Tommy seemed in good spirits, now they were in the swamp. They were safe now, he said. From the look of the weeds, nobody had been in here for months. He took the tape off Charles's mouth and ankles. "Take a good yell, kid," he said. "You probably need it."

"I won't yell," Charles said. "Please—will you take the handcuffs off? Just for a little while?"

Tommy laughed. "All the comforts of home, hey, kid!"

But he unlocked the handcuffs and let Charles rub the circulation back into his wrists before he put him in the front seat and fastened his left hand to the steering column. Charles would have thanked him if Lora had not been there. If he ever got out of this, he'd remember Tommy. He'd also remember Lora . . .

Tommy and Lora were in the back seat together now, smoking cigarettes and talking in whispers. They'd rolled up the windows to keep out the mosquitoes. The smoke was thick in the closed car and it was very hot. Charles was very tired. Presently his mind sank toward sleep, and the sounds of the swamp grew faraway and dim.

TOMMY woke Charles in the predawn, released him from the steering column, and they went away from the car into the swamp a little distance. Tommy had lost his easy mood of the night. His eyes were hooded and his face was creased with sleep. Charles did not speak while they completed their toilet, and Tommy said nothing.

Lora was sitting in the front seat of the car when they returned. She had combed her hair and put on lipstick, but her eyes were puffy, and the lines in her face were etched clearly now.

Tommy put Charles in the back seat and cuffed his hands together. Then Tommy got into the driver's seat.

Lora held up a leather wallet. She said, "You dropped this on the floor last night."

"Oh," Tommy said. "Thanks." He put the wallet in his pocket.

Lora said, "Who is Iris Parks?"

Tommy turned and faced Lora. "You went through my wallet."

"How else would I know it was yours? It might have belonged to junior."

Tommy didn't speak.

"I must say she's pretty," Lora said. "And from what she wrote on her picture she isn't exactly neutral on the subject of Tommy Snyder."

"Look, baby," Tommy said. "That picture was in my wallet long before I met you. It doesn't mean anything."

Lora laughed shortly.

"You don't believe it?" Tommy said.

"Oh, certainly I believe it. I know you wouldn't lie to me, dearest." From the back seat Charles could see Lora's face as she looked at Tommy. Her lips were smiling, but her eyes were like the eyes of a snake. "Since you don't care about her any more," Lora said, "I know you won't mind telling me if she lives around here."

"I wouldn't mind," Tommy said. "But I'm not going to."

Lora bit her lip. Her face was dirty white under her tan. She said, "All right, Tommy, if that's how you feel."

"That's how I feel," Tommy said.

They drove through the grass and entered a forest of jack pines. The air smelled of turpentine and the ground was matted with red needles.

They passed the site of an ancient abandoned logging camp and entered the swamp. It was like moving into a green tunnel. The car was drenched with a bright rain of dew.

TOMMY parked the car in a palmetto clump near the rowboat landing, well hidden from the road. Lora locked their bags in the trunk and Tommy bailed out the boat. His yellow shirt was soaked by the time he had the boat floating and a push pole ready.

"Okay now, kid," he said to Charles. "You sit in front. Lora, you in the middle. I'll stand in back and pole."

Lora said, "Wait. I'll be back."

She ran to the car. In a moment she reappeared, carrying the handle from the bumper jack. "There just might be snakes in this lovely place," she said.

For once, Charles had to agree with Lora. The swamp certainly looked snaky. The stream was so narrow that vegetation slithered over Charles's shoulders as they moved along.

Gradually the channel grew wider. They passed through sunlit glades between jackstraw piles of abandoned cypress logs. The mosquitoes were gone now but the sun was very hot and Charles realized how hungry he was. He had not eaten anything for thirty hours. His stomach felt hollow, and specks swam before his eyes.

The boat entered a long stretch choked with bonnets and purple water hyacinth. "Almost there," Tommy said. "Another half hour should do it."

"It can't be too soon for me," Lora said. "This place gives me the creeps."

They left the water hyacinths and, where the ground rose a few feet above the water, passed between high walls of pines. Suddenly they rounded a bend and emerged into a deep, wide river. The boat immediately sagged in the current and Tommy had to thrust powerfully with the pole.

"Give me your scarf, Lora," Tommy said. "I want to mark this entrance. Otherwise we may miss it going out.

There are dozens of little channels feeding this river."

Lora unknotted her scarf and Tommy tied it tightly and carefully to an overhanging branch. Then he stood up and began poling the boat upstream. It was hard work. The river's surface was smooth as glass. You could not tell there was a current unless you looked at the grass on the bottom. The sun was now very hot. Tommy had to keep wiping sweat from his eyes. Finally he beached the boat and sat down.

"Look, Tommy," Lora said. "I hate to bring this up—but you said, almost an hour ago, that we'd be there in half an hour."

"Yeah," Tommy said. "I know."

"You sure there's really an old man back here?"

"Last October there was. He had a landing up a creek to the right. There was a little wooden sign nailed to a tree to mark the turn. I've been looking for it."

"That's great," Lora said. "You've been looking for it. That's fine."

They were silent for a while. Tommy was resting, breathing heavily, looking out at the river. "What are you thinking about, honey?" Lora said finally. "That Iris Parks? That girl whose picture was in your wallet?"

Tommy turned slowly away from the river and looked at Lora, and his eyes crinkled. "You happy here, Lora?"

Lora frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you're not happy here, you can leave. You can swim back."

"That's a real bright remark."

"That's no bright remark," Tommy said. "That's how it is."

Lora turned away without speaking and Charles did not look at her face. He didn't want to see it. He hoped Tommy knew what he was doing. Tommy was big and he could break your back with his bare hands if he got mad. But he had to be mad. Lora was different. Lora could shoot you or stick an ice pick into you—for kicks.

Finally Tommy stood up and began to pole methodically upstream. His dark face had grown flushed. Fifteen minutes passed.

A channel, choked with hyacinths, opened on the right. There did not seem to be any freeway through it. They had almost passed it when Charles saw the little wooden sign. The words had been burned on it with an iron: *Webb's Landing.*

"There's the sign," Tommy said.

"How far through this flower bed does old buddy live?" Lora asked.

WITHOUT answering, Tommy poled the boat powerfully into the mat of hyacinths. The boat moved out of the sunshine past some jack pines on a little mound of dry earth. It slid under a canopy of wild-grape vines, which seemed to be a dead end. Then Charles saw open water through the hanging tendrils of vine. Tommy thrust powerfully with his pole, and the boat shot out into a large basin of deep black water. Across the basin was a boat landing made of palm pilings, and a sun-bleached cabin roofed with palm thatching. At the edge of the dock, an old man was sitting in a chair fishing. Tommy called: "Hi there, Mr. Webb. Remember me?"

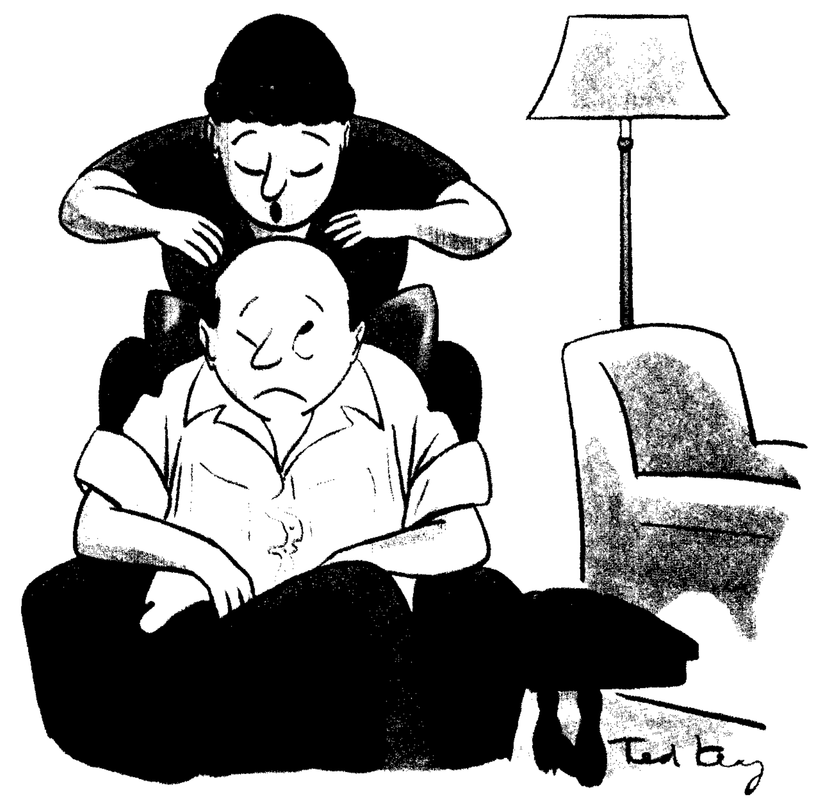
The old man's face was like leather and his hair was white. He reeled in a bright-colored wooden plug and set his steel rod and reel in a little stand beside him. He said, "Hello. What do you folks want? Bait?"

Charles wanted to scream a warning to the old man. But Lora Matthews was facing forward, and her eyes were on him. He saw that she was holding the flat steel jack handle in her right hand out of sight of the old man.

The boat bumped the dock. Charles's manacled hands came up involuntarily in an effort to keep his balance and the steel handcuffs glinted in the sun. The old man said, "Hey, what—"

Charles saw Lora rise, sure-footed and catlike, and swing the jack handle around viciously in a wide arc. He heard the bar strike something with a *whunk,* heard an agonized gasp from above, and then the old man fell heavily onto the dock.

Lora raised the jack handle to strike again, but Tommy had her arm. He



"I see a restaurant. I see a man taking his wife *into* that restaurant . . ."

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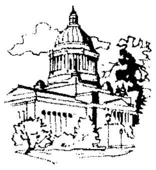

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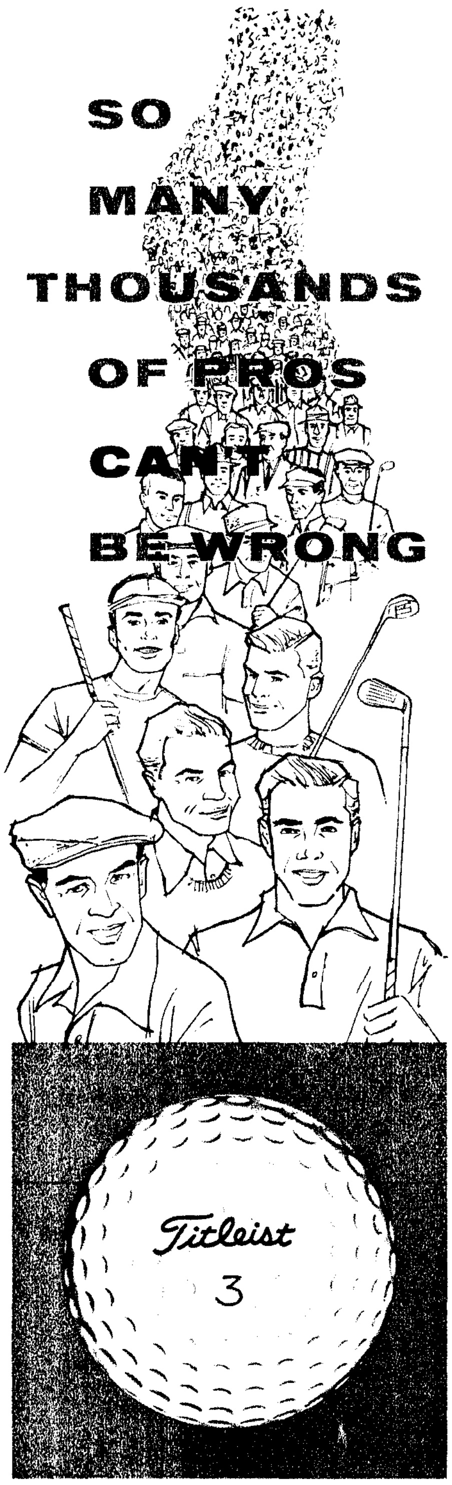

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jerked the handle away from her. "Okay, baby," he said. "*Okay.*"

"Oh . . ." The old man's voice was a moan. "My leg—you broke it—"

The next minutes were a nightmare to Charles. Lora and Tommy climbed out of the boat onto the dock and Tommy pulled Charles out after him. Instinctively Charles reached out to the old man, lying quiet on the dock in the sun, and Lora jerked him back with such force that he fell backward onto the dock. He could not take his eyes off the old man, seeing the tear in the corduroy trousers and the leg beginning to bleed where the skin had been torn.

TOMMY manacled Charles's right wrist to the casing of a little iron pump the old man had installed at the edge of the dock to pull up water for cleaning his fish. Tommy and Lora lifted the old man and put him in the chair he'd been sitting in.

Lora stood there looking down at the old man without expression, while Tommy ransacked the cabin for food.

"Go ahead and fish," Lora said to the old man. "You've got your rod right there in the rack. Catch us a mess of trout." She chuckled as if she had said something funny.

Tommy laughed a little too. He'd found a bottle of whisky inside the cabin, and he'd been drinking.

Lora did not drink. She had found a can of beans in the shack and had opened it and was spooning the beans into her mouth. For the first time she seemed happy and content.

The old man's face was flushed now, and Charles saw him squeezing his eyes tightly at intervals, and tightening the muscles around his mouth. Charles had taken first aid in camp. He knew what had happened: the old man had been in shock. Now the shock was wearing off and the pain in his leg was getting through to him.

Tommy Snyder had drunk a lot from the bottle very fast and his voice had become loud and jovial. He said, "Mr. Webb—hey, Mr. Webb! I wantcha know I'm sorry. Wasn't necessary hit your leg. Mistake, Mr. Webb. Does it hurt? Bet it hurts like hell. Tell you what. We'll fix up a splint for that leg."

He bent down in front of the old man. "Lemme look at it, dad."

"Get away from me!" the old man cried.

Charles hadn't noticed Lora leave, but now he saw her come out of the cabin lugging a five-gallon can. She called, "Hey, Tommy—want to have a little fire? This is kerosene. Remember what you said about burning the old guy's boat?"

"Oh," Tommy said. "Burn the boat. Oh, sure. But not now, baby. Burn the boat anytime. Have a little drink!"

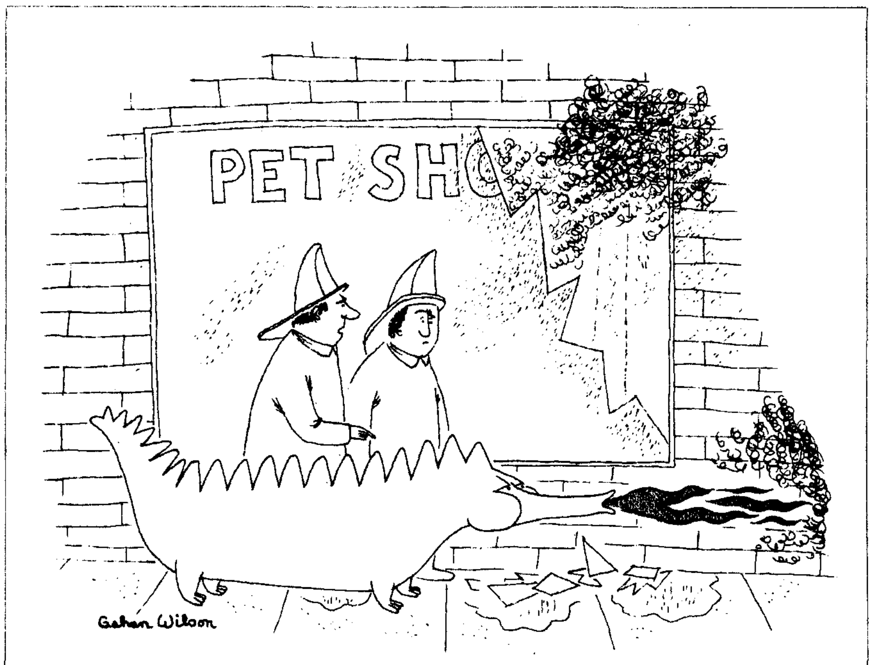
"There's a glass inside the shack, honey," Lora said. "Get it for me?"

"Right," Tommy said. . . .

When Tommy went into the shack, Lora swung the kerosene can to the edge of the dock, tipped it and let the kerosene cascade into the bottom of the old man's rowboat. Then she let the can fall back on its bottom, took her cigarette lighter from her pocket, snapped it and dropped it into the boat. There was a soft puff and the boat was enveloped with a bright rush of fire.

Tommy stepped out onto the dock with a water glass partly filled with whisky. He stood for a moment, staring stupidly at the fire. Then he lunged toward the woman. "You asked for it!" he snarled. "Now you get it!"

Charles did not know how Lora happened to have Tommy's gun in her pocket. Tommy had laid it down in the shack, probably, when he started drinking, and forgotten it. Charles heard himself cry out a warning to Tommy, but it was too late. Lora shot Tommy Snyder in the stomach. He stumbled and angled toward the edge of the dock, and the momentum of his body carried him over into the water.



"We think this is what started the fire, sir . . ."

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

When Tommy came up there was blood in the water around him, and his eyes were not drunken now but sober and terribly clear. Charles saw Lora hold the .38 down near Tommy's upturned face and fire it.

Charles was watching the woman in horror. He did not see old man Webb take his steel casting rod out of the stand beside him, but then he heard the small scream of the reel and saw the bright flash of the plug along the dock. The plug passed a few inches behind the woman's head, then snapped back savagely in midair, as the old man snubbed the reel with his thumb. The woman screamed and lost her balance, dropping the gun. Then, as the old man set the hooks, she lunged headlong into the water.

For an instant the dock hid her and Charles saw the old man's pole bend nearly double; then the woman had broken the line and was scrambling into her own boat and pushing away from the dock. Her cheek was bloody but the plug was gone.

The kerosene fire had died down, but the wooden portion of the rowboat was burning above the water line. In the center of the basin, Lora's boat lost the impetus of her frantic shove and stopped. She put her hand to her face, brought it down, and stared at the blood on her fingers. Then she looked back toward the dock, her expression quite calm, and slowly her lips drew tight across her teeth in a grim smile. In horror, Charles followed the direction of her gaze.

"Mr. Webb," he whispered. "She's going to burn us alive . . ."

Lora Matthews stared at the half-filled can of kerosene which stood on the dock where she had left it. Then she crouched in the bottom of the boat and began paddling rapidly with her hands.

"The gun!" old man Webb called suddenly. "Get the gun, boy!"

Charles turned wildly. Then he saw the .38. It was lying on the dock where Lora had dropped it. He reached for it with his left hand, straining at the handcuff that held his right wrist.

"Your foot!" the old man called. "Try your foot! Quick!"

Charles swung his body out flat on the dock, hands toward the pipe, feet toward the gun. He pointed his toe and strained for it. The motion made him lose sight of what he was doing. He felt his toe strike something. He stopped straining and looked again. He'd kicked the gun out of his range.

He saw Lora Matthews working furiously now, trying to speed the boat toward the dock.

"Mr. Webb!" he screamed.

He felt the dock shake. He twisted and stared. The old man was out of his chair, pulling himself along with his hands, dragging his broken leg. His eyes were squinted nearly shut, and between each forward hitch he fell flat on the dock. Then he lifted himself up and took another hitch.

LORA was almost there. She was standing up in the boat. Charles looked wildly for something he could pick up and throw at her. He saw nothing. Then old man Webb hunched his body forward and, very carefully put his hand on the gun. Charles wanted to shout with relief.

Now Mr. Webb was on his belly. He had the gun in both hands, aimed directly at Lora. "All right," he said, his voice curiously soft and expressionless, "that's far enough, ma'am."

Lora Matthews sat back and watched old man Webb. Somehow the whole situation seemed unreal to Charles. It did not seem possible that anyone or anything could really stop Lora.

"The boat pole is floating over by the outlet," old man Webb said. "You paddle over there with your hands and get it. Then get out of here."

Shoot her! Charles's mind screamed. Shoot her while you have a chance!

When Lora still did not move, the old man cried, "Git! Do it quick! I ain't gonna be able to hold myself much longer and I want to kill you awful bad."

Lora Matthews knelt down then and began paddling with her hands toward the outlet. When the boat moved out of sight, Mr. Webb laid the gun down carefully, crooked his arm under his face and lay still. . . .

The sunlight gradually faded. The shadow of the canopy of vines crept

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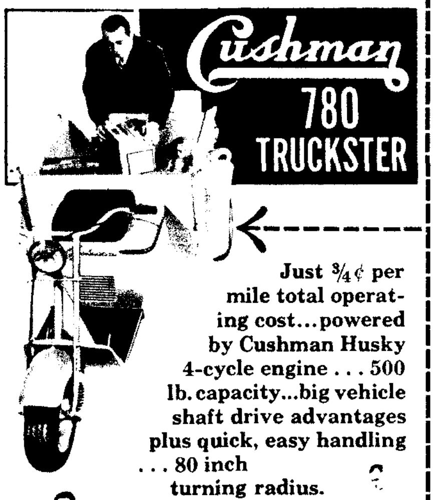

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slowly across the surface of the pool.

Charles heard a mosquito's thin singing in his ears. He had, for some time, been watching with morbid fascination a pale-yellow blob of cloth floating in the brown water. It was a sport shirt. There was trapped air inside it and it ballooned above the surface like part of a pair of water wings. Beneath the yellow blob the body of Tommy Snyder was dimly visible under the surface of the water. Charles had not looked at the body at first. But now he was watching it, hoping it would float close to the dock. Tommy had the key to the handcuffs in his pocket.

CHARLES examined the handcuffs: one cuff was around his right wrist; the other was fastened to the two-inch casing under the pump head. He spit on his wrist, tucked his thumb tightly into his palm and tried to pull his hand free. It was no good.

Charles could see a can of baked beans on a shelf inside the old man's shack. When he looked at them he could feel his stomach convulse slightly and saliva thicken in his mouth. "Mr. Webb," he said softly.

The old man did not move.

Charles felt panicky. Was the old man—was he dead? Charles shouted, "Mr. Webb! Wake up!"

The old man stirred and opened his eyes. He peered at Charles but he did not seem to see him. "Mr. Webb," Charles said as calmly as he could. "Hand me the gun."

The old man raised his head off his arms. He peered at Charles carefully. "Oh," he said. "Hello, son."

"Throw me the gun, Mr. Webb. I have to use it to get this handcuff off."

Webb gripped the gun barrel with his left hand and drew it close to his body. Then he straightened his arm. The gun slid along the planking, bounced across a crack, and came to rest within Charles's reach. The old man let his head down on his arms. "Be careful . . ." he said.

Charles held the gun in his hand for a long time, looking at it and at the handcuff in the fading light. He had never realized how large the bore of a .38 was, or how strong real handcuffs were. The only chance was to fire at the metal eyes that fastened the links to the cuffs. But if the bullet ricocheted wrong it could very well go off the eyelet into his own body.

The alligator came from the direction of the river. Charles heard it first in the hyacinth bed; then he saw something black moving smoothly toward the yellow shirt.

Charles pointed the revolver at the shape, then lowered it. He had only two bullets. He might need them both if the thing passed Tommy and tried to get him or the old man. The alligator stopped swimming and lay quietly in the water, then disappeared. For a moment nothing happened. Then the body in the yellow shirt was gone. Charles shuddered, and his fingers on the gun relaxed.

The alligator broke the surface of the water with a mighty rolling splash, and then thrashed into the hyacinths. On the far bank, in the darkness, it stopped. A subdued wrenching and tearing sound began . . .

Charles pulled the handcuffs taut, put the gun against the links and squeezed the trigger. There was a dynamite roar in the dusk, something clubbed his wrist savagely, and then he found himself sprawling on his back ten feet from the pump. He held up his wrist. It was bloody and the cuff still was on it, but the link had been broken. He was free!

He glanced at the old man, who apparently was unconscious again, hesitated, and then ran into the shack and began to eat voraciously whatever he could find—a can of beans, sliced pineapple, condensed milk.

When he was through eating he found a lantern and lighted it with one of the old man's kitchen matches. On a tiny workbench lay four or five fishing plugs in various stages of construction. Several were still in the whittling stage, and the one that had caught Charles's eyes was hanging up to dry: a vivid yellow body with black polka dots and a black head.

A low moaning sound from outside made Charles hold his breath. He went out at once, feeling guilty. The old man was still lying exactly as he had been, on his stomach, with his head on his arm, but his breathing had changed. His breath came smoothly for a while, then seemed to choke up, and he gasped and shivered. And then the breathing smoothed out again.

Charles knew first aid from his work in camp. One of the first rules was not to move a person with a broken bone unless you first secured the bone with a splint. Vaguely he recalled something about traction—pulling the leg out so the broken edges of bone wouldn't injure the nerves and tissue. You had to have a special apparatus for that. You needed two people, one to pull and one to bandage.

Charles felt a twinge of unreasoning anger. He had been through enough. He was so tired he could barely stand up, his hand and arm were beginning to ache from the bullet bruise, and the mosquitoes were buzzing around his face and bare hands. Charles went into the shack. The bed looked very soft. He wanted to lie on it, just for a minute, but he knew if he lay down he wouldn't get up. He took the lantern outside and set it on the dock so he could see what he was doing. He brought a blanket from the bed and tucked it around the old man so there would be no place for mosquitoes to enter. He peered at the old man's head, resting on his arms. It seemed to be in a comfortable position. But he had to protect the old man's face and hands.

Charles carried the lantern back into the shack and looked for mosquito netting, but there was none. It's probably okay, Charles thought. He's probably been bitten a million times. He's probably immune.

He sat down on the edge of the bed and started taking off his shoes. He had both shoes off and was starting on his socks when he stopped. In his stocking feet he dragged the kitchen table out onto the dock and placed it over the old man's head. Then he brought a bed sheet out, draped it like a tent, and weighted it down around the edges with some chunks of firewood he found stacked at the corner of the shack. He paused and looked at his handiwork. He said, "Good night, Mr. Webb. Pleasant dreams."

THE sun was high when Charles awoke. The sun did not wake him—it was the old man groaning. Charles sat up in bed, feeling sore and stiff. He looked at his injured wrist. The handcuff was still on it and the knuckles of his hand were swollen and caked with dried blood. He got up and stepped out on the dock. He almost screamed.

Somehow the old man had rolled over and pulled the sheet loose, and one

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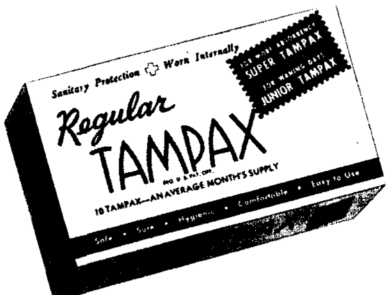
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side of the table was completely open. His face was horribly swollen and blotched with mosquito bites, and when he breathed, little bubbles rose and burst on his lips. Charles did not want to look at the old man's leg, but he had to look. He pulled back the blanket very gently. Then he replaced the blanket and ran back into the shack and fell face down on the bed.

He sobbed into the pillow, holding it against his face to muffle the sound. His body shook. A thought kept pounding in his head: I slept . . . I slept . . .

After a while he sat up on the bed. He didn't know much about first aid but he was sure of this: old man Webb no longer needed just a traction splint—he needed a doctor, a hospital, blood. He needed them now, today. If he did not get them today he might never need them again. *If I'd acted like a man instead of like a crummy kid,* Charles thought bitterly, *if I'd stayed awake and checked that sheet*— The bites the old man had taken were no joke, even for a man in top shape. In his weakened condition, when he needed all his reserve strength to stand the pain in his leg, the mosquito bites might tip the scale.

Charles looked out the doorway of the shack. The water was empty and peaceful. There was no sign of Tommy Snyder's body. The kerosene can still stood on the edge of the dock where Lora had left it.

Charles took off his trousers and socks; then he went outside and carefully rearranged the sheet around the old man's head and weighted it in such a way that Webb would scarcely be able to touch it, even if he moved. Charles poured all of the rest of the kerosene out of the can, found the cap and screwed it on tight. He tossed the can into the water, slipped in beside it, and pulled his body over it. The can sank almost out of sight and stabilized, keeping his body afloat. He gave the can a hard push across the pool and struck out after it.

IT WAS late afternoon when he drifted out of the mouth of the Oklawaha into the broad sweep of the St. Johns River. He thought it was a lake. He did not know how long it had been since he had stopped swimming and merely floated, supported by the can.

He had swum beautifully in the beginning, pushing the can along ahead of him in the current; after he made himself stop thinking of jaws rising up under him from the depths, he reveled in the clean power of the six-beat crawl. Gradually the crawl slowed and turned into a side stroke. He went ashore several times and lay among the bonnets and his chest heaved, and gradually the leaden feeling drained out of his arms and legs.

He hadn't gone ashore now, however, for a long time—not since he'd almost put his hand on a snake that had been lying on a log.

Now Charles had stopped worrying about snakes or alligators. He was mainly concerned with keeping his mouth and nose out of the water. He kept slipping down, and each time it was harder to get his head clear. He thought: I must hold onto this can. *No matter what happens I must hold this can . . .*

"Grab his shoulders, Ed," a faraway voice said. "I'll get his hips."

Hands pulled at him.

"Watch it, Ed!" the voice said sharply. "You wanta upset the boat?"

Charles lay on the bottom of the boat, feeling the motor driving it somewhere; and then sometime later, a voice said. "Son? Can you hear me, son?"

He said, "Yes. I can hear you." With a great effort he drew himself up. He said, "Please, sir, will you get me to a telephone—quick?"

The two men carried him up a winding pathway through some palmettos and into a sandy yard where there were some people sitting on the porch of a house.

THEN Charles was sitting in a room holding an old-fashioned upright telephone in his hand. He got the operator and placed a call to his mother's house in Daytona Beach. Then, suddenly, he heard his mother's voice, sounding tired and remote: "Hello? This is Mrs. Morrison."

He said, "Hello, Mom."

The wire hummed emptily. Then his mother's voice came to him, kind of wild and crazy, "Charley! Are you safe? Where are you?"

"I'm all right," he said. "I'm safe. I'm in a farmhouse in a town called—" He stopped, and somebody said, "Welaka. The Culpepper house in Welaka."

"Mother, I'm in Welaka. At the Culpepper house in Welaka."

His mother said, "Your dad's here, Charley. He wants to talk to you."

Charles heard his father's voice: "Hello, Charley? Are you alone?"

"How do you mean?"

"Are they—"

"Oh—the kidnapers! No, Dad. I'm in this farmhouse and—"

"Charley—" Mr. Morrison said, and then Charles heard his father's voice break. The wire hummed for an instant, and Charles heard a deep breath. Then his father's voice came back, normal and strong. "Okay, Charley," his father said. "Let's have it, son."

Charles talked fast and tried not to leave any of it out. He told about Tommy and Lora, and swimming out of the swamp. He said that old man Webb was in the swamp alone, told what he needed and how if he didn't get it tonight it would probably be too late. He said, "Dad, Mr. Webb saved my life. You'll get on it right away, won't you?"

His father said, "Yes, I'll get on it, Charles. Now tell me again where you are."

Twelve minutes after Charles hung up, he heard the sirens. It was like a movie. He heard the sirens get louder and louder, saw the headlights careening through the dark. The cars skidded hard as they stopped in the dust outside the Culpepper house, and men in uniform piled out and ran up the steps. The first thing they did when they saw him was unlock the single handcuff and remove it from his wrist. Charles started telling them about old Mr. Webb, but they interrupted. "Never mind the old man now, son," one trooper said. "We know he needs help. It's on its way from Daytona Beach. We've got another job to do. Steady down now, son. Help us."

"What can I do?"

"This is Friday night," the trooper said. "Your mother is expected to deliver three hundred thousand dollars in twenty-dollar bills to someone between eleven and twelve tonight, somewhere on the road above Daytona Beach. Our job is to pick up that person."

Charles had forgotten about the pickup of the ransom money. He had forgotten it was to be on Friday night. He hadn't even realized that today was Friday. He told the police all he knew about the instructions Tommy had given his mother by telephone.

"We know that, son," the trooper said. "Where did they say they'd be waiting?"

"They didn't say," Charles said. "It isn't 'they' any more. It's just Lora." And he told them how an alligator had got Tommy's body. "Lora's got a gun," Charles went on. "I don't know what you're going to do, but you better be awful careful."

"Don't worry, kid," the trooper said. "We'll take care of it. Now, you wait here for your folks—they're on their way from Daytona Beach with doctors, and hospital equipment and rescue boats." . . .

WHEN the rescue boats reached the hyacinth bed at the mouth of Webb's Creek, it was quite dark. Charles was in a boat with his father. He wore trousers and a jacket borrowed from one of the Culpepper sons, and his face was smeared with mosquito lotion. The motors bogged down in the hyacinth bed. One boat had oars and was able to make it through with the doctor and two interns. Charles and his father had to wait until somebody could wade ashore and cut a pole. It was after eleven o'clock when they finally reached the landing.

The doctor had worked fast. He and the interns had rigged a small mosquito-netting tent under a battery of portable lights. The old man lay inside it on a stretcher. He was getting a blood transfusion from a bottle that stood on a bench beside him.

When the doctor heard Charles and his father climb onto the dock, he stared blindly out of the spotlights. He said, "Is that you, Morrison?"

"Yes, it is," Charles's father said. "How is the patient, Doctor?"

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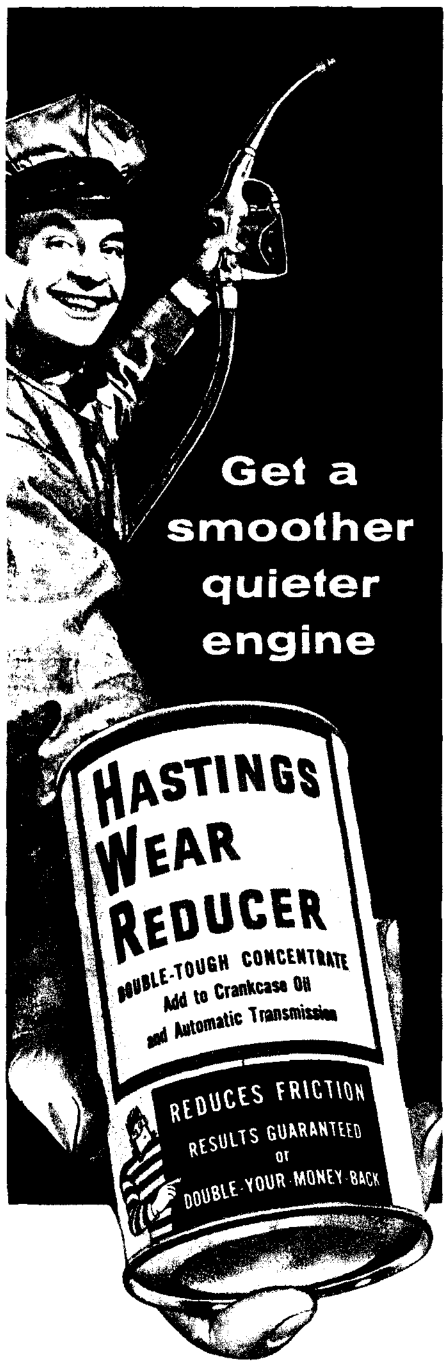

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The doctor smiled and the light flashed on his teeth. "He's not feeling very chipper right this minute, but I think he'll come around. These swamp characters are tough old boys. They take an awful lot of killing."

AT ELEVEN THIRTY Lora was crouched in the palmetto scrub beside U.S. Route 1, on the outskirts of Daytona Beach. Everything was ready. She had placed the red flashlight beside the road and positioned it to shine in the face of anyone approaching in a car from the north. She had attached two long wires to the light and stretched them back into the palmettos. When Lora touched the tips of the wires together, a dull red glow lighted the margin of the concrete road. The wires were a precaution in case the Morrison woman tried to cross her up and brought police along. If the police fired at the red light, Lora would fire at the police. She had her own .38, which she had left behind in the trunk of the car when they went into the swamp, and it was fully loaded.

Now, kneeling among the palmettos, Lora went over the getaway plan once more. As soon as the Morrison woman dropped the cash Lora would pick it up, go to her car, which was hidden on an adjacent side road, and drive toward the beach. A mile away was a large dump with a good hiding place for the money and the gun. This way, even if an alarm were out and radio cars stopped her on her way to town there wouldn't be a scrap of proof.

The plan was foolproof. If the Morrison woman had tipped off the police, Lora would simply leave the money in the dump until the roadblocks were lifted. This wouldn't take long; resort highways were too heavily traveled to be tied up by a continuing roadblock. As soon as she dared, Lora would pull the money out of its hiding place and head north. In two days she'd be lost in New York City.

Now she began to watch traffic carefully. There was only an occasional car. Her luck was holding. Lora felt a crazy excitement rising inside her.

At five minutes to twelve a car entered the straightaway, driving slowly, and Lora cocked the .38. She picked up the two wires to the signal light. The car came slowly toward her, and Lora had to strain to see the red light in the windshield. She moved the tips of the wires into contact, saw the dull red glow of the signal light on the pavement, and crouched low, aiming her revolver at the darkness above the car's headlights.

The car suddenly stopped dead. The roadside around the red signal light was bathed in blinding brightness. Lora fired instantly, and heard the shattering of glass and a man's voice yell, "To the right, Frank! In the scrub!"

Someone slipped out of the side door of the car. Lora shot at him, heard a grunt of pain, and saw a man flounder into the palmettos. Then the spotlight hit her.

The Reising gun stuttered once from the back seat of the car. Lora Matthews was dead before her body touched the ground.

FOR four days everything was very hectic. The Morrisons' lawn was trampled by reporters and littered with flash bulbs, and crowds of curious people came and stood on South Atlantic Avenue and looked at the house. What they expected to see, Charles couldn't quite figure out.

On the fourth morning after his escape, both old man Webb and the cop who'd been shot by Mrs. Matthews were reported out of danger. On the fifth morning, Charles's father tossed a paper on the breakfast table. The headline read: *JUNIOR CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PLANS ANNUAL MISS DIXIE CONTEST.*

Charles's father leaned back and lighted a cigar. He said, "The situation is back to normal. Beautiful girls, bless them, have pushed the Morrisons off the front page at last."

Charles's mother said, "I told your dad about the little red car you want."

Charles looked up from his plate. "Yes, Mom?"

"He says it's up to you. You've been pretty wonderful, Charles. We're awfully proud of you. If you want the car, you may have it—as a birthday present."

Charles looked at his father. His father grinned. "That's right, Charley."

Charles wanted it. There wasn't a guy in the world with red blood in his veins who wouldn't want that sleek little sweetheart. He opened his mouth to tell his parents that he certainly appreciated it, and he wanted the Commando very much. He got out the first part, about appreciating it, but the second part came out crazy. Completely crazy. He somehow was saying that he didn't care so much about the car now, as much as he thought he had, and maybe later, when he got hold of some money he'd earned himself, he'd think more about it.

His mother was looking at him with open amazement. She made him feel like a darned fool. He said, "Look—I *do* want the car! Don't think I've flipped my lid or anything. It's just that . . ." Nobody said anything. "I think I'll take a walk on the beach if nobody minds."

He got up and started out. At the door he looked back. His mother was staring bewilderedly at his father. But his father didn't seem bewildered; he was grinning.

CHARLES walked down past the hedge. Tracy, the family chauffeur, was working on the car. He was whistling. He stopped whistling and said, "Charley, there's a girl down on the beach. She wants to know if you're coming down this morning."

Charles felt his body go weak and empty. He looked at the beach. Diane was sitting on a blanket. She had lovely legs, two pigtails and a cute snub nose. He took a deep breath and swallowed. Then he walked slowly down the path through the hedge. When he reached her he said, "Hello there. Somebody said you might be looking for me."

Diane looked up at him. Her eyes were brown and very bright and shy—but not *too* shy. She said, "You're the boy who swam out of the swamp to save that old man's life, aren't you?"

Charles said, "Yeah."

Diane looked at him and Charles felt his knees begin to tremble. "My name is Diane Frazier," she said. "I live up the beach a little way. I was wondering —I mean, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, I was wondering if you could teach me that special crawl stroke you use. The one they mentioned in the newspapers."

Charles was very careful to keep his voice calm and controlled, and he sternly repressed a desire to leap into the air and clap his heels together. He said, "I guess I could find time to teach you that stroke, Diane. Sure. Why not?"

—FRANK HARVEY

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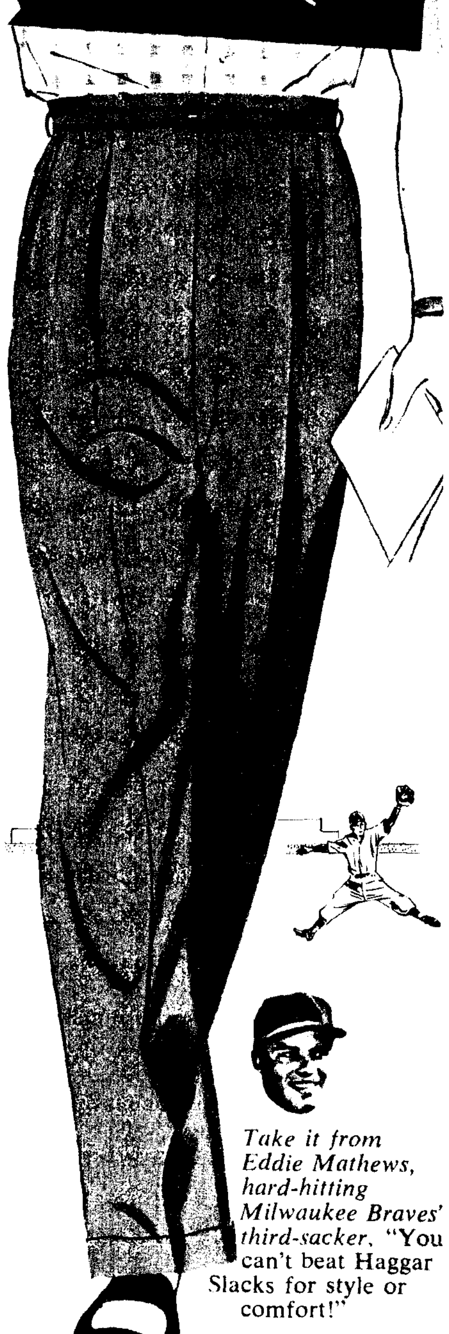

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By PETER KALISCHER

GENERAL

On Taiwan, today's touchiest front, he has split-second responsibility

Taipeh, Taiwan (Formosa)

IT WAS a day when Communist batteries once again were swapping artillery fire with the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy, five miles off the China coast. "Things are heating up a little," said the U.S. Air Force colonel. "If the ChiComs attack Taiwan or the Pescadores we come out shooting automatically—according to our Mutual Defense Treaty with Chiang Kai-shek. If they just try to take Quemoy or Matsu then it's up to President Eisenhower whether we get involved. Personally, I'll believe the situation is getting real hairy when Ben Davis moves his cot into the JOC."

The JOC—Joint Operations Center—is the tactical control point for Chinese and American air force units defending Taiwan, as Formosa is now known. When the chips are down, the man running JOC will be Brigadier General Benjamin Oliver Davis, Jr., commander of U.S. Task Force 13. Since the 100-mile-wide straits dividing Taiwan from the China mainland (12 minutes away by jet) are too narrow for the carriers of the U.S. Seventh Fleet to maneuver, a Communist air attack would give forty-three-year-old Davis the greatest split-second responsibility of any one-star general in the Far East.

Davis holds another distinction which has ceased to interest his superiors and subordinates and Chinese Nationalist opposite numbers, if it once did. He is the first and so far only Negro general in the U.S. Air Force. He is the second Negro general in U.S. history; his father, now retired, was the first.

Davis is six feet one inch tall, weighs 175 pounds and carries them with a plumb-line straightness that makes him look taller. His close-cropped hair is touched with gray. He wears a dab of a mustache and has a scar between his eyebrows from a trainer crack-up. Any other scars he may have acquired since he entered West Point 23 years ago are hard to detect. Davis once unwittingly revealed his approach to most problems with a story about his high-school days in Cleveland.

Says Chinese air chief Gen. Wang Shu-ming (r.) of his work with Davis (l.): "We are one family now"

"I used to deliver newspapers—pulled them around on a sled," he recalled. "On Sunday, when we made two cents on a copy, the competition was so fierce you had to get up real early to get ahead of the other newsboys. Sometimes you had to wake people up to sell them a newspaper. The trick was to get around early enough to beat the competition, but not so early that you made the customers mad at you."

On Taiwan, Davis faces grimmer competition in a situation calling for the same combination of aggressiveness and tact. Across the straits the Chinese Communists have completed five new airfields with runways long enough to accommodate jets. They are empty at the moment but within hours can draw from a combined Red air force (Russian, Chinese and North Korean) with a two-to-one superiority in modern combat aircraft over American and allied air forces in the Far East.

Communist air strength is estimated at 3,000 MIGs (including new-model Russian MIG-17s now being supplied the Chinese), 1,000 IL-28 light jet bombers (equivalent to our B-57s), 200 TU4s (the Russian B-29s) and about 1,000 obsolescent fighters. We hold an edge in over-all efficiency, more modern support aircraft and the mobile punch of the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

But the Reds are credited with one other big advantage—*all* Communist air power in Asia is believed to be under a centralized command.

Division of control of allied air strength is still a touchy point with the Air Force in the Far East, and one reason why tact is valuable on Taiwan.

Last June, Davis was ordered to set up a headquarters with responsibility for the land-based air defense of Taiwan. This became Air Task Force (ATF) 13, controlling all local American fighter units and, through the JOC, planning, training, and co-ordinating with the 15-squadron Chinese air force. (Only two Chinese squadrons so far have been converted to jets.)

In a normal—nonshooting—situation, ATF 13 is a subordinate command of the 13th Air Force at Clark Field, the Philippines, which comes under the Pacific Air Force on Hawaii, whose over-all boss is Admiral Felix Stump, Commander in Chief, Pacific. Yet Davis gets his supplies and assigned fighter squadrons from nearby Okinawa or Korea—domain of the Far East Air Force with headquarters in Tokyo under Army General Lyman Lemnitzer's Far East Command.

Should the Taiwan area become a tactical—shooting—area for the United States, however, ATF 13 would come under the U.S. Taiwan Defense Command, headed by the Seventh Fleet's Vice-Admiral Stuart H. Ingersoll and his deputy, Air Force Major General Harold W. Grant. It would not be Davis' job to decide *when* American air units on Taiwan should be committed (that would be up to Ingersoll), but once the decision had been made Davis would commit and direct them.

His station would be the JOC room in a gray, guarded building off Taipeh's Roosevelt Road, crowded with more green, red and amber lights than a pinball parlor. Here Davis would assign defensive and offensive missions and call the signals integrating American and Chinese fighter units into a single striking force.

It was only seven years ago that "integration" had a very personal meaning for Davis and all Negroes in uniform. President Truman ordered the end of segregation in the armed services and the integration of Negro and white units. A trail blazer for his race in the Air Force (as his father had been in the Army), Davis crossed the Great Divide with an impressive war record, a command "presence" and a charming wife. "He has an impeccable service personality," said a Navy officer in Taipeh.

DAVIS' SERVICE PERSONALITY was born—and nearly died—at West Point, where he was only the fourth Negro to be graduated. For his entire plebe year and intermittently thereafter, Davis got the silent treatment—no cadet spoke to him except on official business. He roomed alone. An organized attempt by cadet officers to have him expelled by piling him with unearned demerits was stopped by the late Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, then Commandant of Cadets.

Davis stuck it out and ranked 35th among 276 members of the class of 1936. "I remember him as being the closest thing to a model cadet I ever saw," says a former West Point instructor who now wears several stars on his shoulders. "He walked a straight path and never got off it."

During his last academic year, Davis passed a written examination for flight training, but his application was turned down on grounds that the Army Air Corps had no Negro unit and no plans for one. He became an infantry company officer, and for a time taught ROTC classes at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama. Six months before Pearl Harbor, he was serving as aide to his father, then commanding general of the Fourth Cavalry Brigade at Fort Riley, Kansas, when the Air Corps suddenly invited him to take a physical examination.

A policy decision had been made to form an all-Negro fighter squadron, and there wasn't a Negro Army pilot in the land. In May, 1941, Davis and 12 other cadets made up the first Negro flying class at Tuskegee Army Air Field. Six of them were graduated, including Davis. In the space of two weeks, he was jumped from captain to major to

DAVIS

At forty-three, the U.S. Air Force's first and so far only Negro general, Ben Davis, Jr., commands Air Task Force 13. His job: to command and direct American air strength if Chinese Communists attack Taiwan

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

lieutenant colonel, and within six months of earning his wings was named commander of the newly formed 99th Fighter Squadron. Even for those mushrooming days, this was a rush job.

Although in command and the only Regular Army man in the outfit, Davis was on the same pilot-training level as his junior officers. "We were a bunch of converted civilians," recalls one of them, now a lieutenant colonel in the Regular Air Force, "and we didn't appreciate his brand of discipline. I remember after we did particularly well in a training exercise he found an orange peel behind a stove at inspection and ate us out. I told him I was trying to teach the boys how to fly planes and did that really matter? It mattered. He never made any concessions at *all.*" The 99th was conceived as an experiment; Davis was determined that the experiment would be successful.

The 99th got overseas too late for the North African campaign, but in time to escort bombers and pull close-support missions during the invasion and conquest of Sicily. During one red-hot streak over Anzio, the 99th shot down 15 German fighters.

BY THEN, DAVIS was commanding the all-Negro 332d Fighter Group, which he had brought over to Italy from Selfridge Field, Michigan. It took the 332d—to which the 99th was later attached—six months to shake down. Thereafter the "Red Tails" of the 332d flew long-range escort duty for 15th Air Force bombers deep into the Balkans, Poland, Romania and Germany. In one wild, 1,500-mile mission over Berlin led by Davis, the group bagged four new German 262 jets and four conventional fighters.

Altogether Davis flew 60 missions in 224 combat hours during World War II. "But I never," he says wistfully, "got a confirmed kill." At the same time, the 332d never lost an escorted bomber to enemy fighters. It was awarded a Presidential Unit Citation for its Berlin mission. Davis himself received a Silver Star, a Legion of Merit, a Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with four Oak Leaf Clusters. Even more gratifying than the decorations to Davis and his men was the way in which bomber crews meeting 332d pilots in bars would fall on their necks and buy the drinks. "Are you from that no-sweat outfit with the Red Tails?" the refrain would go. "I'm *always* glad to see you."

After the war, nearly all Negro airmen were eventually transferred to Lockbourne Air Force base outside Columbus, Ohio, where Davis served as base and wing commander. Then, in 1948, racial segregation in the armed forces was ordered brought to an end, and Davis was called in to help change it. He and Lieutenant Colonel Jack Marr drafted the Air Force blueprint on integration, which went into effect in May, 1949. "Professionally," one Negro major said, "it meant that we were no longer restricted to the sack race and the sixty-yard dash. We could compete in the mile and the marathon."

Davis went to the Air War College at Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. After graduating he was given the permanent rank of colonel, his first such promotion in eight years. Ten days after the Korean war started he was appointed chief of the Fighter Branch, Deputy for Operations in the Pentagon. Someone asked him recently if his section had contributed any tactical gimmicks to jet-fighter operations. Davis, whose reading extends from Dale Carnegie's How to Win Friends and In-

Davis and his wife, a former Connecticut teacher, relax in garden of their home outside Taipeh

Ben Davis was sent to Taiwan with orders to get his new command operational in a month. "I never saw anybody," says a veteran AF officer, "do so much in so little time with what was on hand"

fluence People to Arnold Toynbee's History of Civilization, answered with a paraphrase of Toynbee that would have pleased Carnegie: "Tactics are made at the front, and confirmed in the rear."

He got to today's touchiest front—Taiwan—by way of Korea and Japan. He qualified as a jet-fighter pilot and took command of the 51st Fighter Interceptor Wing in truce-time Korea. From there he went to Tokyo as the Far East Air Force's Director for Operations and Training.

He was in a staff meeting in October, 1954, when an airman handed him a message. "Not now, later," Davis said, mildly annoyed. The airman persisted. Davis read it, looked out the window and said, "Well, I declare." The message announced his promotion to general.

There was the inevitable whisper that his star had risen because it was an election year and a good time to appoint a Negro general. Davis shrugged it off with the same comment he later made when asked if the presence of a Negro commander on Taiwan made good anti-Communist propaganda. "I wouldn't have any way of knowing," he said.

IN THE SEIJO-MACHI DISTRICT of Tokyo, where Davis and his wife, Agatha, a former New Haven, Connecticut, schoolteacher, rented a house, his American and Japanese neighbors erected a sign over his door: FIRST GENERAL IN SEIJO-MACHI. "The only difference it made with Ben and us," said one of the neighbors, "was that from then on we used his assigned sedan for the car pool."

There were other differences detected by those who knew Davis as a martinet at Tuskegee and in Italy. On duty he was still the uncompromising model of military bearing ("The guy is always at

Collier's RECOMMENDS

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attention") who never said anything that didn't bear directly on the point.

But the warming social climate unfroze another side of his personality. Members of the FEAF Officers Club discovered what some other officers clubs had deliberately missed: Ben and Aggie Davis were a lot of fun. Davis shot middle-80s golf, was an excellent dancer and a good bridge player. Aggie, who had inspected gun sights and sorted mail during the war, could baby-sit (the Davises have no children), play better bridge than her husband, organize a charity drive or be the best-dressed woman in the room.

Davis was sent to Taiwan with orders to be operational in a month. He found Taipeh, the capital, an overcrowded city. No provisions had been made for billets, mess halls, office space or communications for the 500 officers and men of his new command, some of whom flew in on high priority from halfway around the world.

"In my twenty-three years in the Air Force," comments a frosty-eyed colonel in Davis' command, "I never saw anybody do so much in so little time with what was on hand. ATF 13 was in business on schedule. The Old Man has boundless energy—he can work 48 hours straight through without a Benzedrine. He may be reasonable about your inability to get a job done, but after that you'd better get out of the way. There were times when it seemed nothing could be done without a special act of the Legislative Yuan or a direct order from the Gimo [Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek]. Whatever was needed, the Old Man got it."

Davis' ability to get on with the Chinese very definitely does extend to Generalissimo and Madame Chiang. Chiang once called him "a wise and happy choice" for Taiwan. Yet a senior Air Force general also observed that Davis is "one of the few advisers to a foreign government who can say 'No' to a request from the people he's working with and mean it."

Most of the time the operational strength of Davis' command does not exceed one American Sabre-jet squadron, but potentially—like the empty Communist airfields across the straits—it can accommodate reinforcements in a hurry: more Sabre jets or long-range F84G Thunderjets capable of carrying A-bombs. Squadrons are rotated from Korea and Okinawa every three or four months.

ATF'S PERMANENCY is a source of encouragement to the Nationalists. Early this year they turned over a newly completed cement-block area, originally scheduled to be Chinese air force headquarters, to ATF 13. Davis and his wife live in a comfortable house—best described as Formosa-California style—outside Taipeh. The Chinese have posted the dirt road leading to it off the main highway as "General Davis Drive."

It is hard to realize that while American fighter planes fly routine training missions over Taiwan, the Chinese air force is out making bombless reconnaissance missions over the Chinese mainland, skirmishing with MIGs over the offshore islands and occasionally tackling a Red convoy in the straits. This "little war" that may erupt into a big one is what gives an urgency to Davis' job—something he has successfully transmitted to his subordinates. "Even the greenhorns," said a veteran Air Force officer, "get a sense of mission because he's got it—and gives it to them."

Davis summed up his "sense of mission" over a cup of coffee in the mess hall shared by officers and enlisted men.

"We're finally doing what the Russians have done so skillfully with the Chinese Reds for years," he said. "We're training and working alongside the Nationalists and teaching them with our equipment. It's a day-to-day proposition. The longer we work together the more trained personnel we get—until you have a really fine human spare-parts pool. Together with the MAAG [Military Assistance Advisory Group] we're trying to give the Chinese more initiative.

"The difference between Taiwan and other places where we have military advisers is that here you have the framework for combat operations—immediately available in an area where war can occur at any time. And we're committed to defending Taiwan. I personally don't think the ChiComs will tackle Taiwan because we're too strong here. But they've been shelling the offshore islands, and one of these days they might move planes on those new fields and start a little air action over the islands."

The commander of the Chinese air force, the redoubtable General Wang Shu-ming—"Tiger" Wang—puts it more emotionally. "We know each other—we are one family now," he says. "The current of friendship flows at all levels."

An opinion by one four-star American general that Davis had demonstrated "extraordinary ability" in Taiwan was related to another four-star American general with the observation that this was a happy ending to the tribulations of Davis' career.

"To his tribulations, maybe," said the second four-star general, "but not to his career. That's just beginning." THE END

Start with the Cooling System—

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Tires, Wheels & Brakes—

Ice and snow give tires a brutal test—replace any that are worn or damaged. Shock absorbers should be checked every 10,000 miles. New "shocks" pay off in both comfort and safety. Check wheel alignment and steering mechanism. Brakes are your most important safety device—have worn linings replaced—check fluid level.

An Engine Tune Up

will restore new car performance. Ask your service man or dealer to tune up your car—check spark plugs, battery, voltage regulator, cables, points and coil. Check fuel pump and carburetor. Inspect muffler and tail pipe.

See Well to Drive Well—

Do your headlights and wipers give you maximum performance? New type headlights can be installed to give you greatly improved vision. Check stop lights, turn signals, tail and parking lights—all are vital to your safety. A clean wipe of your windshield makes wet weather driving both easier and safer. Replace wiper blades frequently.

Appearance—

Take your car in for a professional "beauty treatment" of the finish. Remove and paint dents and scratches. Car rugs in bright new colors will pep up your car's interior appearance. Be sure you have a flashlight in working order—a first aid kit and fire extinguisher in your car.

or dealer—make a date for a Spring Check-Up of your car!

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Collier's Comment

The President's Health

INTERNATIONAL

President Eisenhower enjoys a day on his farm at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

THERE WAS LITTLE POINT to the debate as to whether the President's health should or should not be an issue in the current campaign. It was bound to be an issue—that's the nature of politics.

Nor is it inappropriate to discuss the President's health as a factor in his fitness for the job. If he were physically unfit for the rigors of what is perhaps the world's most taxing position, no considerations of sentiment would have any bearing. The stewardship of the destinies of the American people and the responsibilities of world leadership borne uniquely by the President are hard, practical matters; the man must be judged accordingly.

These very practicalities require that the President's condition be gauged accurately by the public—without pity or maudlin sympathy, but also without any mystical nonsense. A considerable amount of nonsense has already been uttered—such as that the President is "ill," "an invalid," a "part-time President." These statements are without scientific basis.

Ike is not ill; nor is a man of his age who swings through a vigorous 18 holes of golf in a day an invalid. He has been the victim of an accident. He has recovered fully from the accident and his health is good. This is stated upon the most authoritative testimony that can be had—the testimony of physicians who are renowned specialists, and whose reputations are collateral for their statements.

Whether the President will ever have another such accident is something no human being can predict. There is apparently some degree of proneness to future attacks on the part of heart-attack survivors. In the President's case, the analysis of all factors indicates that the likelihood is slight. In his public statement Dr. Paul Dudley White declared:

"Fully aware of the hazards and uncertainties . . . we believe that medically . . . the President should be able to carry on an active life [in the Presidency] satisfactorily for another five to ten years."

In the meanwhile, to sustain health necessary to meet fully the demands of his office, the doctors have directed that the President pursue "a regime of ordered work" with regular "exercise, recreation and rest." They have also suggested that he cut back his schedule of appointments, public appearances and travel.

Such are the facts which prompted the President to offer himself as a candidate for re-election. What do they mean in terms of Ike's fitness?

They mean that there is no impairment whatever of the President's capacity to carry out all of the essential duties of his office. His mind, his judgment, his vigor are undiminished. In fact, there is reason to suppose that the precautionary regimen prescribed by the physicians, by stripping away some of the more routine functions which up to now have tended to drain Ike's energies, will actually increase his effectiveness as President.

They also suggest, certainly, that the choice of the Vice-Presidential nominee should be made with more sober thought than might otherwise have been exercised—in the circumstances, that is a matter of simple prudence. On the other hand, simple prudence would in any event have dictated such care, for the potential importance of the Vice-President has historically been ignored in filling the post which seven times has been the steppingstone to the Presidency.

Finally, the facts suggest the need for a systematic, continuing search for ways and means of lightening the vast physical burden of the Presidency, no more for the sake of Ike than for the sake of future Presidents and the general welfare of the nation. From the time of George Washington until today, the Presidency has been accompanied by a host of time-consuming and peripheral duties which have contributed little if anything to the public good. Washington, whose executive department consisted of only a few dozen people, complained about many of his lesser functions. President Eisenhower, whose executive branch employs 2,300,000 people exclusive of the armed forces, is far more gravely burdened. To whatever extent these burdens can be diminished, the President will have more time and more energy to devote to those great decisions that he alone must make.

Political campaigns are not, of course, noted for confining themselves to the vital, pertinent issues; notoriously, as the battle warms up, it embraces every matter, large or small, from which emotional capital can be wrung. So the duty falls upon the electorate to sift fact from fiction, and happily, in this case, the facts have been clearly, frankly and authoritatively stated. As regards Ike's physical fitness to undertake a second term, they are reassuring.

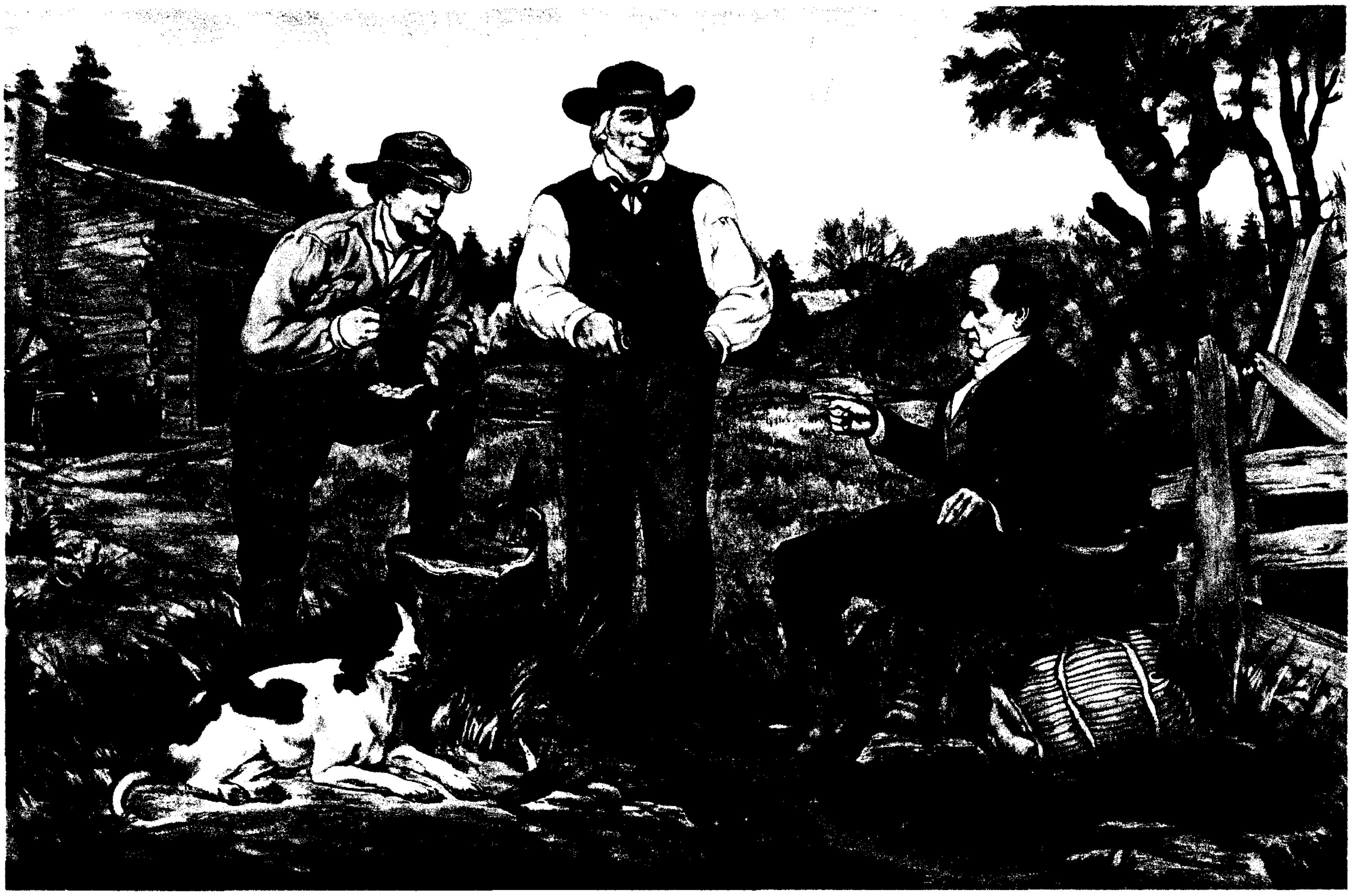
Spotlight on Government

THE BIPARTISAN HOOVER COMMISSION on reorganization of the federal government has served a most useful purpose for America, since unlike the first commission this one was asked to recommend changes in policy as well as operations in government. Consequently, the commission has served as a magnifying glass on time-honored federal policies. It has raised questions about many of these policies and has placed those questions before Congress and the American people.

The second Hoover Commission report dealt with fundamental questions of government, and in some of its recommendations encountered opposition on the steps of the White House itself. Basic, honest differences in philosophy of government, which will preclude some of these changes, make it seem most unlikely to expect anything approximating the $5,000,000,000 a year saving the commission holds possible. Nor can Congress and the administration ignore the opposition of special interest groups whose particular oxen are gored.

Yet, even in an election year, certain legislative and executive actions in line with the commission's recommendations can be taken to strengthen government and cut expense. The commission has asked establishment of a senior civil service, in which promotion past a certain grade is dependent on merit alone. This will bring and keep better men in government service. Some outdated and unnecessary Presidential functions (as discussed in the preceding editorial) can be turned over to lesser officials. The President really need not perform such inconsequential tasks as the approval of the U.S. Marine Band's annual performance schedule, except that the law says he must.

Beyond these and all the other specific recommendations is the fact that this re-examination of American government function and policy was made at all. It is as much as to say that few things are irrevocable, and if past federal policy proves mistaken it will be changed; if it proves positive, it will be retained and strengthened. The examination, encouraged by a government that is not afraid to turn the spotlight on itself, continues as the most valuable part of the Hoover Commission's report, even nine months after its completion.



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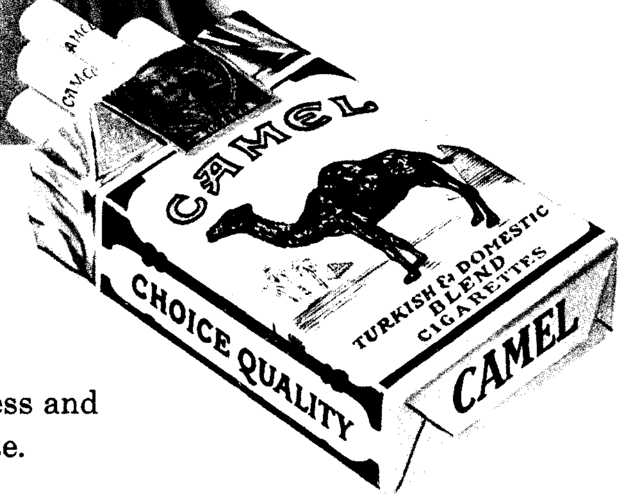
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